1776

MYRA'S JOURNAL

THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII., No. 11 NOVEMBER, 1891.

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PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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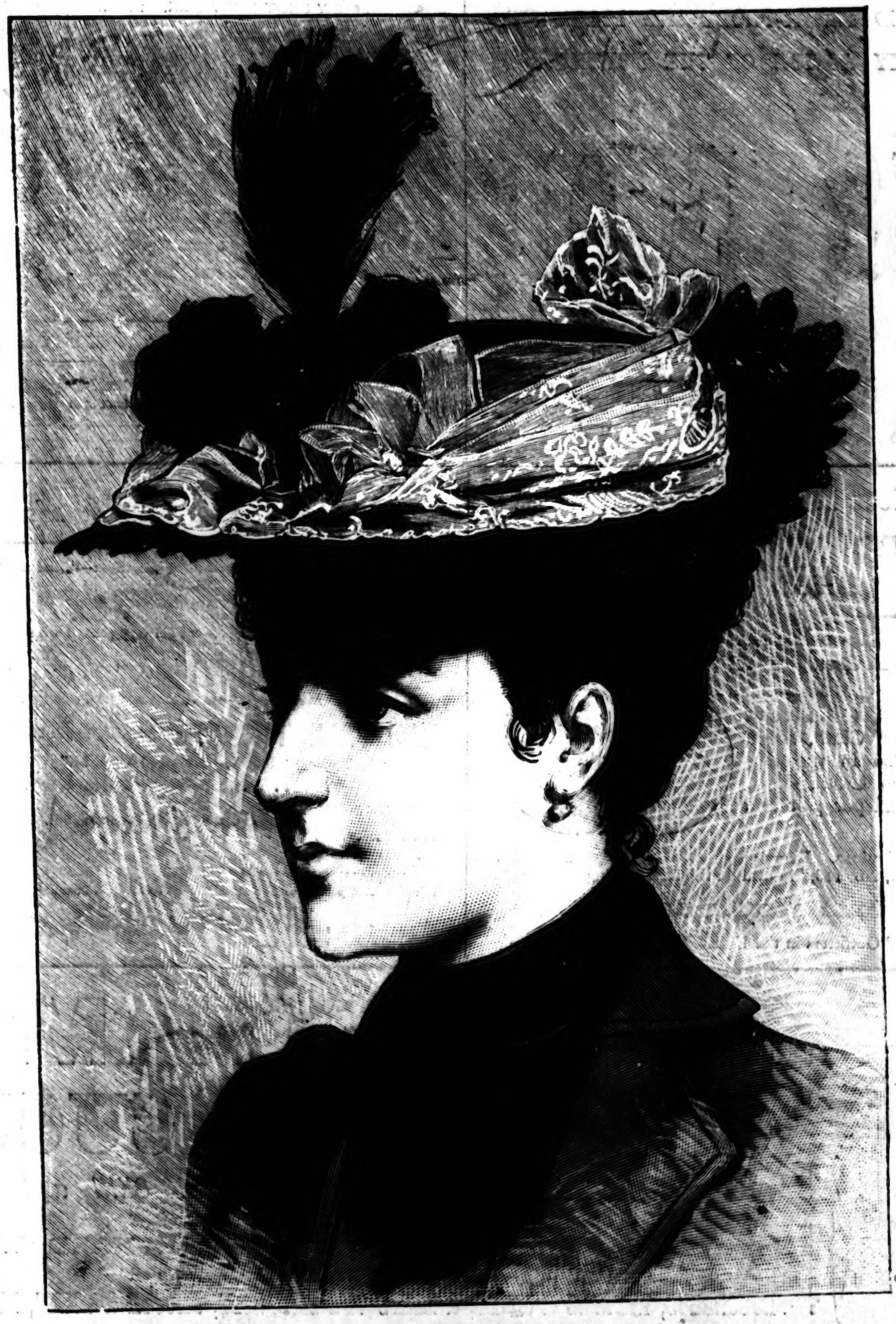

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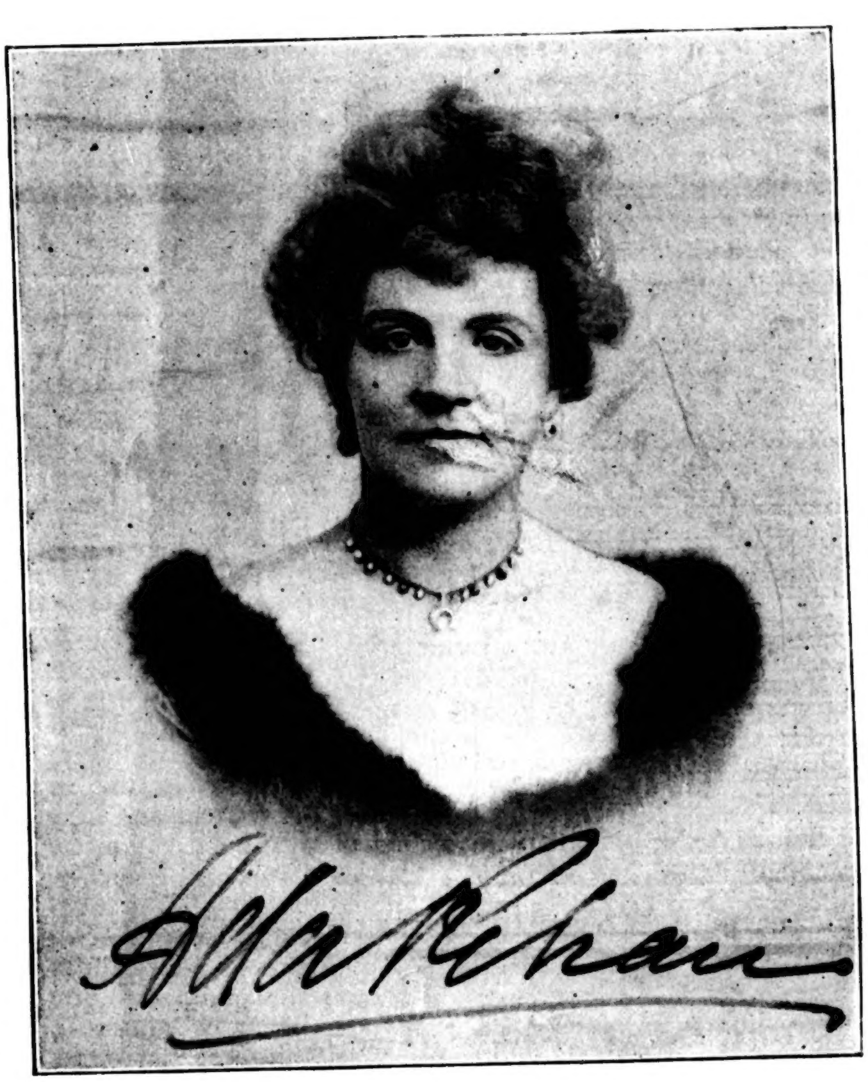
VOL. XVII.—No. 11. NOVEMBER 1 1891.

MYRA'S JOURNAL
THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

4 SUPPLEMENTS. 52 PAGES OF LETTERPRESS. OVER 45 DRESS AND NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

MISS ADA REHAN AT HOME.

It was in the managerial room of the Lyceum, which is hung with the menus of the intellectual fare with which Henry Irving has for seasons past feasted London audiences, and which is peopled with the memories of his great representations, that I awaited Miss Rehan. Presently she came — for an instant's space the great American *comédienne* stood framed in the doorway. A splendid figure truly, clad in a long tight-fitting crimson paletot, just ready to step on to the stage as the professor's daughter in "A Night Off." A coquettish hat rested on a light flaxen wig above the Limerick eyes lambent with the light of fun and raillery; the lips parted with the sweetest smile, which the dimpled cheeks reflected. With ready grace she advanced, and, extending her gauntleted hand, clasped mine with the frank, unaffected manner which, on and off the stage, charms all who meet her.



It was almost with girlish vivacity, emphasised by a taking little catch of the breath, specially characteristic of her, that Miss Rehan chatted away merrily to me, and only permitted the conversation to turn upon herself in concession to my strongly expressed interest and request.

"I congratulate you, Miss Rehan, on your reception on the opening night. It satisfied you, I hope," I remarked when we were seated.

"I can assure you it really quite embarrassed me. I have been kindly received elsewhere many, many times, but last night's ovation beat the record," she replied, with genuine delight.

"Do you find any difference between American and English audiences?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a very great deal. I don't think the Americans are nearly so demonstrative as the English. Your pit and gallery, when they *are* pleased, leave no room for doubt. They simply 'go' for you" she replied with a little ripple of laughter blending with her peculiarly melodious voice.

"And you like the part of Nispe, in 'A Night Off'?" I asked.

"Well, there is this to be said for it, that there's not much to do, so that the strain on one's strength is not great, and I am naturally a very idle person, you must know," was the arch reply. "Now when I come to play before long in 'A Last Word,' I shall have plenty to do; it's really a very hard part."

"I understand that you propose to give us your version of Lady Teazle in 'The School for Scandal' before the end of your present season."

"Yes, that is so. I am rather in doubt how a critical London audience will receive my conception of the character. Mr. Daly, you must know, has brightened up the lengthy comedy by eliminating several of the scenes and curtailing the acts, and I shall take a little of the starch out of 'her ladyship.' Not only do my own buoyant spirits gird at the constraint of the usual Lady Teazles, but I think besides that the character should have more 'go' in it, especially as her ladyship is really 'a girl up from the country.' But you are so wedded to tight-laced conventionality in England, and so enamoured of accepted types of character, that the public may not brook my new departure," she remarked, with earnestness.

"Any way, all the critics had nothing but praise for your Katherine and your Rosalind. Why, it was said that you could not eclipse your 'shrew' till your 'gipsy boy' was seen!"

BRITISH MUSEUM

"Indeed every one was much kinder than I deserved. Well, we shall see. Any way, I have the best possible opinion of the honesty and judgment of the dramatic critics on your leading newspapers," Miss Rehan observed, with evident conviction.

"And in which character do you like yourself best?" I asked, to ascertain if her opinion accorded with the public judgment.

"Now that is a question I could not answer offhand. You must remember I have played in considerably more than 150 plays. Some in tragedy, many more in comedy, and then I have played Pierrot in 'L'Enfant Prodigue,' and before I leave I hope to see the clever little lady who is now playing the part at the Prince of Wales's." "I had no idea that you had had so great an experience. Your looks belie your words, surely." "You must be reminded, however, that I went on the stage at fifteen, ten years after I adopted America as my fatherland. Do you know that I have actually been in Mr. Daly's company since 1879?"

"Then you have seen a good deal of the world, I suppose, in various tours?"

"Oh, yes, we have been all over America, and to Paris and Germany several times, and this is our fourth visit to London. In London, you know, we did not 'go down' at first, but it was a case of *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, apparently, for our second and third visits encouraged us to come to you again. It is just on the cards, too, that we shall pay you an annual visit. How shall you like that?" she queried, quizzingly.

At this point of our conversation Miss Rehan ordered in some iced water, and, having sipped a little, she consented to give a brief *résumé* of her stage career, somewhat after this fashion:—

"I was a 'stop-gap' to start with just to oblige my brother-in-law Mr. Oliver Doud Byron, who was directing the theatre at Newark, New Jersey, in 1873. I give the date just to show 'when the flag fell,' and I started—but I won't trouble you with any further chronology. People said I did so well that I had better go on; and so I appeared in due course in New York City, at Wood's Museum, in a piece called 'Thoroughbred.' Then I had engagements, short and long, at Mrs. Drew's theatre in Philadelphia, Macaulay's theatre in Louisville and with J. W. Albaugh's company at Albany and Baltimore, when Mr. Daly saw my Bianca in Garrick's 'Katharine and Petruchio,' and he seemed to like it. I suppose he approved also of my rendering of Mary Standish in his play of 'Pique' which was being played with Miss Fanny Davenport in the leading *rôle* at the Grand Opera House, New York, for he engaged me to play Big Clemence in his version of 'L'Assommoir'; afterwards I took the part of Nelly Beers in 'Love's Young Dream,' which was succeeded by 'Divorce.' Since then I have had the honour of being Mr. Daly's 'leading lady.' I have taken part in some seven or eight of Shakespeare's plays, in scores of French and German adapted comedies, in original pieces by English and American playwrights, but life is too short to recount all of them," Miss Rehan sententiously remarked.

At this juncture the "call-boy" summoned Miss Ada Rehan to her place before the footlights, and I slid into the just one vacant stall. A storm of applause greeted the appearance of the Ellen Terry of America.

I quite agree with the critic of the *Daily Telegraph* that her part is far below her powers. In fact, it suggested to me the action of the skilled swordsman when making a few passes in the air with his rapier. You detect the grace, the suppleness of wrist, the finished attitude of the fencer; but you have not yet seen him engaged in earnest. His subtle thrusts, his studied parries, and the exhibition of his perfect address with the weapon have still to come. So with the superb actress. Here and there there gleams forth a scintilla of her great powers in "A Night Off," but the part gives no real opportunity to properly display her genius. She seems to be almost trifling with her art. You must wait till she thoroughly throws herself into the representation of a character which merits her talents, when her earnestness, her individualism, her complete *abandon* become a revelation of the inspiration which carries her to the highest pinnacle of dramatic art, showing her to be the worthy successor to the greatest actresses of bygone days.

Miss Rehan changes her dress four times in "A Night Off." First she appears in the crimson paletot, then in Indian muslin, piped with the faintest blue. Her dress in the third act is of creamy white, with a huge butterfly bow at the back of the corsage. Finally she dons a *robe de matin*, with a blue corset bodice and embroidered chemise.

A little chat after the play is not the least agreeable part of the evening's experiences, for you meet with Mr. Augustin Daly, whose kind and gentle manners must unquestionably make him the most adored of "governors."

The Daly company is a *rivière* of brilliancy, and its most sparkling gem is Miss Ada Rehan, aptly called by the great American critic and poetical prose writer, William Winter, "The Daughter of Comedy."

The Drama.

LORD TENNYSON has just completed a new comedy, which Mr. Daly has secured for his company in England and America. Miss Rehan, with Mr. and Mrs. Daly, were recently the poet's guests, and the play was read to them. It will be produced in New York next season, and not published until after that event. This comedy was expressly intended for Miss Rehan.

Mr. Harry Nicholls has declined to appear in the pantomime at Drury Lane; the leading attraction is a dwarf, who will enact the part of Humpty Dumpty.

Mr. Irving's younger son, Lawrence, will shortly be seen in town.

Mr. Jones' Avenue company is now complete, and consists of Messrs. Lewis Waller, Arthur Cecil, Yorke Stephens, Sant Matthews, Allan Aynesworth, Weedon Grossmith, Stephen Caffrey, and Henry Kemble; Mesdames Winifred Emery, Olga Brandon, Lily Belmore, Térise Meyer, Ettie Williams, and Lady Monckton. Rehearsals began yesterday, and the première may be looked for late in this month.

Successful novelists have rarely been successful dramatists, though, like the poets, they have generally longed for stage fame, much as all good musicians wish to write an opera. The first wish of artists is for expression, the second for appreciation, and they know that the latter is never so deliciously brought home to them as when it passes through the channel of magnetic personalities.

Mr. James's ambition to become a dramatist is therefore one easily understood, and even if the novelist never rises to the height of the great dramatist, his aim will be recognised as a noble one.

"The American" is merely an adaptation of the novel, but it is believed that Mr. James is also the author of some plays which were plays from the first. His present comedy can only be considered as good work from a novice in this particular department of literature. Readers of a novel always miss some pet passages from the adapted play, and it is easier to say what one would wish put in than left out. It is, in fact, a difficult, and usually an ungrateful task to adapt a play from a popular novel. We must note that Mr. James alters his *dénouement* and gives Madame de Centré to Newman, the American parvenu. Newman, somehow or other, is less sympathetically conceived in the play than in the novel; but Mr. Edward Compton gave him an excellent and not exaggerated accent, and played the comedy parts with quietly effective humour. Mr. Compton possesses, too, we know, a certain distinction, which was gravely absent where it was most wanted—in the impersonators of the poor, and, in their way proud Frenchmen of noble birth. We gladly pass to the ladies. Miss Robins found a difficult subject in the too submissive young widow, whom Newman loves, but she contrived to invest her with a charm which partially atoned for her characterlessness. Mrs. Crowe bore herself grandly as Madame de Bellegarde. Her distinguished air ought to have been inherited by her sons. The French coquette fell to Miss Dairolles, who was pert and piquante in a pleasing *rôle*, and Miss Moodie worthily appeared in what we might almost call a "woman's play," so far as the interpretation goes. Mr. James's characterisation is always more delicate than strong, and strength is an indispensable quality in a play. Many a weakness, and much that is not natural, which passes unnoticed by the rapid reader, is brought out by the very skill of the actor, by the increased actuality of stage environment.

Dress and Fashion in Paris.

THOSE who imagine that there is only one prevailing fashion at a time, which must be followed by all whose ambition it is to consider themselves dressed in the latest style, and that has no rival to compete with it in popular favour, will be puzzled this winter to know what that particular fashion is, and it will be very difficult to enlighten them on the point.

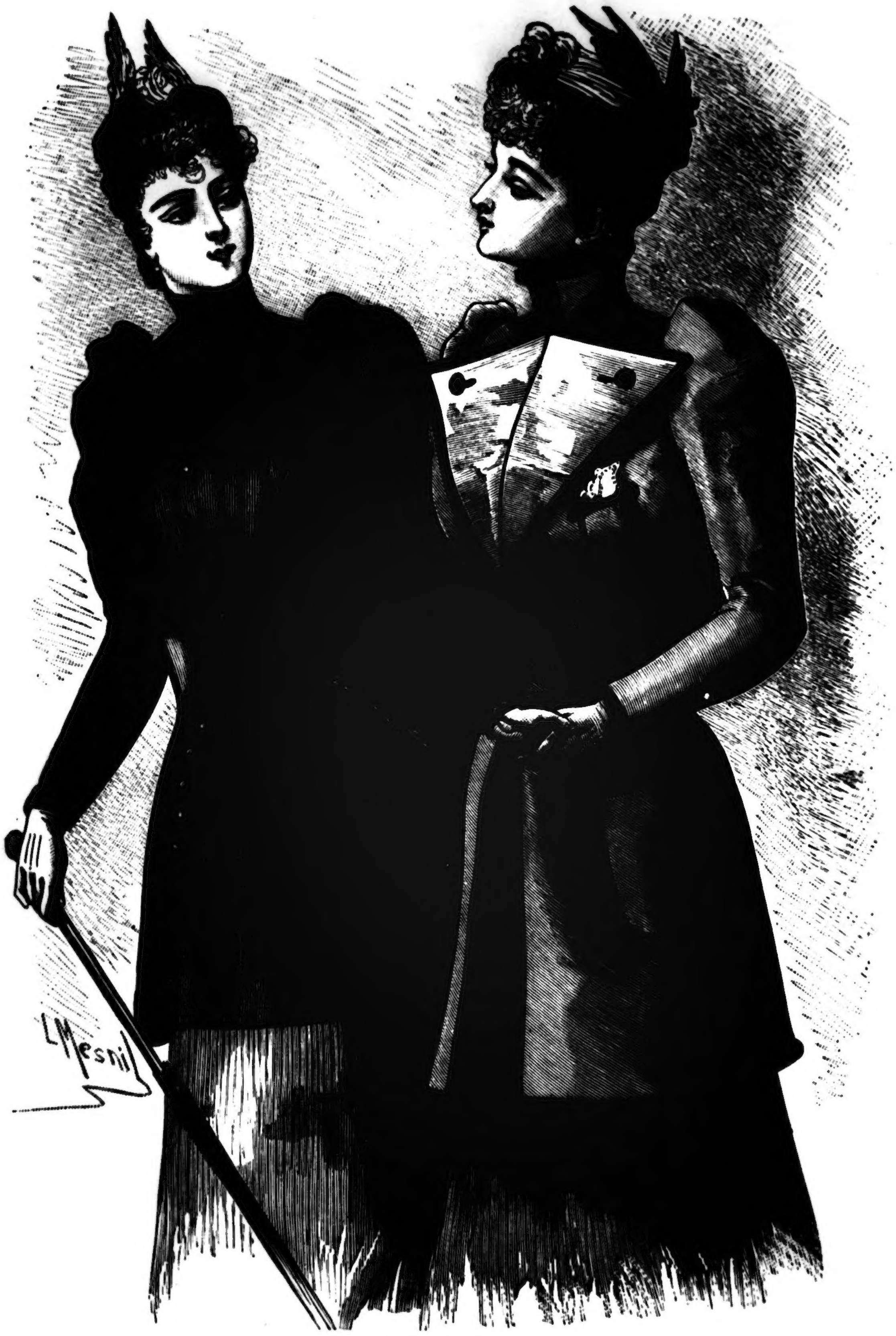

STYLISH WINTER JACKETS.

FIG. 1. Jacket of blue cloth, the fronts widely opened over a Russian blouse fastened with buttons down the right side, and drawn in at the waist by a Swiss belt of peau de suède embroidered with gold. Collar to match with point in front. Sleeves puffed at the shoulder and finished off with narrow embroidered cuffs. Felt toque trimmed with wings. Quantity of material required, 2½ yards.

FIG. 2. Jacket of fawn cloth, tight fitting and fastened to the waist. Very wide revers of silk, buttoned back. Wide binding of brown braid round the edges of the jacket, revers, collar, and sleeves. Small breast pocket and large pockets on the basques. Toque of draped mastic silk and velvet trimmed with black wings. Quantity of material required, 2½ yards.

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The fact is that the style of a dress is nearly always determined by the character and pattern, if any, of the material; when fabrics differ from each other to the extent that they do this season, there must be a variety of styles to correspond with the variety of materials; plain, figured, embroidered, and bordered fabrics cannot all be made up in the same way, and therefore styles differing from each other, and yet remaining true to the general tendencies of fashion, must be adopted.

It is especially in the cutting of skirts that the material must be taken into account. Many of the new woollens are richly embroidered on one breadth, which is intended to form the front of the skirt; to gore this would be absurd, it is therefore made up quite plain and straight, and the back breadths, which are not embroidered, are either gored up the centre or not, according to individual taste.

Another class of material has a wide woven border along one selvedge, and as this is intended to edge the whole of the skirt, this last is cut straight, or only very slightly gored up the back. Again, there are materials with narrow woven borders in silk, and for these the draped skirt is adopted. Last of all comes a long list of fabrics that are either quite plain or have a woven pattern of some description covering the whole of the surface, and these may be made up with straight, gored, or umbrella skirts, cut on the straight, on the bias, or with the selvedge round.

The embroidered dresses are very beautiful. The material selected for the ground is a fine woollen of the nature of vigogne. Velvet is nearly always introduced in some form; a favourite plan is to cut the edge of the cloth in fancy tabs over a band of velvet, which is cut in similar tabs or left straight, and below which is another band of cloth. All of these are embroidered with silk and metallic threads; and silk and passementerie fringes are added to render the whole effect as rich as possible. The colouring of the embroidery is as tasteful as the work is fine and elaborate. A great feature in the fashions of the season is the manner in which colours are combined producing rich harmonies and contrasts that are very novel and pleasing.

Plain woollens are also embroidered with jet to a considerable depth; the pattern is either a very light geometrical tracery rising in a series of points, or very light sprays branching out in all directions. or, again, spots with one large cut jet cabochon forming the centre, and rays worked with fine beads spreading out from this centre, like the rays of a sun. Tabliers of a heliotrope, blue, green, fawn, grey or drab cloth, enriched with this fine jet embroidery, make very stylish dresses; the remainder of the skirt is of plain material, the corsage is ornamented with jet embroidery corresponding with the tablier.

Very handsome borders are embroidered in Indian colourings combined with a waved pattern in black silk cord; the embroidery forms a wide or narrow border, edged on the lower side with a band of silk marabout, precisely like very fine feather bordering; these soft, silky trimmings will be very much used this winter as a substitute for feather or fur trimming, and chiefly in brown, black, and grey. With the jet embroidered fabrics curled coque feather bordering is preferred, the glossy black of the feathers harmonising well with the jet.

Less costly than these are the plain coloured woollens with vandyke borders in black astrachan, or in coloured loops, very thick and closely woven, and standing out in high relief on the ground. Narrow vandyke borders are also seen in a mixture of coloured and black silk, and wide, straight bands, composed of silk loops in a great variety of colours, softly blended together, and sometimes diversified by stripes in plain black loops. The manner in which colours are blended is very noticeable, and quite as much so in striped and checked fabrics as in the loop borders; there are no harsh lines, no sudden transitions from one colour to another; there may be a great many different shades in one material, but they are so closely and so cleverly interwoven that the effect is one of a soft brightness as unusual as it is pretty and artistic.

The mingling of many colours is seen to most advantage in some of the new striped fabrics; some of these have wide stripes in rather light shades, framed by narrow lines in blue, red, grey, green, beige, etc., and on this ground a pattern of large checks is traced by looped lines in black, or by silk lines in relief, in black, dark blue, or brown. The plain material is in the same shade as the ground, and is used for the corsage and the slightly trained back of the skirt, while the figured material is employed for the front of the skirt, the sleeves, revers, and waistcoat. Large checks and plaids are rarely used for bodices, not because they offer so many difficulties to the *couturière*, but because, even when faultlessly cut, they are unbecoming to the figure.

Amateurs of plain fabrics will be delighted with a new kind of cashmere, very closely woven, but fine and of considerable substance. It moulds the figure like kid, and is a good ground for trimmings of gold and jewelled passementeries.

Silks, velvets, and plushes will all be in request. There are some new velvets with tiny silk spots in a light colour, and plushes in dark colours with stripes in light shades, that look like jewels twinkling here and there in the soft depths of the pile. Silk and velvet brocades are also coming into vogue again, in many new patterns.

The draped costumes, for which materials with narrow woven or embroidered borders are employed, are of a very simple description. The favourite way of treating them is to catch up one end of the material forming the skirt to the waist on one side, allowing it to fall in a few easy coquillé folds, or in a Watteau pleat. In other instances, the edge of the skirt is raised a little on one side over a velvet underskirt, but always in very simple folds. Anything like elaboration or fussiness is most carefully avoided.

The Princess dress and the redingote will both be favourite styles for morning and evening wear. Fig. 1 is a good example of a redingote for morning costume; it is made of green broché cloth with an almost invisible pattern, and has a double-breasted bodice with the fashionable wide revers, and skirt opening over a tablier of striped material on a fawn ground. A Directoire sash of green silk is folded round the waist and tied in a rosette with fringed ends on the left side. The collar, revers, and cuffs are also of silk.

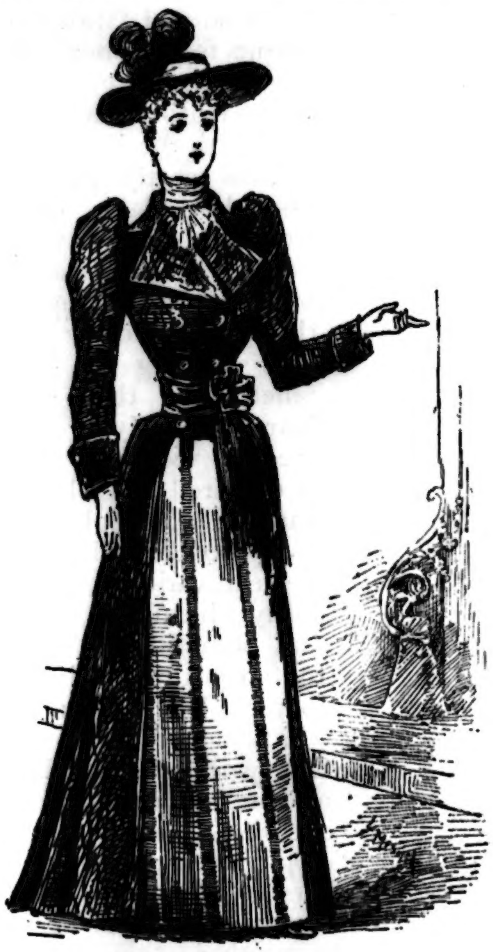


Fig. 1.

A lovely dress for evening wear is of pale Indian pink broché silk, opening over a tablier of pink satin covered with guipure lace. Similar lace is turned back on the fronts of the redingote, and continued up the corsage and round the back of the neck, terminating in a point at the waist under a velvet bow. Round the top of the open corsage is draped a fichu of white mousseline de soie, composed of three light, full flounces. The elbow sleeves are finished off with lace sabots and ruffles of the mousseline de soie.

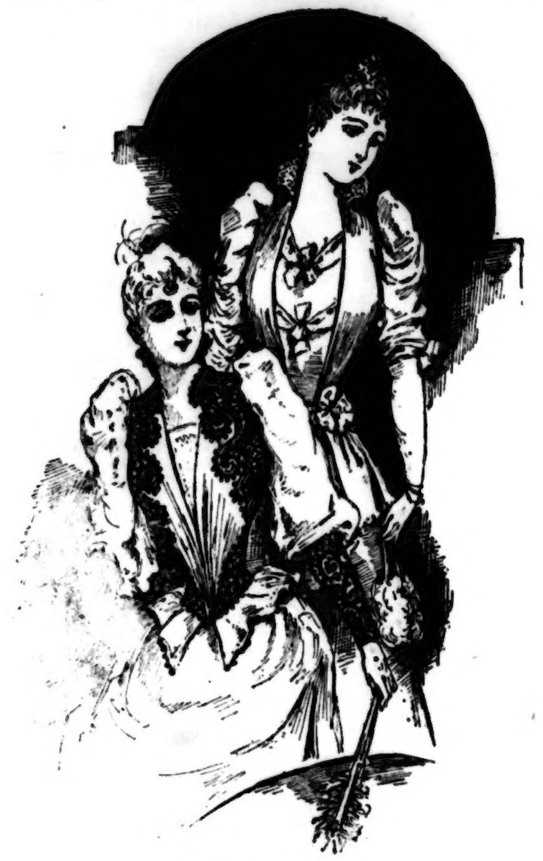


Fig. 2.

Embroidered dresses are fashionable, but unfortunately so costly that a good many ladies will embroider their own materials, many of the patterns being extremely easy to work and demanding nothing but a little industry on the part of the worker. Single small beads in jet, steel, or gold, are sewn on at close intervals all over the material; large cabochons are used occasionally, but the effect of these is anything but good; the cabochons look coarse and heavy, and are too evidently the refuge of the idle. A charming example of this work is given at fig. 3; the skirt is of grey cloth, gored at the sides and back, and studded all over with fine steel beads; the jacket is of grey velvet, opening with revers of lace over a plastron of crêpe de chine embroidered with steel beads. The upper part of the sleeves is of embroidered cloth, the lower part is one of the new mitten sleeves of velvet, mounted with a gathered heading at the top, drawn in by a band of embroidered cloth. This pretty dress could be carried out in many colours, in black, for instance, with jet beads it would be very ladylike.

Sometimes a light wreath or other pattern is embroidered round the edge of the skirt, and some very handsome dresses are made of peau-de-soie, with branching patterns worked in jet spangles sewn on so closely together that they overlap each other. For ball dresses lovely effects will be produced with gold, silver, Mother-o'-pearl, talc, and other spangles on crêpe de chine and net.

The illustration, fig. 2, gives two charming demi-toilette evening gowns, which are adapted for dinner or theatre wear. The first is in pale pink gauze, trimmed with fine jet passementerie; the skirt is bordered with a gathered flounce put on under a band of jet passementerie; the open bodice, drawn in with pleats at the waist, and ending in a short basque, is partly covered by Zouave jacket fronts of jet, longer at the back than in front, and in one with the corselet band marking the waist in front. The high collar at the back, and the deep cuffs are of the passementerie, and the puffed sleeves of gauze. The second dress is of sky-blue pongee silk, and is made with an umbrella skirt, trimmed with narrow lace insertion let in round the edge. The bodice opens over a plastron of sky-blue mousseline de soie, and is finished off with a deep full basque to correspond; the fronts are joined by bands and bows of canary-coloured velvet, and the sleeve of draped mousseline de soie over silk is also drawn in at the elbow with a velvet band and bow. The high collar is of wired Venetian point.

There is no particular novelty in bodices beyond the very wide revers that ornament nearly all the jackets made with deep basques. This style is generally reserved for woollen materials. Toilettes of a more dressy description are made with pointed bodices, or with short-waisted bodices with a ribbon waistband folded round the waist and tied wherever the wearer pleases. The tightly-strained belt is far less graceful than the ribbon loosely folded and carelessly tied.

The shape of the figure needs to be as much considered in the choice of the style of the corsage as of the pattern of the material, and it may be not inopportune to repeat the words of warning that have been uttered more than once before. Checks, especially large checks, enlarge the figure; stripes give length, on the contrary; corselets and Swiss belts are modes for the young, except the corselet which is high at the sides and forms a long open point in front; bands suit nearly all figures, as they can be made wide, narrow, or pointed. Long coat basques look best on figures which have well-developed hips—they require a good curve at the waist; pointed bodices are the safest of all for the stout, who may also wear bretelles and other trimmings of the kind which help to give length. Bertha trimmings and draperies round the shoulders demand long and slender waists.

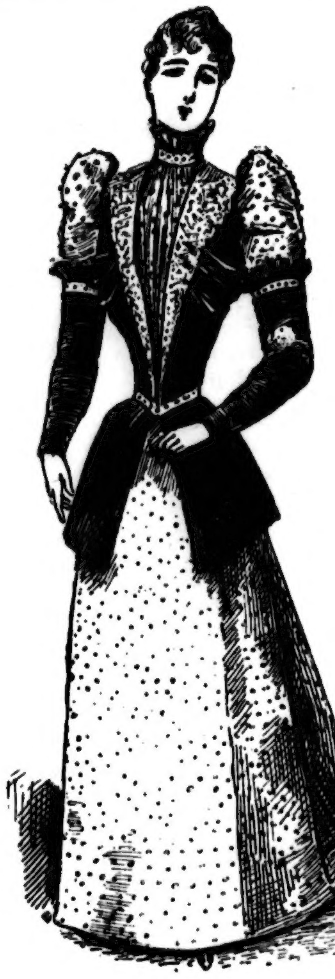
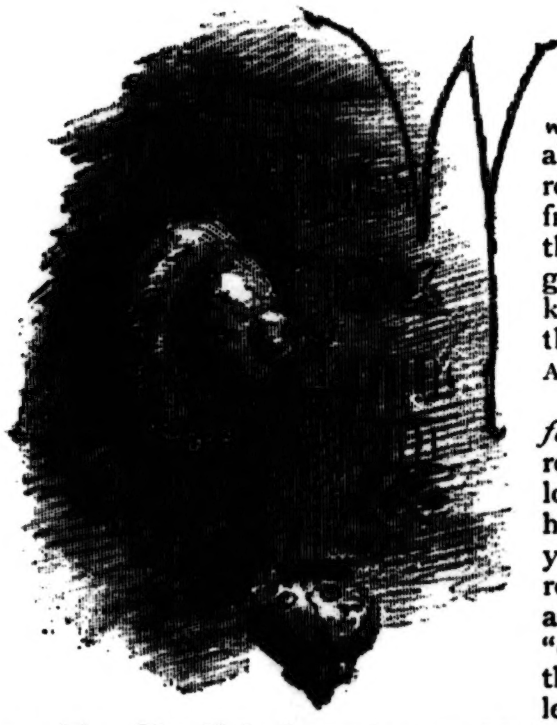


Fig. 3.

Comtesse de B.

A Boudoir Bedroom.

By MRS. TALBOT COKE.



WHEN first I began my delightful work on the *Queen* some years ago, I wrote an article with the above title, little thinking the response it would call forth from my many readers; and the spirit now moves me to give the benefit of my wider knowledge of the subject to the new circle in HEARTH AND HOME.

Many a married *mère de famille* is there who, while recognising the fact that the lord and master must have his sanctum sanctorum, the younger children their schoolroom, has to live and move and have her being, worse still "do her house accounts" midst the merry chatter of endless interruptions of grown-up girls. Yet, if the house is one with "no more cats than can catch mice" in the servant way, or the means such that even an extra fire is a consideration, such a woman shrinks from starting a fifth sitting-room, and perforce goes without the quiet corner she so longs for.

I think, indeed (unless in *very* large houses, where the drawing-room becomes almost a "state-room," only used for entertaining, and when there is a house party) it is rather a mistake to have a regular morning room, the result is that it grows so loveable and liveable that one cleaves unto it all day with the result that he drawing-room, however pretty, always has that tell-tale unloved "company" look which he (or *she*, for men are unobservant creatures at best!) who runs may read. But to return to a boudoir bedroom. I feel especially up in the subject just now, as a turn of Fortune's wheel (in the soldiering line) caused us lately to leave our own home for some years and take to a town house, in planning out which I found a boudoir bedroom would be *my* refuge.

To be absolutely perfect, I think such a room should be long and narrow, two windows at the side, and one at the end, so that a brass pole and curtains could be fixed right across, to draw during the day and hide the bed and washstand. If, however, the room is square, a deft arrangement of a screen in the daytime must be relied on, and, indeed, if one refrains from a tester and hangings, and arranges the bed with a pretty frilled and bordered cover or dainty bedspread (thus sparing the eye the aggressive white patch), it need by no means spoil the *coup d'œil* of such a room. Of course, for perfection the furniture should be specially chosen, and then arranged in the "fitment" style, *i.e.*, *connected*, by a low bookcase here, a bonnet cupboard there, and many a useful contrivance; but this is, of course, only for "severely settled down" existences.

In any case, however, the furniture should be carefully chosen. The wardrobe should be one of those quaint ones, part high part low, with arched recesses for books and china. I would on *no* account have the long mirror in it, but fixed across a corner, with three-cornered wooden shelf at the top to serve the double purpose of preventing flue going behind, and making a resting-place for a quaint bit of pottery. If specially made, *i.e*, not too *heavy* a mirror, this can be arranged to open and form a hanging cupboard for more gowns.

Another corner should hold a tall boot and shoe cupboard, and yet another a special kind of corner washstand I am designing (also a toilette table), for a boudoir bedroom, and which I will illustrate some day.

My boudoir bedroom is a source of much enjoyment to me as being a quiet corner in which I can shut myself up and scribble, *my* idea of rest! and I repeat, I think every *mère de famille* should have just such a sanctuary in which to take refuge whenever she likes.

The colouring should be dainty and fresh, and every little thing a source of some pleasure or a souvenir of some pain. A real woman clings, I think, almost as much to the latter as to the former!

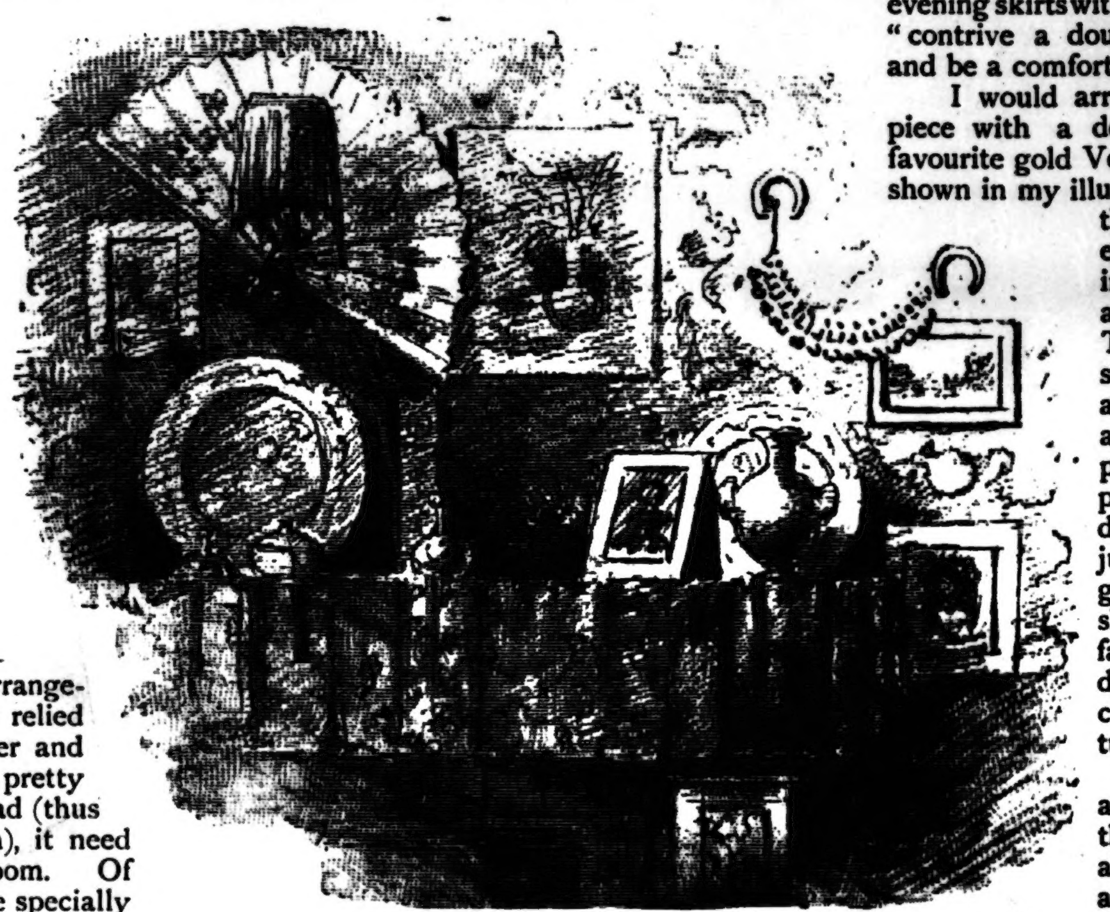
The key of colour must, of course, depend firstly on aspect, next on any possessions the owner has on hand for the room. My own colouring is turquoise blue and yellow, with old dark Sheraton furniture, and a trusty knee-hole writing table (the joy of my life) made for me to match. The carpet is poppy-patterned in varied shades of blue. For a room with a chilly aspect, however, I should prescribe soft pink walls, and a frieze of clambering roses with soft green leaves, paint a tender green, pink ceiling, cosy terra-cotta curtains and carpet, and a pet pink ground cretonne of mine bedight with large pink and yellow roses.

Or a dark, dismal room could be lit up by a yellow paper and Maréchal Niel frieze, gold serge curtains, etc., etc.

Again, an east room could have a special shade of greeny-blue paper, a terra-cotta and gold carpet and curtains, and my lovely "Garden of Sleep" cretonne on a blue ground, the dull red of the poppies being repeated in the cover of the table, etc.

Which reminds me that nothing takes from the "bedroom," and adds to the "boudoir" aspect of the room so much as a fair-sized round table, with a spreading palm or aspidistra on it, favourite books, and (sufficing for less inveterate scribblers than myself) writing materials.

A large low basket chair (or two if there is room) well cushioned and inviting, should stand near the fire, with a little book-shelf perhaps. If there is room for a sofa, one of those which open to hold evening skirts without folding would "contrive a double debt to pay," and be a comfort to tired limbs.

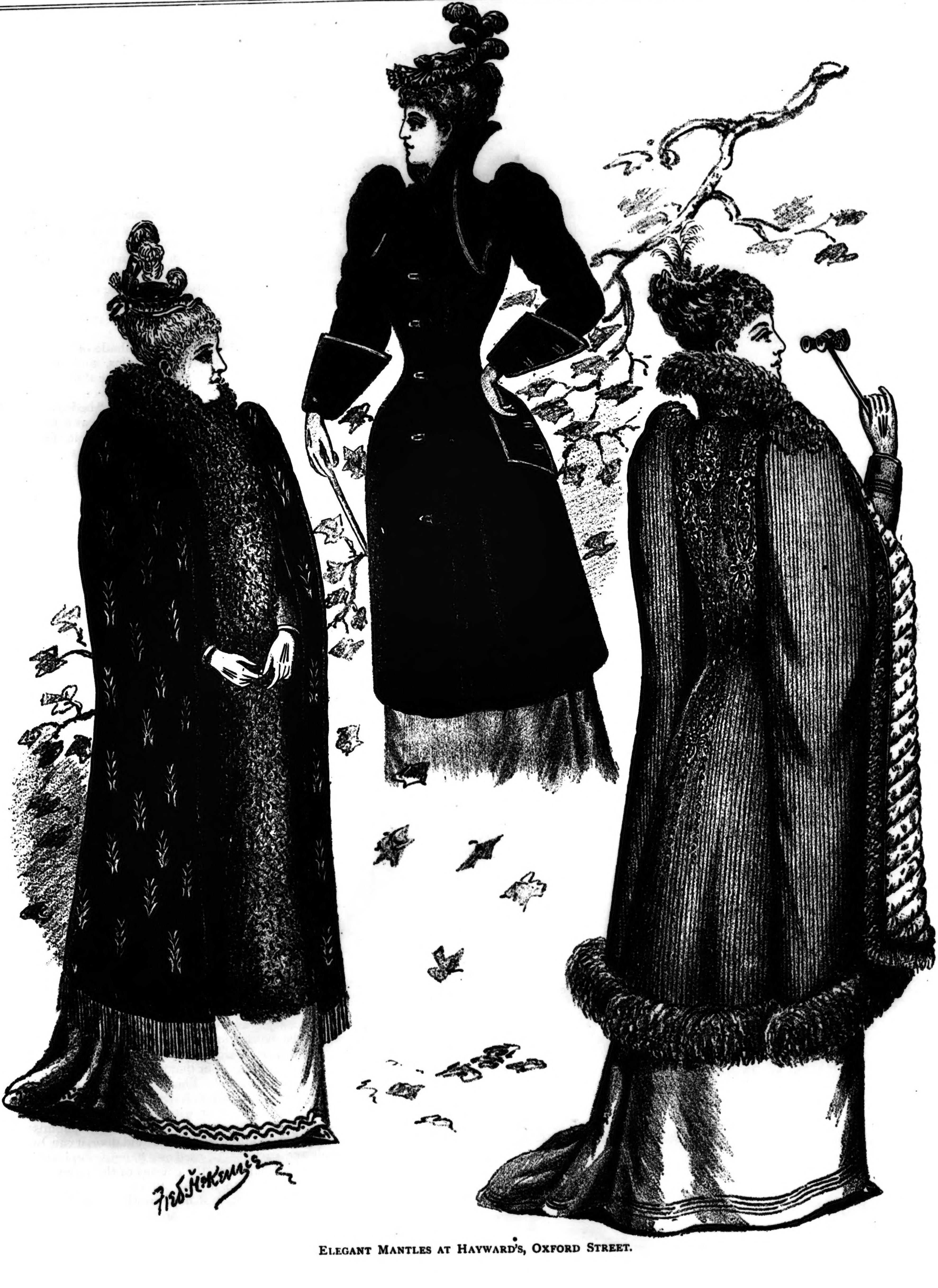


I would arrange the mantelpiece with a deep frill of my favourite gold Verona velveteen, as shown in my illustration, and keep the colouring of every thing on it in harmony with it and the wall paper. The ornaments shown in my blue and yellow room are yellow or brown pottery, the largest picture a group of daffodils in a blue jug, a copper plate, gilded lucky horse shoes, a large yellow fan, and brass Cairo donkey chains show cheerfully on the turquoise wall.

My initial shows a pretty plan for those uncomfortable folks who burn a light at night, being a fairy light in a brass, pierced and jewelled, hanging lamp. Happy those who, in arranging such a room, find pretty windows ready to their hand. Mine, alas! arc the gaunt 12 ft. 6 ins. high style, reaching nearly from bottom of cornice to floor, a style which, at once nipping every pretty notion in the bud, can but be everlastingly deplored.

In the case of a bow window, I would have a broad seat across it boxed in underneath with a sliding door (hidden of course beneath the deep frill from the mattrass cushion). This would make a place for the bestowal of cardboard boxes, etc., which have a way of accumulating. Of course, a row of pegs on the door, with gowns hanging (suggestive at any time of the corpses of Bluebeard's wives) is quite inadmissible in a boudoir bedroom; but should there be a second door, it can, by being treated with a shelf and curtains, be used as a hanging cupboard, and will add to, rather than detract from, the charms of the room.

Should any reader be fired with a wish to turn her possibly prosaic bedroom into so pretty a sanctum, I hope by this time I need hardly say how I shall enjoy helping her to do so.


Fred. McKenzie

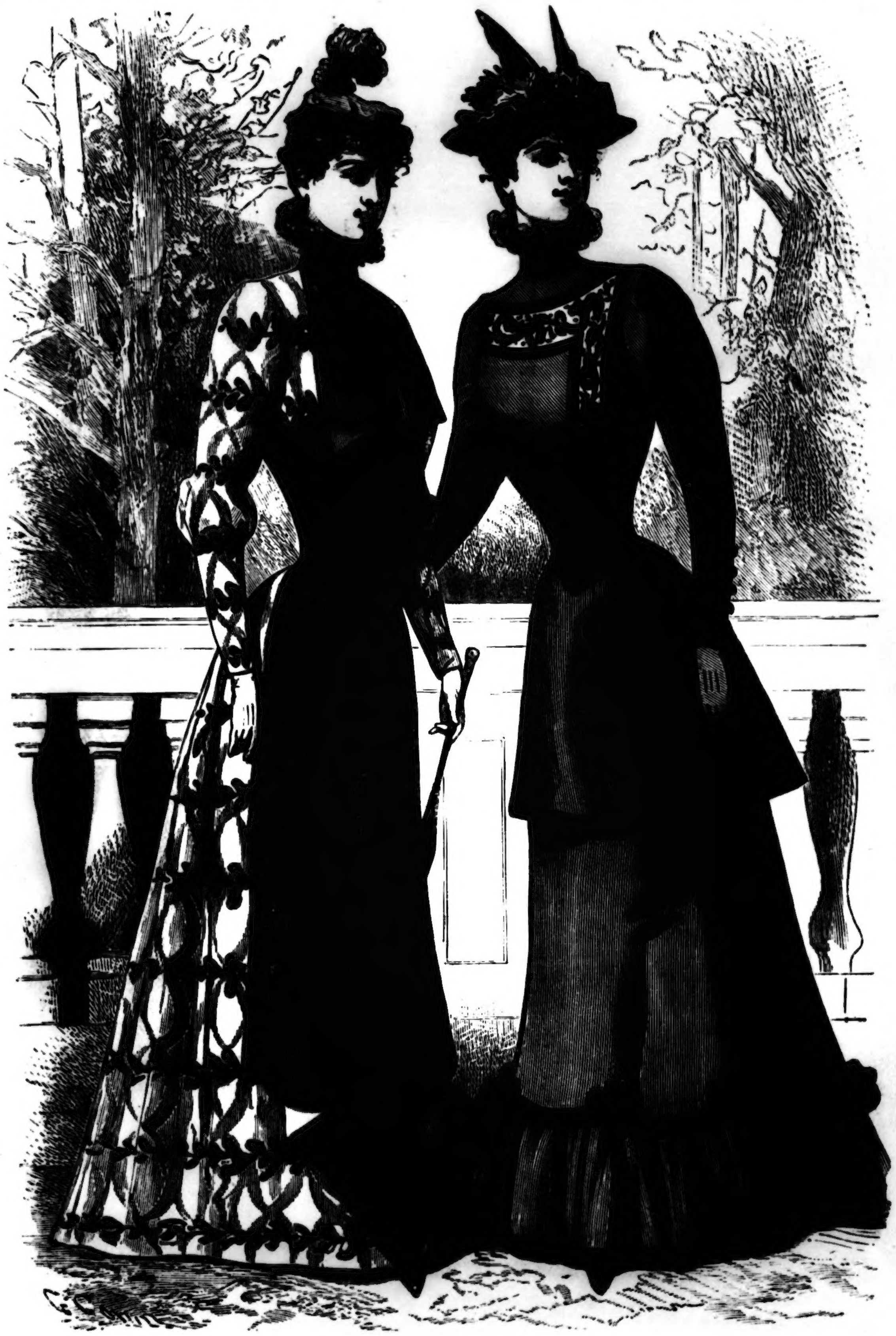
Elegant Mantles at Hayward's, Oxford Street.

Spinnings in Town.

> "Tissue and frieze
> In the same garment, monstrous!"
> Massinger—"The Maid of Honour," Act I.

In the days of that masterful woman, good Queen Bess, "Welshe Frices," as friezes were then called, held a very high place amongst contemporary woollen fabrics. They must have been very much finer than the friezes of our day, for they were largely used for the clothing worn by the upper classes, and gentlemen's night gowns were often made of frieze lined with lamb's skin. Even to our degenerate race, a dressing gown made in this way would be a not unacceptable garment.

Although friezes are no longer so popular as they were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Welsh woollens still hold their own, and Welsh looms can provide us with flannels, and plain and fancy dress fabrics, that are equal to the best in any country for good make and durability. Messrs. Barrington and Company, of Newtown, North Wales, have a capital selection of useful dress and mantle fabrics, and a quite exceptionally good assortment of such indispensable materials as white, scarlet, and coloured flannels, remarkably pretty dressing-gown flannels, and plain and striped skirtings. The dress materials include a great variety of serges and cheviots at very moderate prices ranging from 5d. to 2s. 11½d. per yard, besides the Royal Montgomery serges, which are made in black, navy blue, and white. The Homespuns are serviceable and stylish fabrics. The Llangollen, a plain diagonal, is only 1s. 8½d. per yard; the Snow-flight and the Arvon, 2s. 2d. and 2s. 3d. per yard, are two pretty varieties of flecked materials, and the Powysland has an effective wide diagonal rib. The Beaver series of dress fabrics, at remarkably low prices, are very strong and durable and in good dark colours. These are all under 1s. per yard, with the exception of the Claremont Real Beaver, which costs 3s. 3d. per yard, and is a very effective material with alternating stripes in flecks of colour and black hairy wool; it is beautifully soft and the colourings are in excellent taste. The Ithonia is another pretty fancy material of good quality, with stripes of silky loops and hairs in a light colour on a dark ground. The Normandy costume is a handsome brocade of soft texture and hairy surface; it may be used either for dresses or mantles, and costs 2s. 11½d. per yard. These are all very novel and fashionable



Promenade Toilettes.

Fig. 1. Dress of broché silk, with raised pattern in bronze velvet; pointed tablier of green bengaline, with a coquillé pleat on each side, the upper part ending in a draped corselet over the bodice and sleeves of broché. The back of bodice with crenelated basque of bengaline, and pleated plastron of bengaline in front. Black feather round the collar. Green silk toque, with border and plume of black feathers. Quantity of material required, 9 yards; bengaline, 6 yards.

Fig. 2. Costume of mouse grey woollen; gored skirt, edged with a flounce, bordered with bronze velvet, and headed by velvet and bows to match. Deep jacket bodice, the right side cut low and double breasted, and trimmed with velvet and metal galon with bronze beads. Three bands of velvet, fastened in front with bows and velvet round the basque. Velvet on the sleeves, and bronze feathers on the collar. Grey felt hat, trimmed with bronze velvet and yellow wings. Quantity of material required, 9 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

There are many other plain and fancy woollens, from amongst which it would be easy to select a dress at any price, and for the convenience of their clientèle Messrs. Barrington and Co. also supply ready-made dress skirts of any of the materials, made in various styles.

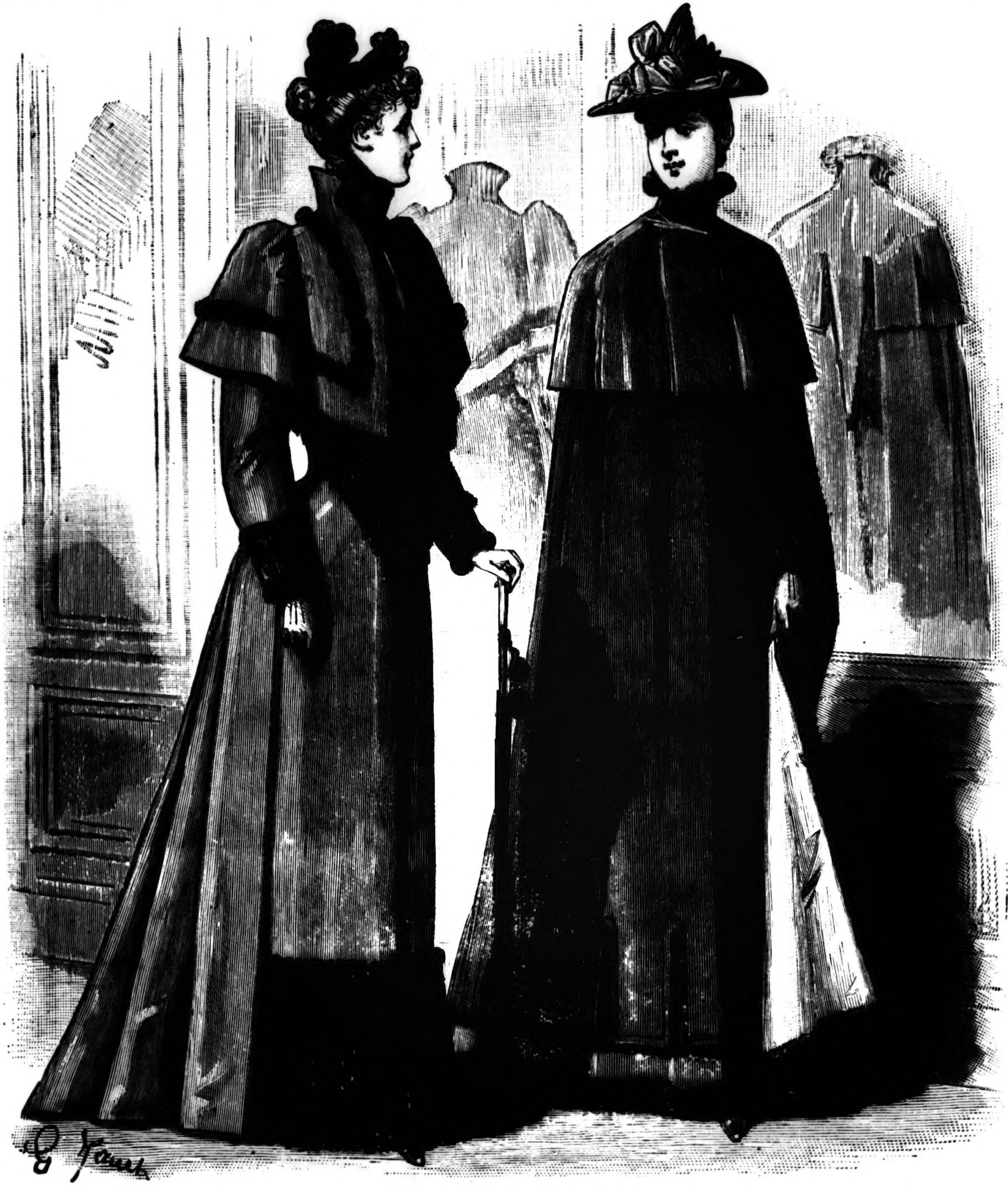
The fancy tweeds for ulsters and cloaks are all made in 52 and 54 inch widths, as are the plain Twill Meltons and Beaver cloths. These are all remarkably good and very inexpensive; they offer a large choice of colour and pattern, and will be of great value to those clever amateurs who make their own mantles and jackets. Messrs. Barrington have both plain and corduroy velveteens of very good quality; the New Velvet Cord with fine rib costs 2s. 3d. per yard, the Royal Velvet Cord with broad rib is 3s. 1d. per yard. These are charming materials for using alone or in combination with some woollen material.

The striped skirtings are of many qualities and in all the new colourings and effects, including the pretty loop stripes that are so much in vogue. Those who prefer plain skirtings of exceptional warmth and lightness will be delighted with the plain Batswing Skirtings, in black and colours, at 4s. 9d. per yard, 72 inches wide. These are particularly nice, and ready-made skirts are supplied at 6s. 9d. each.

The figured and printed flannels for dressing and breakfast gowns are wonderful for variety, beauty of design, and cheapness; the patterns are far too numerous to be mentioned specially, but I cannot imagine anyone looking through them and resisting the temptation to order a few yards of one or the other—they are so very fascinating! The plain, homely Welsh flannels of this firm, although they cannot fascinate the eye, will, at any rate, please the criticising housewife, who looks for excellence of quality and moderate prices in fabrics of this kind. The figured flannels for shirts and other purposes are very numerous and pretty, and Messrs. Barrington and Co. have some capital flannels and other materials for making clothing for the poor, very strong and durable, but neither coarse nor ugly, as many of the materials intended for this purpose usually are.

Many of my readers will very likely remember that I have more than once referred to the excellent knitting yarns and worsteds supplied by Messrs. Fleming, Reid, and Co., of Greenock; these worsteds are of first-class quality, and are remarkable in all their many varieties for their evenness, durability, and elasticity combined with extreme softness; they are made entirely from long and fine wool, and are so numerous that they meet all the requirements of knitters, and so moderate in price that industry meets with the double reward of economy in outlay and durable results.

The firm has recently opened a London branch in a very central situation, No. 84, Oxford Street, where ladies may see not only the yarns and worsteds supplied by the firm, but may also buy ready-made garments of all descriptions made from their wools. These garments include underclothing for ladies and children, such as vests, combinations, bodices and skirts, and undershirts and other clothing for gentlemen, knitted in lambs' wool, Greenwich fingering, best fingering, etc. The socks for gentlemen, at about 1s. and 1s. 6d. per pair, are extremely well made and in excellent colourings, they are remarkably cheap and good, and will make valuable Christmas and birthday offerings.



NEW WINTER MANTLES.

FIG. 1. Redingote of leather coloured cloth fastened in front and trimmed at the edge with deep chenille fringe, the sides fall in pleated panels. Short cape falling in a full pleat over the arm and trimmed in front with a point of chenille fringe. Plain collar on the redingote, and open collar on the cape, lined with velvet. Black feather trimming on the cape and sleeves, and cuffs of black passementerie. Velvet bonnet trimmed with feathers. Quantity of material required, cloth 6½ yards.

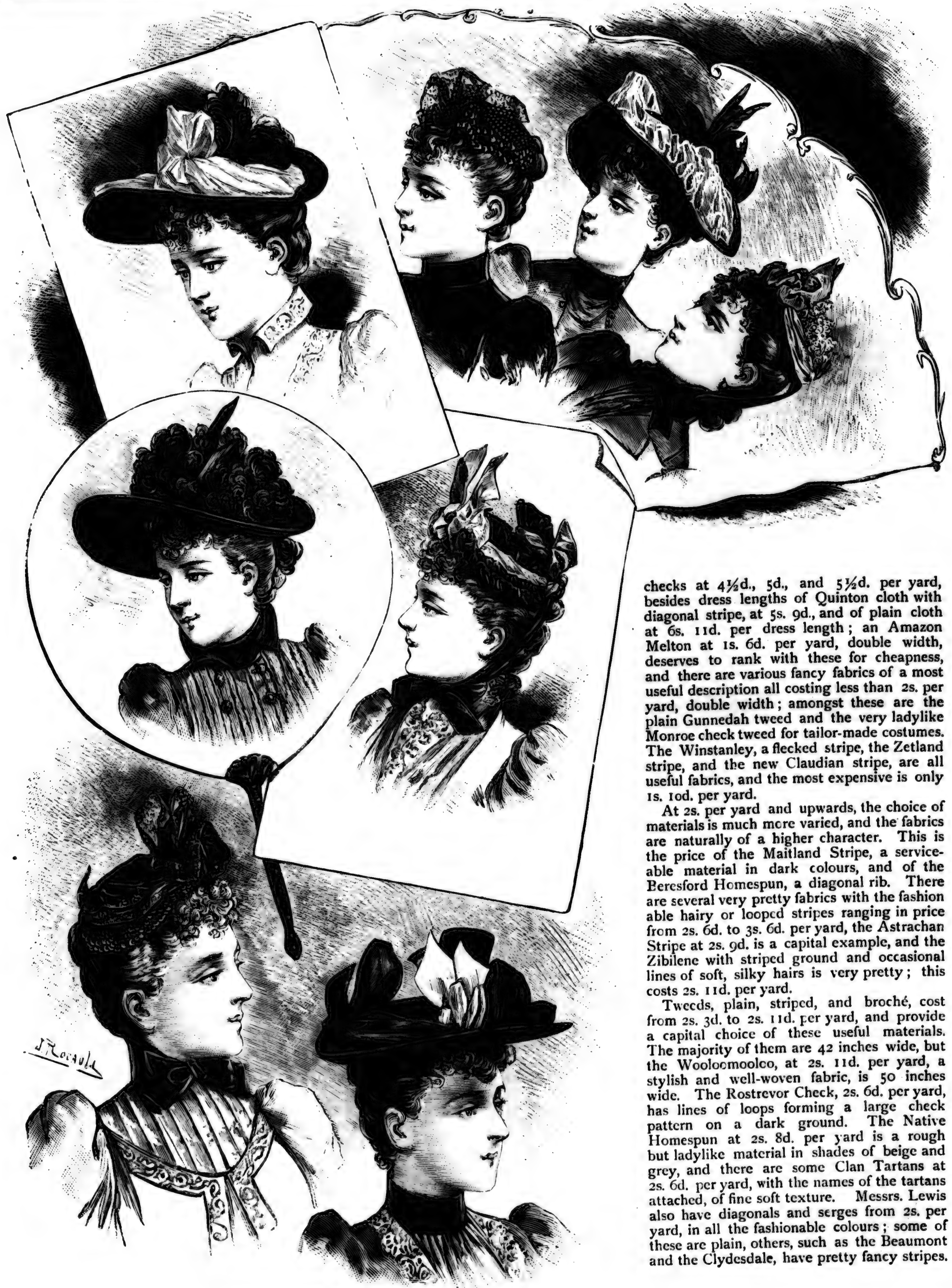
FIG. 2. Long circular cloak of seal-brown cloth lined with mauve silk. The edge is cut in square tabs over a band of velvet, and a band of the cloth added under the scallops, the lower edge trimmed with beaver like the fronts. Cloth cape fitted by seams reaching to the tabs, over an under-cape of velvet; the tab at the back ends in a long point reaching to the waist. High collar bordered with fur. Felt hat trimmed with cream velvet and brown wings. Quantity of material required, 3½ yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Amongst the number of pretty and useful articles in knitting and crochet are some fascinating bedroom slippers at 3s. 9d., in different combinations of colour. I saw a charming pair in beige and pale blue, very warm but light skirts in two colours, clouds, shawls, hoods, and wraps of all kinds, and beautifully soft and cosy clothing for infants, such as vests, boots, jackets, hoods, hats, etc. Ladies' and children's stockings are made in every possible variety, and all are made from the excellent yarns of the firm; whether for work or for wear, Messrs. Fleming, Reid, and Co.'s specialities are not things to be overlooked at this season, when they are likely to add so much to our own comfort and that of our families.

There is another new address which I have been asked to mention. Messrs. P. and P. Campbell, of the Perth Dye Works, have recently opened a new receiving office at 168, Queen's Road, W., which will be a great convenience for residents in the western districts; parcels may be sent here to be forwarded to the works, and any information required will be given.

Messrs. Lewis, of Market Street, Manchester, have a good choice of woollen materials for winter dresses, some of them remarkable for their very low prices, others distinguished by good patterns and colours and excellence of texture. There are cheap tweeds and



FASHIONABLE WINTER CHAPEAUX.

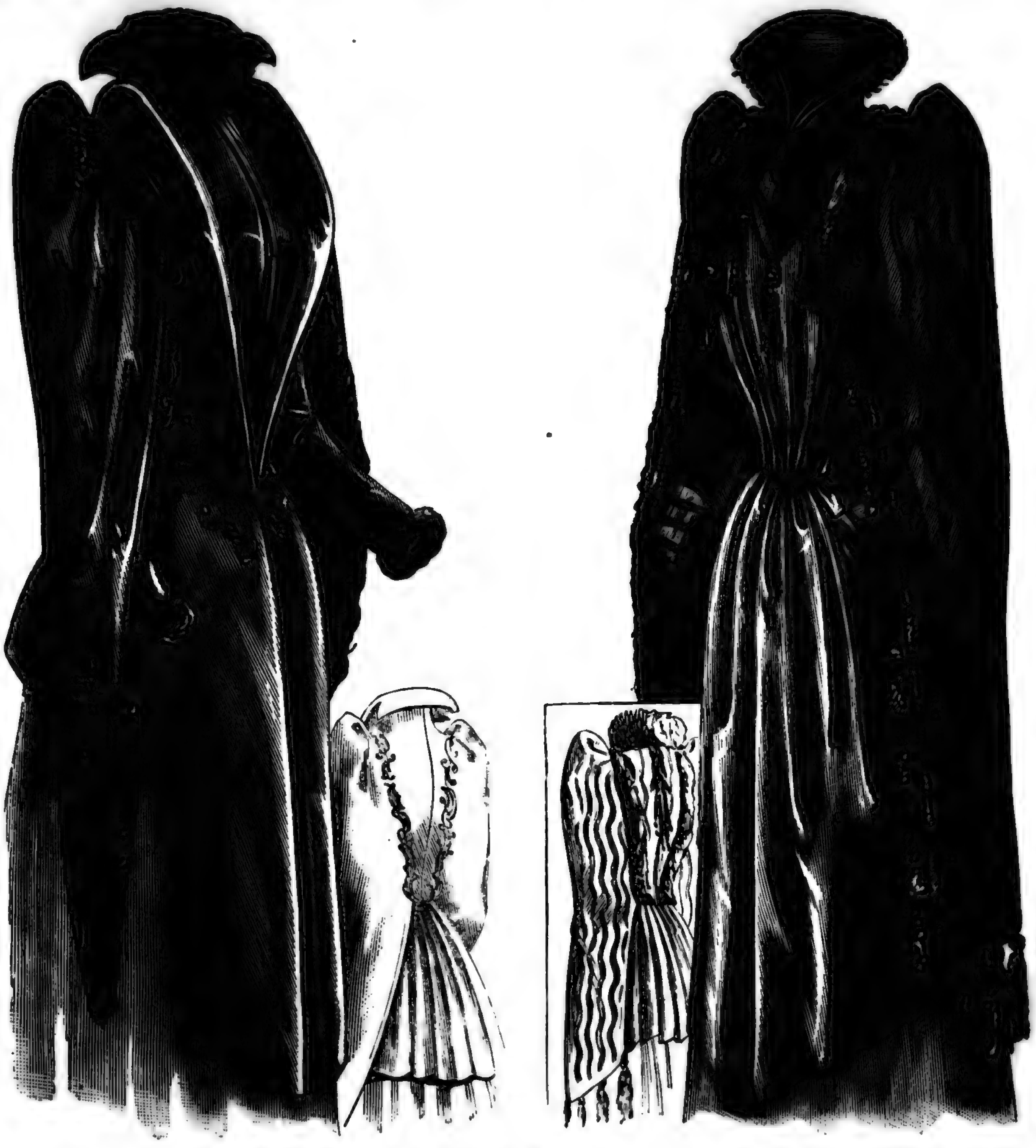
checks at 4½d., 5d., and 5½d. per yard, besides dress lengths of Quinton cloth with diagonal stripe, at 5s. 9d., and of plain cloth at 6s. 11d. per dress length; an Amazon Melton at 1s. 6d. per yard, double width, deserves to rank with these for cheapness, and there are various fancy fabrics of a most useful description all costing less than 2s. per yard, double width; amongst these are the plain Gunnedah tweed and the very ladylike Monroe check tweed for tailor-made costumes. The Winstanley, a flecked stripe, the Zetland stripe, and the new Claudian stripe, are all useful fabrics, and the most expensive is only 1s. 10d. per yard.

At 2s. per yard and upwards, the choice of materials is much more varied, and the fabrics are naturally of a higher character. This is the price of the Maitland Stripe, a serviceable material in dark colours, and of the Beresford Homespun, a diagonal rib. There are several very pretty fabrics with the fashionable hairy or looped stripes ranging in price from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per yard, the Astrachan Stripe at 2s. 9d. is a capital example, and the Zibilene with striped ground and occasional lines of soft, silky hairs is very pretty; this costs 2s. 11d. per yard.

Tweeds, plain, striped, and broché, cost from 2s. 3d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, and provide a capital choice of these useful materials. The majority of them are 42 inches wide, but the Wooloomooloo, at 2s. 11d. per yard, a stylish and well-woven fabric, is 50 inches wide. The Rostrevor Check, 2s. 6d. per yard, has lines of loops forming a large check pattern on a dark ground. The Native Homespun at 2s. 8d. per yard is a rough but ladylike material in shades of beige and grey, and there are some Clan Tartans at 2s. 6d. per yard, with the names of the tartans attached, of fine soft texture. Messrs. Lewis also have diagonals and serges from 2s. per yard, in all the fashionable colours; some of these are plain, others, such as the Beaumont and the Clydesdale, have pretty fancy stripes.

A pretty and fashionable dress loses halt its value when it is accompanied by gloves carelessly chosen as to colour and kind; it is in the finish of the details of the toilette that the presence, or too often the absence, of intelligent taste may be noted. To have Parisian gloves in the very latest fashion, we must send to Madame Délias, of 5, Ossory Road, S.E., for her Paris kid gloves in French grey or white, with black silk stitching at the back; these elegant and well-cut gloves cost 3s. per pair, with 4 buttons, or 3s. 9d. with 6 buttons; the same glove costs 3s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per pair, hand sewn. The glove is charming in pale grey and made of exceedingly soft elastic kid.

Another very pretty and ladylike glove is the Paris Suède glove with soft velvet finish, made in all the fashionable shades of tan, beaver, drab, and grey; the gloves are also made in black, and these last may be recommended for retaining their colour. They are made in 4 and 6 button lengths at 2s. 9d. and 3s. 3d. per pair. A superior French kid glove, supplied in colours and black is another useful speciality, costing 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per pair, in 4 and 6-button lengths. Hand sewn gloves made of specially selected skins are, like all gloves this season, made in 4 and 6-button lengths; these are an extremely good Parisian make, costing 3s. 9d. and 4s. 3d. per pair.



ELEGANT MANTLLS.

Fig. 1. Black velvet mantle trimmed with jet and feather bordering. Jacket with long mantilla ends in front, and rolled revers ending at the waist and joining a high open collar. Half-length pleated basque at the back. Coat sleeve and pointed visite sleeve over it, mounted with pleats over the shoulder as far as the chest, and open in front.

Fig. 2. Mantle of plain velours du Nord and broché on a satin ground. Full half length paletot of plain velours, drawn in at the waist in front, and mounted on a double-pointed yoke of broché. The back of broché, with pleated basque of plain velours, and coat sleeve of the same, with cuffs of broché. Pelerine sleeves of broché. Trimming of marabout and jet tassels.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

For ordinary wear Madame Délias has a useful glove, made of good Brussels kid, at 2s. 6d. and 2s. 11d. per pair, depending on the length, and a chevrette glove, which is very durable, and costs 3s. with four buttons and 3s. 9d. with six buttons. These capital French double-sewn gloves are made in all colours, including the new tan shades, and in black, and have self-coloured silk stitching on the backs. The Superior chevrette gloves, made of choice skins, are more expensive, 4s. and 5s. per pair. Gentlemen's gloves with two buttons cost 3s. per pair, and there is an excellent assortment of dogskin, riding, and driving gloves.

For evening wear kid, Suède, and silk gloves are all equally fashionable, and these may be had in all lengths, in several qualities, and in all the shades in vogue.

A homely but eminently useful article which I have lately had thoroughly tested is the Zebra Grate Polish, manufactured by Messrs. Reckitt and Sons. I am happy to be able to give an excellent report of the Zebra Polish, it answers its purpose admirably. It is very easy to use, and produces a brilliant and lasting polish with a remarkably small amount of labour. I can put every confidence in the testimony to its good working qualities of my rather critical housemaid, and of its good effect on the appearance of the stoves that have been polished with it I can judge for myself. Ladies should ask their grocers to supply them with the Zebra Polish, which they will recognise by the black and yellow striped paper covers of the tablets, and the trade mark—a zebra.

The Katrine dress cloths are well to the fore again this season, and these wonderfully cheap and useful materials are supplied by the North of England Manufacturing Company, of Leeds, in several new varieties, either by the yard, or in dress lengths at 10s. 6d. and 15s. each. The company makes all its own cloths, and, as there are no intermediate profits, their customers get all the advantages of the exceptionally low prices.

The Beat-All Katrine dress, at 10s. 6d. per dress length, or 1s. 9d. per yard, 50 inches wide, is a plain self-coloured Melton cloth, in a number of useful dark shades and in two different textures. I recommend this material to amateur dressmakers, who wish to make experiments in the cutting of umbrella skirts. The same price is charged for the Granite, a pretty, fancy speckled cloth, in an immense variety of colourings. The dress length is 10s. 6d.; the material, by the yard, 42 inches wide, costs 1s. 6d. per yard.

At 15s. per dress length, or 2s. 6d. per yard 50 inches wide, there is a really wonderful satin finish Amazon cloth, in an excellent range of fashionable colours, and a pretty striped material, the Kyrle Katrine dress, with alternate looped and flecked stripes on a twilled ground. This is effective in navy blue, with the stripes in red, white, or dull gold colour, and in beige and pale fawn, with the stripes in dark red or black and white mixed. There are, however, many other colourings to suit all tastes.

The firm also sends patterns of navy blue and black serges in different varieties at 1s. 11½d. per yard, and of black cashmeres at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 2d. per yard. These materials are also supplied in dress lengths of 7 yards, the width varying from 42 to 46 inches.

Do any of my young lady readers want a pretty, stylish, and very moderately-priced hat? The question answers itself, of course they all do, and would like to know where they can meet with such hats. Happily, I can tell them, for I have lately seen at Messrs. Garrould's, in the Edgware Road, some new hats for the winter that more than answer the description. They are remarkably pretty, ladylike and becoming, very varied in style, and extremely moderate in price. Small felt hats trimmed with velvet and wings cost only 10s. 6d., and at 11s. 9d. there are fashionable sailor hats in felt, trimmed with velvet and wings, in all colours. A more picturesque style of hat is that with low flat crown and waved brim, made of drawn cloth or velvet; these hats cost 16s. 9d.; toques in blue velvet, with white wings, or in any other colour, are very coquettish, and cost 18s. 9d. There is, in fact, a great variety of these cheap and pretty hats, all in excellent taste, and so varied in style and colour that every young lady may easily find one to suit herself and harmonise with her dresses.

The bonnets are equally pretty and fashionable, without any of the outré exaggerations that frighten people of good taste; the Parisian models are well selected, but the capotes made by the clever modiste who presides over this department are by no means put in the shade by the superior charms of French millinery.

Amongst their novelties in dress materials for the winter are some very stylish woollen fabrics, which are excellent examples of the fashionable textures now in vogue; these comprise fine diagonals with stripes in curls and flecks in all the newest colours; checks in a kind of camel hair, and some new cheviot checks, both very stylish materials. Then there are fancy diagonal stripes, corduroys, tweeds flecked with yellow silky hairs, and a beautiful make of amazon cloth with a particularly silky surface made in three qualities, at 2s. 4½d., 3s. 3d., and 4s. per yard. This is much used for the waistcoats of tweed and cheviot costumes, but there is not the slightest reason why it should not be employed for complete dresses, for which purpose it is eminently suited.

The silks for evening dresses are in the most exquisite colours and in white, and as moderate in price as behoves a material that can only be worn a few times. There is an extremely nice make of plain surah at 1s. 11½d.; a charming bright broché silk costs 2s. 6½d.; shot silks in an endless variety of colour combinations are 1s. 11½d.; serge silks of beautiful quality cost 2s. 11d.; and bengalines, 3s. 11d. per yard; all of these may be obtained in every fashionable tint. Messrs. Garrould supply the Louis velveteen in all its unrivalled tints at 1s. 11½d. per yard. The St. Lucia velveteen is a charming fabric, very soft and silky, and costing 2s. 6½d. per yard; while their special make of corduroy velveteen, at 2s. 11d. per yard, will go far by its excellence to increase the already considerable vogue for this material. Sealettes, for jackets and mantles, are far more moderate in price than they have been, excellent qualities costing only 12s. 9d. and 16s. 9d. per yard, 54 inches wide.

The tailor-made costumes are remarkably neat and varied in style and material, and are made with tailor-like precision in hairy and checked tweeds and cloths, many being finished with waistcoats of silky amazon cloth. The prices are strictly moderate, from three and a half guineas. The skirts are remarkably well cut in fashionable shapes.

In the mantle department I saw much to please me in the new capes, visites, and other models; but I specially noted some very smart jackets in black serge cloth, beautifully cut and ornamented with military braiding. These jackets cost only a guinea, and I commend them to the attention of young ladies with limited dress allowances, as being thoroughly stylish and ladylike in spite of their low price. The shawl capes, made of plaid woollens with fringed border, are amongst the msot fashionable and practical vêtements in vogue this season. Messrs. Garrould have useful capes of this description at one guinea, but for a thoroughly serviceable cape of material that can be guaranteed a higher price must be given; these durable and fashionable outdoor wraps cost £3 5s. 6d. in the best quality.

Messrs. Horsfall, Benn, and Co., of 7 and 8, Lilypot Lane, E.C., have some remarkably cheap fabrics for economical walking dresses, which are wonderfully good, well dyed, and soft, and without the cottony appearance that is the great drawback to many cheap materials. The Meltonette costume cloth is 24 inches wide, and is sold in lengths of 15 yards for 7s. 6d.; serges in similar lengths are supplied at the same price, and both these materials are made in various colours. The Stanley Habit Cloths are very durable and make up well; they are 50 inches wide, and may be had by the yard at 1s. 6d. per yard, or in lengths of 7 yards for 10s. Bannockburn tweeds 42 inches wide, are also 1s. 6d. per yard, or 12s. for the dress length of eight yards. These are in small checks in shades of grey, fawn, and brown, and will make very neat morning dresses. The cheviot Check also costs 12s. for the dress length of seven yards, the material being fifty inches wide; the checks are divided by fine lines in black and a colour similar to but darker than the ground colour; it is a stylish material of excellent quality. All wool Cheviots with diagonal ribs are 12s. 6d. for the length of six yards of 54 inches wide material. Wherever home dressmaking is practised these materials will be fully appreciated, for they make up well, and the dresses have not in the least the appearance of being made of such very cheap fabrics.

What a pity it is that hair should ever turn grey, and what a much greater pity it is, in most cases, not to allow nature to take its course when the first signs of approaching greyness appear! There are not many people, however, who have the courage to let nature have her way, especially when, as now so often happens, the hair begins to turn grey early in life. Under these circumstances it is pardonable to endeavour to do something to stop the mischief, but the mistake is frequently made of having recourse at once to a direct dye or colour restorer. Tonics and invigorating treatment should be tried first, for, as a rule, greyness seems to be due to a want of sulphur in the hair, and if this important element be supplied, together with a strong tonic, the colour cells may often be induced to secrete more freely. When the first grey hairs are seen, Jaborandi Hair Tonic should be used daily, and Sulphur Hair Soap once a week; when these have failed, after a persevering trial, to do any good, then a colour restorer or a dye may be resorted to. Both these preparations may be obtained from Mr. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich.

All the very marked tendencies of the fashions in dress materials this season are conspicuous in the immense range of beautiful fabrics, of which patterns are sent me by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast. One of these is the taste for shaggy surfaces, in long, silky hairs, and in little curled loops forming wide stripes or narrower lines dividing checks; another is the roughness combined with extreme softness of some of the materials, notably the tweeds; a third point is the clever manner in which various colours are combined together, and the last and all pervading characteristic is the great purity and beauty of the texture of the cloths and other stuffs. This is a thoroughly healthy sign, and I only hope the popularity of woollens of the best quality may endure as long as the need for wearing them, and to that I see no end.

Stripes are very fashionable, and there are some patterns of twilled woollens sold in dress lengths at 43s. 6d., having alternately two stripes of curled loops, and three stripes with shot, hairy effects, on a dark ground. A very pretty specimen is in grey, with the loop stripes in black and brown, and the shot stripes with fine hairs in red and blue on a dark grey ground; another pattern, sold in the same way and at the same price, has wide stripes in black curled loops on a half-veiled pink, yellow, or fawn ground, whichever contrasts best with the dark shade of the plain cloth.

These hairy effects are produced in stripes on many very pretty and inexpensive materials that are yet of excellent quality; the colours are combined with great taste, and the materials are thoroughly ladylike; the Lanyon stripe, at 3s. 8d., is a capital example with stripes in very long, silky hairs, and the self-coloured Sandown check, with hairy lines forming the pattern, is particularly pleasing. A great novelty is a fine twilled woollen, in red, blue, or grey, with a hairy pattern in black, composed of spots forming stripes at close intervals; it is very handsome, and costs 5s. 6d. per yard; a fine black vigogne, at 6s. 11d. per yard, has a large check pattern in curled and hairy stripes, and another black material has alternate wide stripes in black astrachan loops, and narrow stripes in silvery grey hairs.

All the fashionable designs and colours are represented in Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's patterns, such as diagonal stripes in black or fawn on a coloured ground, or in groups of lines on a heather mixture ground, zebra and chevron stripes, and waved broché stripes, checks, plaids and stripes, on rough or smooth surfaces. The broché cloths in waved lines and large patterns are beautifnl specimens of these fabrics, and may be used for dresses or mantles; the simplest are in two colours only, others are in a light and dark shade of one colour and black. They are sold by the yard at 5s. 11d. and 6s. 11d., except one pattern, which is supplied only in dress lengths; they are remarkably stylish, and all have the fashionable hairy surface.

The tweeds are admirable and in great variety; better and more stylish fabrics could not be wished for. I note as special novelties the Havant Tweeds, at 5s. 3d. per yard, 50 inches wide, in very dark colours, with faintly marked checks in a contrasting tint. Plain and diagonal serges in navy-blue and black are obtainable at various prices. The Torbay Serge at 3s. 3d. has a well-marked pattern of reversed diagonal lines; I find also a most useful selection of black fabrics, plain, corduroy, broché, with straight and diagonal stripes, with patterns in loops and hairs, at all prices and in every conceivable variety of pattern and quality.

To return for a moment to rough tweeds, I must mention first the genuine Irish tweeds, which are 56 inches wide and never wear out and the Glenariff and the Glencoe—both tailor tweeds of extremely stylish appearance.

So far, I have spoken only of the better and more costly of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's materials, but there is an almost equal variety of useful and lady-like fabrics costing less than 3s. per yard; and there are some really excellent, hard-wearing tweeds, friezes, serges, and Meltons, at about 1s. per yard double width, and at considerably lower prices in single width. Whether we want to be ultra fashionable or ultra economical, we have only to send to this firm for patterns, with the happy assurance that we shall have the best possible value for our money.

For evening wear there are a variety of thin woollen and silken fabrics, in delicate shades of colour; the woollens include cashmeres at 2s. 6½d., and Nuns' Veiling and French Llamas at 1s. 6½d. per yard. The colours are exquisite, and it is impossible not to be struck with the extreme purity of the surahs, satins, merveilleux, pongee silks, and other light silks. The poplins of this firm are admirable, and may be had in all colours and at all prices; and there is a capital selection of plain and broché black silken fabrics of many descriptions, and of a most useful character.

A novelty in corsets, which will be much appreciated by ladies who like to combine hygiene with comfort, has been brought out by Mesdames Edmonds and Orr, of 47, Wigmore Street. The corset or bodice, for it is a kind of compromise between the two, is made of stockingette, and is slightly boned and fastened in front with narrow busks, like an ordinary corset; it is, however, higher than a corset, and broad straps are buttoned on the shoulder, keeping the bodice well in place. It is admirably adapted, and, indeed, specially intended for wearing under breakfast and tea-gowns, when the restraint of a stiffly-boned corset can be dispensed with, but a certain amount of support is still required. The corsets are made in several varieties of material and colour.

The slender-waist underclothing of this well-known outfitting house is invaluable to ladies who wish to retain the sylph-like proportions of their figures, without sacrificing their comfort, or exposing themselves to the risk of ill-health by neglecting to wear the warm underclothing that such a climate as ours renders necessary. All the garments made in this way are not only perfect in cut, but no matter how thick and warm they may be above and below the waist, there is always a broad band of the thinnest possible texture round the waist, where heat is not required, and where the bulkiness of a thick under garment would be very detrimental to the figure. The slender waist underclothing is made in several materials, and comprises all the garments usually worn.

Mesdames Edmonds and Orr are making some delightfully comfortable and pretty flannel night dresses for the winter, and their jupons are of a most useful and elegant description. Practical warm skirts, of exceptionally light weight, are made of a soft woollen material, and cost only 13s. 6d.; they are very ladylike, but for more elegant jupons the firm resorts to such materials as striped silk, bengaline, broché silk, and silk and satin pekins; these last, lined with flannel, and plain or trimmed at the edge with a flounce, are the perfection of skirts for ladies' wear. No flannel petticoat need be worn, nothing but one of the short white washing jupons, which prevent the flannel lining from clinging to the warm woollen combination and thus impeding the movements.

The clothing for the "grown-ups," however, admirable and sensible as it is, seems prosaic and common-place when one turns from it to look at the fascinating models of clothing for infants and young children; the taste and beauty of finish in these is beyond all praise, and every young mother who longs to do full justice to the charms of her baby will know no peace until she has sent to Wigmore Street for one of the new pelisses in white corduroy velvet, with a three-cornered hat, or a Puritan bonnet, if the baby is a girl, to match. These white corduroy pelisses are lovely and economical, for the material will wash; they are lined with white silk, and the cape is trimmed with white fur or feather bordering; the price is regulated by the quality of the fur or other trimming. Pelisses and cloaks are made also of white cashmere exquisitely embroidered with silk and trimmed with white fur, or with lace; the newest shape for infants' cloaks is that which consists of two capes, the lower one mounted on a rounded yoke.

The white corduroy velvet is also employed for walking costumes for little girls; these are made like a straight blouse mounted on a yoke, and in many cases the stylish little dresses are ornamented with Irish guipure round the neck and on the yoke and sleeves; a little white fur forms a pretty and less costly trimming. These little costumes are also made in coloured corduroy, trimmed with fur, and very pretty pelisses are made of grey Woolley trimmed with white fox or grey Thibet. White, however, is the favourite colour for young children, and I noted a sweet little pleated blouse for a boy, in cream bengaline trimmed with Irish point lace, and a little coat in white goat's hair cloth with deep, soft, silky pile.

Some red cloth coats for little girls are made with capes, and have a border of moufflon round the cape and edge, and on the collar and sleeves, and another charming little coat is in tan velvet with fur trimming.

Bonnets for baby girls are now made small and close-fitting, and are in proportion to the sizes of the little heads they cover; the Puritan and the French béguin cap are the favourite shapes, and they are almost invariably of white or cream silk; there are also some very pretty drawn hats of white velvet, and for little boys there are larger, rakish-looking, three-cornered hats, with a group of three white feather pompons fastening up the brim on one side, and other shapes, all carried out in white or cream. Everything supplied by Mesdames Edmonds and Orr is of the very best quality, and marked by a distinction of taste as rare as it is completely satisfactory when one is so fortunate as to meet with it.

A reason for the discoloured and decayed teeth that are so often seen amongst us may be found in the want of intelligent care of them, in spite of the constant use of brushes and powder. Of course, the teeth of civilised nations are greatly affected by the acids, the condiments, and the sweets that are so largely mixed with our food; but the injury caused by these may be guarded against, especially in youth. Even the splendid teeth of dark races owe as much of their beauty to the care taken of them as they do to nature, for the attention bestowed on them is great and continuous, extreme cleanliness being the chief agency adopted to preserve the teeth in all their natural soundness and whiteness. Neglect of the teeth when young can never be counteracted later on, and it is, therefore, the imperative duty of mothers to see that their children use systematically the best known means of preventing premature decay. Of these means there is nothing better nor easier to procure than Rowland's Odonto, which is an admirable preservative of the teeth, and used constantly will prevent the early decay that disfigures so many pretty childish mouths, and diminish the chances of their being sooner or later martyrs to toothache.

Mr. John Noble sends from The Warehouse, 78, Princess Street, Manchester, patterns of his novelties in woollen fabrics for autumn and winter wear. These cover a very extensive range of pattern, texture, quality, and price. I cannot attempt to enumerate them all, and shall only dwell on those which impress me with their novelty or serviceable qualities; but I may say generally that the materials are of an excellent and very useful character, and that all classes of wearers will find amongst them something to suit their needs, their tastes, and their pockets.

Serges and habit cloths are the materials chiefly worn by those who prefer plain fabrics, and of these Mr. J. Noble has a goodly assortment, at prices ranging from 1s. 1½d. to 2s 11d. per yard. The Corana, Mirzapore, and Verna are fine serges in charming colours, both light and dark, and very inexpensive. In habit cloths I note the Glencoe, the Special, and the Victoria amongst the cheaper kinds; and the Imperial and the Kalapore, at 2s. 11d. and 3s. 11d. per yard, as excellent specimens of this material for quality and colour

There are several varieties of corduroy cloths, those which I think will please most being the St. Valérie at 2s. 11d., and the Alma at 3s. 11½d. per yard; this last is a very nice cloth in good colours.

Mr. Noble has a capital selection of fancy cloths, interwoven with loops in bright mohair yarn, silk tufts, and long silky hairs in prettily blended shades forming detached patterns, stripes, or checks. These begin at very low prices, the Yarrow, with mohair curl stripe, costing only 1s. 5½d. per yard; cloths of better quality, with more effective patterns, cost from 2s. 1½d. to 3s. 11d. per yard. The Marina is a pretty soft woollen with check pattern of double hairy lines in black or in the ground colour; the Eulalia has loop stripes matching the ground; the Loodiana is wonderfully pretty—it is a soft Amazon serge with plaid pattern in fine silky camels' hair in a variety of blended colours; the Theresa has a pattern of square spots with similar effects; the Thalia is a very stylish striped tweed with hairy camels' hair stripes at intervals. The Dhooranee is another capital example of these hairy striped fabrics; the ground in this case is a fine serge, and the striped material is accompanied by plain serge to match. The Dhooranee robe, costing £1 6s., consists of five yards of the plain serge and four yards of the striped fabric, which, as the stripe is wide, is quite sufficient; the same material is also made with a plaid pattern. In either case it is extremely stylish.

The homespuns and tweeds form another group of materials, less striking in appearance than the last, but of a very useful description for ordinary daily wear. They range in price from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 11½d. per yard, and include the heather mixture Glen Tana homespuns, the Lothian striped tweed, the Belvedere (a striped vicuna tweed of excellent quality, with flake effects), the Dudley (a very original damassé homespun), and the Glendora, with irregular diagonal lines in a darker shade than the ground. The quaint colours and design of this material will please those who like something a little out of the common.

Of the rougher tweeds and heavy cheviots that are so much in vogue, Mr. Noble sends many admirable patterns, ranging in price from 1s. 5½d. to 3s. 6d. per yard; the Favourite and the Teesdale are the cheapest of these useful fabrics; the Favourite is flecked with colour, the Teesdale is a small check; the Bannockburn is a rough striped hairy tweed in useful dark colours at 2s. per yard; the Continental, a capital knicker homespun, may be had in large checks, or as a diagonal flecked with colour it is very stylish; the Cardonne is a flecked diagonal homespun with curious speckled effect produced by numerous little tufts of white wool; the Beaufort is a high-class vicuna homespun, with softly-shaded stripes and flecks of colour.

The black broché woollens, such as the Lesbia at 2s. 3d., and more especially the Parthenia at 4s. 6d. per yard, are very novel and stylish materials; ladies who wear black from choice will be much pleased with them.

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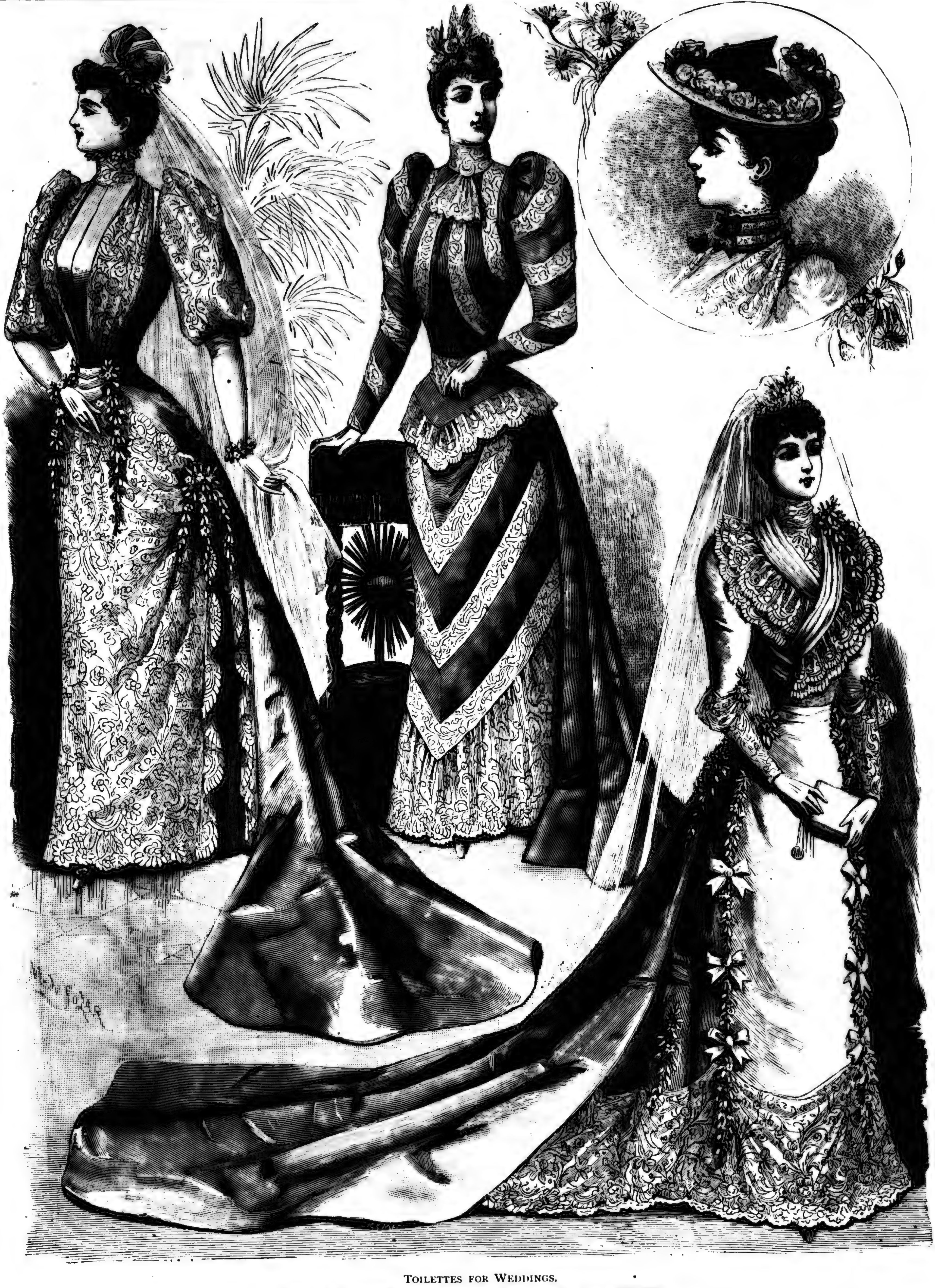

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CHAPTER XXXIX.—*Continued.*

JOHN WARDLAW, riding through Rangoon of an evening, and noticing all these things for the hundredth time, was yet never weary of watching and making his private comments upon them. It was amusement to him; something to vary the lassitude and monotony of his life; something to think of and to sketch whilst he sat in his lonely house, and felt that his wayward and rebellious thoughts wanted dispersing by main force. He had now been two years in Burmah. Two years had he toiled away at the duties of his appointment, never complaining, indeed, for he was thankful to have stringent occupation which should dam up, by force, the current of his fancies; but never getting the better of the serious complacency with which he had entered upon his appointment.

As soon as he arrived at Burmah, Colonel Home had received him with the warmest hospitality into his house, and pressed him to make use of it whenever he was in Rangoon. Shortly afterwards, he had presented him with a civil appointment under Government in what is called the "Forest Department," and the duties of which compelled John Wardlaw to take occasional long journeys up the country for the purpose of looking after the protection of Government timber, and as the business led him into much wild and beautiful scenery, and left him a good deal of leisure to pursue his favourite painting, it was just such as suited his taste and inclination. But Rangoon was his headquarters, and though he could not feel grateful enough to his patron, Colonel Home, for the kindness he evinced in offering him a room under his roof, he preferred to live alone. He preferred his tiny house, which consisted of a bedroom and sitting-room, and nothing more. He liked to feel that when he chose he could spend his evenings undisturbed; that when he wanted to enjoy the luxury of thought, he could revel in it to his heart's content, and that there was no one close at hand to offer him good but unpalatable advice; to tell him to rouse himself and not to be selfish, and to leave off wasting regret upon a subject which no amount of regret could remedy. For although all this is true, and it is folly to sit down of a summer's evening in the wane of life, with clasped hands and weary eyes, gazing into nothing, and mourn for our dear old love which we buried so long, long ago, and which can be nothing now but mouldering bones—though it would be much wiser to get up briskly, go to work on that letter which we left unfinished, or that "copy" for which the "devil" has called twice; yet—it was on just such an evening as this, that our dear one (for he was dear in those days, and God only knows how much!) left us last; as we hear the faint chirp of the grasshopper, or the occasional caw of a home-going crow, or the sudden bark of a dog which comes like a rattle of artillery on the dead silence of the fast-coming dusk, we fancy that they are the same sounds over again that we listened to standing in his embrace, that sacred night on which we saw him last. He is dead, perhaps, shot down on the battle-field, or taken away by some lingering disease; or we quarrelled for a mere nothing, and he married another in his pique; or he grew indifferent with time, and we are strangers—what matters it? The past is past, and we are ourselves perhaps as indifferent now and as cold; we would not renew those days if we could; but let us cry over them a little if we like: let us cry over them, if only because they are become as nothing to us now. He had such blue, blue eyes, and such a fond and loving smile. Work is good, we know, and we thank Heaven we have work to do; but an hour given to the "Never again to be" is not an hour wasted, it is only keeping our memory green for the meeting above.

John Wardlaw had many of such hours; he did not attempt to shirk them, nor dream that they did him any harm. He had a heavy grief to bear, and one not of his own fault or choosing; he had borne up against it like a man, but he had never thought it necessary to put it away from him, or deemed regret for the loss of Pussy Stuart rebellion against God. For two years he had been mourning her, and his sense of bereavement seemed to grow with the passing months instead of diminishing; sometimes the unnaturalness of the proceeding would strike him, and with a sad smile he would recall to himself that other grief he had borne, that disappointed passion, which at the moment threatened to overthrow his reason, and then burnt itself out almost as quickly as it had arisen. *This* trouble had never touched his brain; he had been clear and collected throughout—had been calm almost from the moment he had walked despairing out of the presence of Henrietta Stuart, but it was deep and abiding, and he felt that it would vanish only with his life. At first he had expected it would go; he had looked to find the pain become less painful, and the regret less poignant. But it was not the case, and two years of patient endurance had taught him to accept it as a life-long trouble, as a burden he must bear till death released him, and he had come to hope and wish for nothing else. Yet he did not shirk hard work, nor refuse to accept what relief occupation might bring to him, by turning his thoughts into another direction. He was zealous enough in discharging the duties of his appointment—too much so, Colonel Home (who could not imagine so young a man preferring a solitary existence in the jungle to a life of dancing, and flirting, and dining at Rangoon) was wont to say. But John Wardlaw knew that in action, strenuous and unremitting action, lay his only hope for cure. He never expected to lose the marks of where the iron had entered into his soul; but he knew that time was powerful to stay the pain and the burning of the wound, and he was not a man to hug his trouble, and be proud of having himself pointed out by the finger of the world as one who was set apart as a butt for misfortune to shoot against. On the contrary, he appeared in public as most other men appear; he bestowed no confidence, and he courted no compassion, and yet there seemed a tacit understanding amongst his associates that he had been the subject of some great and lasting grief, and he never attempted either to combat or encourage the idea.

He loved to think of her. He did not put away the thought of her sweet face shining on him through the darkness of his lot, as a sight too painful to be borne; he did not strive to quench the halo which memory threw around every word he had heard her utter, by careless gaiety or reckless vice. The knowledge that Henrietta Stuart loved him had never made John Wardlaw one whit worse than he had been before.

It had greatly sobered and saddened him; the impress of her warm ripe lips hovered about his own mouth yet, and he never found himself alone but the remembrance of the last interview they had had together, of her dark grey liquid eyes swimming in passionate tears, of the clasp of her girlish impetuous arms, and the sight of her figure bowed upon the sofa, returned to haunt him, and make him feel that he would sacrifice twenty years of his life only too see her again for half-an-hour, to hear her voice speak his name, and say once more she loved him. For though she occupied every corner of his heart, though for her sake he had almost abjured the society of women, and no other lips, however tempting, had ever erased the pressure of her own from his; that was no reason that she, an honoured wife, should have cherished the same fond memories of himself. She might have got over her unfortunate love for him; he could not but hope and pray, when he thought of her joyous youth overclouded for his sake, that she had; but he had had no opportunity of ascertaining her feelings on the subject, and he was too honourable to try and do so. With Mr. Stuart he corresponded regularly, and more than a couple of boxes had been exchanged between England and Rangoon, filled with loving remembrances from both sides. Each time there had arrived a little gift for him from his lost love; a book, perhaps, or a trifling ornament; just something not to make the omission seem peculiar, and nothing more; but these mementoes were cherished as sacred relics by the lonely man who received them. He had never heard from her directly; her father's letters were full of accounts of her maturing beauties and innocent occupations; and occasionally a letter reached him from Mrs. Stuart, rife of the same topic; but from Henrietta herself John Wardlaw never heard—Mrs. Martin Stuart, indeed, as she was now, for she had given up her own bright self, with her hopes, on the day he sailed for Burmah, as had been fixed before. Kerrick Manor Farm did not appear to be thriving very well, according to the rector's letters, under the superintendence of Mr. Martin Stuart, whom he described as having become still more enfeebled and unenergetic during the past years, and there was no issue of the marriage.

Pussy—his dear joyous Pussy—destined to spend her days in the dull company of an ailing man; to submit to the decrees of a mind infinitely inferior to her own, and to have a husband of whom she could be neither proud nor fond! He could not bear to contemplate the thought, and yet, if she had become the wife of a man in every way superior to himself, it is doubtful if John Wardlaw would have been better pleased.

But one event had happened during these two years which had in any degree affected himself, and that had been the news (which reached him when he had been settled for about six months in Burmah) that Mrs. Leofric Temple had left her husband for the protection of Lord Charles Tavistock. It had grieved him, for the sake of old times, and because it is grievous to any kind-hearted chivalrous gentleman to know that a beautiful woman, who might, by her charms, have raised herself to almost any station in life, is determined to make herself sink to the lowest.

But it had not surprised him, for he had long before read the character of Rowena Temple; and his chief feeling was one of thankfulness that she had not been his wife, instead of that of his step-brother. Of Leofric Temple himself he heard often; Sir Edward Home, Mr. Stuart, Alice, and Miss Hurst, all being able to give him news of the 88th. He was reported to have become very much wilder since his wife's elopement, and to be fast losing the little respect his fellows entertained for him. Indeed, so bad were the accounts on this score, that John Wardlaw felt he should never be surprised to hear that his step-brother had got into serious trouble. Of Sutton Valence the accounts were various. Each one wrote as the place struck them, and according to the temperature of their own feelings. Mr. Stuart, who loved the parish, and had his wife, and daughter, and nephew all settled close to him, maintained that it grew prettier, and improved year by year. Alice, who was dragging out her existence in the old house in the daily companionship of her mother, thought that it grew duller every month, and that it appeared almost deserted.

All her letters were filled with longings for the return of her favourite brother, and lamentations for the distance which divided them.

The Reverend Samuel Jellicoe was still in full force among the natives of Sutton Valence, and although he had had the temerity to make a proposal of marriage to her daughter (a proposal, by the way, which had anything but pleased the mother, who was jealous of her spiritual pastor), Mrs. Wardlaw not only still permitted, but actually encouraged the dissenting minister to come about the house: an annoyance of so much weight to poor Alice, that she had dwelt very forcibly upon it in her letters of late—so much so, that her brother had commenced seriously to consider whether, in the event of his making a proposition to Mrs. Wardlaw to take his sister off her hands altogether, that lady would be likely to accede to his request, and allow the girl to join him in Rangoon. Only, that as his business took him so often into the interior, excursions which, until then, he had never hurried over, having shot a great deal and sketched a good deal by the way, he feared lest the charge of his sister might prove too much for him, and end either by his being often compelled to leave her alone, or to neglect paying the attention to his duty which he had done hitherto. Added to which, dearly as he loved Alice, there was something very distasteful to his mind in the idea of having a constant witness of his melancholy. Now he was free; he could do as he chose. For days and nights he was alone, with nothing for company but that picture of Henrietta Stuart's face which he had painted for Matterby's academy, and which had gained the prize. There it hung, just opposite his usual seat; the sad, earnest figure bending in speechless eloquence over the face of the corpse which was so like himself, and which he often thought he would be happy to become if *she* might only mourn over him thus, and bless and kiss him before he was hid away for ever. But his solitude was of his own free choice. There were many there who would have been glad to have secured the intimacy of the handsome Mr. Wardlaw; who would have been proud to have his face at their tables, and his conversation to divert their idle hours;—who tried for it hard, and failed—because the object of their attentions could not shake off the clinging memory of a love which was lost to him for ever, and shunned the brilliant light of their assembly-rooms, the frivolous talk, and the meretricious efforts made to attract his notice, as he would have shunned a torture-chamber. The recollection of one little affair of this kind never left the memories of his men friends, nor ceased to be told as a joke against him as long as he remained amongst them. It had happened soon after he had settled in the country.

Sauntering quietly out of the Rangoon church, one Sunday afternoon, and noting with amazement as he went the wonderful likeness which it held to a barn in the last stage of dilapidation, John Wardlaw was roused from what had almost become a reverie, by hearing a lady's voice pronounce in an audible whisper—

"Who's that good-looking man, with the fair moustaches?"

He looked up naturally then, as people will in such cases, and saw before him a remarkably pretty woman, dressed in a most coquettish manner, holding the reins of a phaeton drawn by a pair of ponies, into which she had apparently just been handed by the gentleman she was addressing, and who happened to be a new acquaintance of his own.

"Mr. Wardlaw," was the low reply—"Forest Department."

"Introduce him to me."

The latter command was given in a louder and more imperious tone of voice, and the next minute John Wardlaw found himself by the side of the phaeton, bowing to the fair creature who had honoured him by desiring his acquaintance.

"Mrs. Reginald Smith—Mr. Wardlaw."

The lady held out her hand.

"I'm very glad to see you. Have you any engagement this evening?"

"No, none," replied John Wardlaw, wondering at her reason for asking.

"Come home and dine with me, then; three or four other men are coming. Major Smith has gone up country, and I get so hipped if I'm left by myself. Jump in, Mr. Wardlaw;" and then, as our hero, all amazement, took a seat by her side she added, "Now, Pitt, if you want to come with me, you had better look sharp. Maxwell can walk on afterwards." And with that Mrs. Reginald Smith smacked her whip, scattered the natives right and left with her spirited little ponies, and drove the gentlemen forthwith to one of the best houses in Rangoon, where an excellent dinner awaited them; and she flirted so impartially the whole evening, that not one of them had the right to be jealous. At first John Wardlaw thought this very delightful.

"Beauty Smith," as she was called familiarly by all the bachelors in Rangoon, was an exceedingly pretty woman, who made great use of her eyes—sang charmingly—and had been hitherto so prudent, that no man could say above another that she had bestowed any especial mark of favour upon him.

Everybody, that is to say, every male body in Rangoon, was a little in love with her, and the ladies hated her accordingly, and said even worse things of her than she gave them occasion to do.

But in the course of a few days matters changed. "Beauty Smith" no longer doled out infinitesimal portions of regard to our hero, in common with the rest of his companions; she no longer sang one song to *him*, and the next to Mr. Pitt, and so on, but she attacked him individually—she cast all her glances his way—she warbled all her love-ditties into his ear. There was something in the calm gravity of the grief-stricken man which had the power to attract and arrest the attention of the frivolous wife, he was so different to the rest of the men who frequented the house; he seemed to care so little about her beauty, he never returned the lightning flash of her eyes, nor kindled beneath its influence; and "Beauty Smith," from having commenced by regarding him simply with surprise, ended by longing with all her strength to charm him out of his indifference, and make him her slave.

This was what none of her admirers had yet been able to effect. They could all boast in turn of what she had said and done to them, but no one had received any favour in particular. They saw her game as plainly as she did. They began to watch the play of their fortunate rival with interest not unmixed with jealousy, but they never doubted but that his apparent stolidity would give way before the assaults of her womanhood.

But, once aware of her purpose, John Wardlaw retreated from the field altogether. As long as he had considered her as an acquaintance, however, careless of her good name, she had possessed, by her beauty and liveliness, the power in a great measure to charm him out of his melancholy; but as soon as he knew that she had more serious designs against him—that he was aware that this woman—the wife of an honourable man, left unprotected in a foreign country—wanted to entrap him into an intimacy with herself, which, in its mildest phases, could not be innocent, he lost all interest in her.

He was not that odious hybrid—a male prude; in days gone by no one had been readier to engage in a flirtation, or to take up the challenge of a pretty woman, than John Wardlaw; but at the present time his heart was very sore from the effects of a serious wound, and anything approaching to the idea of love-making was obnoxious to him. And at all times and places he had been too honourable and upright for *this*.

To love and to err is human; but to err without love is real untainted vice, and can give pleasure to none except such as are indeed children of the devil.

And John Wardlaw was above such vice; he was higher and nobler and better than such things can ever permit us to be; he would not soil his soul for ever for the gratification of a passing hour, and therefore when he was once assured that "Beauty Smith" cared for him more than she ought to have done, he did not upbraid her (she was too pretty for St. Anthony himself to do that), but he left off calling at the house. He ran the risk of what others might think of his conduct, knowing that the woman's heart would tell her the real reason. And even a letter from her, penned in an imprudent moment—a letter which might have ruined her, if seen, for ever—had not the power to win him back again.

The men, whose reign for awhile he had disturbed, laughed heartily at his reserve, but he bore their ridicule bravely. And since they were, at heart, rather glad so dangerous an opponent for the honour of "Beauty Smith's" smiles was out of the way, they soon ceased to rally him personally on the subject, though the story of his deliberate flight was never quite silenced against him in Rangoon.

But by the time we meet him again, there was not a man in the cantonment, officer or civilian, who did not heartily like and admire him; nor a lady who did not persevere in inviting him to her parties, notwithstanding that he had gained the reputation of being rather averse than otherwise to the society of women, and "decidedly not a marrying man."

CHAPTER XL.

THE ENGLISH MAIL.

> She was his life,
> The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
> Which terminated all.
>
> Byron.

IT was the rainy season (it always is the rainy season for nine months of the year in Burmah), and John Wardlaw, having just returned from a three months' expedition to look after his forests, was sitting in his bamboo house at Rangoon, wondering if there is another part of the world that looks as dreary as the Burman Empire when the monsoon is at its height. The heavy rain was pouring incessantly upon the thatched roof of the house and verandah, off which it spouted in five or six cascades, which ran violently down the garden path, and made little rivers of themselves. He had been out for a ride that morning, notwithstanding the weather, for he who stays under shelter in Burmah because the rain will wet him through in ten minutes, must languish in solitary confinement for two-thirds of his life. The wetting had not done him any harm, and several fair equestrians had shared the same fate as himself. He was dry and comfortable again now, had had his breakfast, and was beginning to consider whether he should spend his morning alone, or go up to Colonel Home's, where he always found a ready welcome. His present position was certainly not a cheerful one, for his windows boasted of no glass; they were made simply of plaited bamboo, the same as the walls and framework of his house, and if he left them open the heavy rain splashed in and the damp air filled his little apartment, settling upon and laying up a store of mildew for everything he valued; and if he closed them he was left in darkness. John Wardlaw preferred the former alternative; to be unable to read or write was too great a tax to lay upon solitary thought. Once he rose suddenly, and crossing the frail flooring, which, being raised on piles some six feet from the ground, shook and creaked beneath his heavy tread, took down the oil-painting before alluded to, which he had made of Henrietta Stuart, and carrying it carefully to the table, wiped the damp off its surface with a silk handkerchief. As he did so, and the pure, loving face, appeared brighter and more vivid from the process, he stooped and kissed it passionately.

"My *darling*," he murmured, caressingly, "my own sweet girl; shall I ever look upon your dear face in the flesh again?" And then he re-hung the picture in its usual position, and called a servant, and ordered him, as soon as he had left the house, to place earthenware pots of lighted charcoal about the room, in order that their warmth might, in a little measure, counteract the damaging effects of the climate: a climate which spares nothing in the construction of which soluble materials have been used; in which books part from their bindings in the course of a few months, and picture-frames, made in the ordinary manner, divide into four pieces of their own accord, and drop with a crash from the nail on which they have been suspended.

When the servant appeared, he brought his master's letters, which had come by the mail-packet from Calcutta. John Wardlaw had expected them, for the guns had fired that morning to announce their arrival; but the sight of them changed his thoughts for the present about going up to the Commissioner's house. He sat down in an easy chair instead, and delivered himself up to the enjoyment of their perusal. The first one he opened was from Alice:—

"My dearest Jack,—We received no letter from you by last mail, and so I conclude you were, as you anticipated being, up in the jungle. How your description of your forest life frightens me! I cannot bear to think of your being alone for two or three months together, with no one to speak to but your dog and your horse, and no one to be with you, if you were taken ill, but your native servants. I can quite imagine the dog and horse being both, as you say, excellent company in their way, and I should like to see you all three together, but I cannot endure the thought of your being so far away from all civilised beings. Your stories about the wild elephants scratching themselves at night against the telegraph-posts, and knocking them down, are very amusing; but your shooting adventures make me shudder. Pray be careful, dear Jack. I shall value the tiger-skin very much when it comes, but I shall never look at it without remembering the danger you went through. Your lesson with the chetah last year seems to have done you no manner of good. Does the wound in your arm never give you any uneasiness now?—because you said at the time, I remember, that you thought it would never heal.

"You will be sorry to hear that the cholera has broken out in Sutton Valence, and is spreading very rapidly. It has been prevalent in London and other places for some time past; and Dr. Barlow spoke to the Commissioners of the Board of Health about that drain in the back road several months ago; but of course they never took any measures to inquire into the state of it, until the disease appeared, when a lot of men came fussing down to the village, and had the drain all laid open; and the cholera has been very much worse since than it was before. Men are working at the drain now; but the smell of it is fearful, and is in the room as I write. Indeed, it is all over the village. They have now discovered that our churchyard is much too crowded; and as the graves are dug they are filled with lime, to promote decomposition. The deaths, as yet, have been chiefly amongst the poor, who, of course, always suffer most upon these occasions. I think we have lost thirty-seven already. Mr. Jellicoe's sister has died of it, and so has old Mrs. Parsons, who took Ivy Cottage last year; but I think they are the only two gentlepeople, and none of the villagers that you know are gone, excepting young Joe Balchin, who died, in three hours, last Sunday. Mamma is in a dreadful state of terror about it, and I am almost afraid that she will frighten herself into having an attack. She has that horrid man, Mr Jellicoe, in to pray with her two or three times a day and I believe one of them is as alarmed as the other. She wants to go away from Sutton Valence; but we have not the means, in the first place, as you know; and what would be the use, in the second? The disease is all over England. My own plan is to live carefully, keep warm, and leave the rest to Heaven; and I believe nothing else is of any use. I saw Mr. Stuart yesterday; he was looking very well. He is indefatigable amongst the sick and dying. He leaves nothing to his curates, but is with them all day. Mamma says he is sure to take the cholera; but I think he is going the very best way to prevent anything of the kind.

"How seldom you hear of a nurse or a doctor ever catching a disease, still less dying of it!

"I would go amongst the poor creatures myself directly, if mamma would only let me, but she will not hear of it. It is just the kind of thing I want, to cut into the stagnation of my daily life, and make me feel that I am of some use in the world. But all I can do is to promise them unlimited brandy and flannel, if they will only come and ask me for it. But all our people are so good, they would sooner die than, as they think, impose upon one's kindness. Pussy was with her father yesterday. She *will* go, he says, and she has been all day with a poor woman, who is dead now, nursing her little boy while she lay ill. I am so sorry, Jack, that Netta has no children. I am sure they would be a happiness to her; but she says *not*; and that the last thing she desires to have is a baby. And yet she is so kind to other people's children. I am afraid poor Leo is going on very badly. Mamma wanted him to come down here the other day, but he won't, because of the cholera. He is always worrying her for money, and as you know she really has not got it to give him, and she cries half the day when she receives one of his bullying letters. It is very cruel of him, is it not? And from all accounts, he appears o be drinking almost as badly as poor papa used to do. Dear Jack, I must leave off now, for mamma is calling me away, and this must be posted to-day. God bless you! Give my love to the horse and the dog. And believe me ever

"Your affectionate sister,
"ALICE WARDLAW."

He had faith also in the best receipt for the prevention of cholera being to live carefully, keep warm, and leave the rest to Providence; but he did not like to hear that Henrietta Stuart was exposing herself to its infection. It was all nonsense affirming that it was only in the air; no one could be certain, and it was safer to run no risks. He wished Pussy wouldn't go about among the sick and dying. Her father should have more sense than to permit her to do so. As he pictured to himself his darling, whom he never remembered otherwise than glowing with health, brought to the gates of death, and writhing in the torturing camp of cholera, he shuddered, and grew pale, and turned quickly to the next letter, which was in the rector's familiar handwriting, though evidently written carelessly or in a hurry, in order to disperse the frightful image which fancy had conjured up to his mind.

But he had not read many lines before he grew still paler, and more perturbed. It bore the same date as his sister's letter, though it had evidently been written a few hours later:—

"Kerrick Manor, July 25th.

"DEAR JACK,—We are in great distress. Your sister has doubtless acquainted you with the fact that cholera has largely visited our village, and we are a proof that no care or foresight can avert the calamities which God portions out as He thinks best to His creatures. My poor son and nephew, Martin Stuart, was attacked by this apparently almost incurable disorder, only this morning, and he is now lying a corpse under the same roof from which I write. I can hardly tell you how our poor child bears the stroke. It has been so awfully sudden and unexpected. I have heard her speak but one sentence since the breath left her husband's body, and that was, 'Thank God, I did my duty by him.' And that she has. No wife, who ever stood at the altar yet, has kept to her vows with greater sincerity than has my poor girl. God's will be done; but it is hard to believe that it is all over. I know that you will forgive a short letter, dear Jack, we have so much to think of. Mrs. Stuart unites with me in kind love to yourself, and believe me ever

"Yours truly,
"HENRY STUART."

He read the letter once, twice, three times over, and then he laid it down and leant back in his chair and closed his eyes. He could not believe it. It was, as his friend had said, "so sudden and unexpected."

The twenty-fifth of July, and this was the third of September. She had been a widow then—been free for six weeks and more, whilst he had walked the earth believing her to be a wife. What then? What was he, that, wife or widow, his lost love could be anything to him? As the thought struck him, he rose from his chair and paced the room restlessly. He was angry with himself. Here was the dead man, at the best, hardly cold in his grave, and he was already speculating on what "might have been" if he had only possessed wealth correspondent to her own. Oh! weakness of human nature! when perhaps—how could he tell, that cruel distance between them?—his darling herself might be lying in the same grave as her husband. What time was it, except a time for prayer, that she might be spared in the general slaughter; and that, if spared, she might be comforted and upheld in her hour of trial? How did he know, shortsighted as he was, if even she loved him still. How could he tell but that her heart might be hid in the tomb, even if her body was not! He must rouse himself and endeavour to shake off all thoughts which were so detrimental to his peace of mind. His remaining letters were only from Calcutta tradesmen; and if they had not been, there was nothing more of interest in that day's intelligence for John Wardlaw.

Is it not always the case, after we have received a startling piece of intelligence, either of good or evil, that the lesser occurrences of life hold no more interest for us? We had agreed, perhaps, previously to attend a picnic; or to go to meet a friend, unmet for years; or the dressmaker had sworn to send home our new dress for the evening's ball; or our brother to take us to see Sothern as "David Garrick." The day turns out wet, maybe; or the long-absent friend has changed, and is not half so pleasant as we anticipated; the milliner is faithless, and the brother finds out, at the last moment, that he has a pleasanter engagement; and at another time such *contretemps* would have been sufficient to upset our temper (never of the best) altogether, and to cause life itself, for the time being, to appear worthless. But news that we have secretly longed for, yet not dared to hope we should receive, arrived this morning; and, lo! all this ; are changed. What are picnics to us?—or friends—or dresses—or even Sothern as "David Garrick?" We wish to pay no slight to that gentleman, who has turned so many female hearts by his dangerous black velvet costume, and still more dangerous pathos; but an Angel has stept down to stir the turbid waters of our life, and the cure we languished for is effected. What heart have we for lesser things?

After the receipt of the astounding intelligence conveyed in the rector's letter, John Wardlaw could no longer rest quietly at home and think. The rain was nothing to him then: excited by the fever of conjecture which assailed him on every side, and conscious that to sit down inactive would be the worst thing he could do for himself, considering the long time which must elapse before he received further news, he ordered his horse to be brought round to the door, and mounting it, rode off to the abode of Colonel Home. This last, which was a large house built of teakwood, and in much more substantial style than his own bamboo cottage, was surrounded by a piece of ground called in the East a "compound," and to which, indeed, it would be sacrilege to give the English name of garden. Flowers, indeed, were there, but only ranged in rows of pots, which stood beneath the portico of the house; and the rest of the space was laid out simply in grass, interspersed with a few clumps of trees and bushes, amongst which the scarlet shoe-flower (as it is called in Saxon parlance) was conspicuous. A beaten drive of about a quarter of a mile in length led up to the Colonel's house, the ground-floor of which was taken up for offices, the ladies' department being on the second story, and reached by a high flight of stairs. As John Wardlaw, having flung his reins to his native groom, who came up with him a minute after he had reached the house, was preparing to mount the staircase, the Colonel's voice called his name from the office below. As in duty bound, he therefore entered that apartment first.

Colonel Home, dressed in a complete suit of white drill, was seated before his table of papers, whilst a few native writers, messengers, and other subordinates were sitting, standing, or kneeling around him. He was a frank, jovial-looking man, very like his cousin, the baronet, whose merry blue eyes never twinkled with greater fun than when he was relating one of his good stories, which, however innocent, usually derived their reputation from the questionable nature of their points.

"Wardlaw," exclaimed the Colonel, as our hero shook hands with him, "I've got a bit of good news for you—Patmore's gone—he is, upon my honour—I have intelligence of his death this morning, and was just going to send for you. Allandale takes his place, of course, and then there's a shove for most of you—young 'uns included. You'll take Watkins', and have to go to Pegu. There's a rise of two hundred rupees a month for you at once, my boy!"

This piece of news was, indeed, as good as it was unexpected. John Wardlaw had been receiving pay at the rate of three hundred and seventy pounds a year, from the date of his arrival in Burmah; the present stroke of good luck would raise his income at once to six hundred. Of course the increase was acceptable to him, all the more so as it was not absosolutely necessary that by the death of the gentleman in question he should step into it; but he had worked well, and the Commissioner's desire was to forward his interests as much as lay in his power. He never received a letter from his cousin, Sir Edward Home, that he did not inquire what he was doing for his friend, Jack Wardlaw, as if he expected that appointment steps were to be had for the asking, and given out monthly.

"I am very glad," replied John Wardlaw, "and exceedingly obliged to you, Colonel Home, for all your kindness to me; for I know that I owe this rise to yourself."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed the Colonel, growing red, for he hated being thanked for anything. "You wouldn't have got it if you hadn't worked well, you know; it has nothing to do with me, nothing at all. Will you dine with us to-night?"

"Thank you—with pleasure," replied John Wardlaw, who, nevertheless, would gladly have stayed by himself at home; but he had refused so many of the Colonel's invitations lately, that he did not like to do so again. "I was going up to Mrs. Home; I conclude she is in."

"Oh, yes; you'll find them all upstairs; and I dare say they'll be glad of your company this dreary day."

When our hero reached the drawing-room, the walls of which, instead of being papered, were hung with cloth, whitened with a preparation of pipeclay, he found the lady of the house seated there with her elder daughters; whilst about the verandah, which surrounded it, and which almost rivalled the room for width, ran several of the younger members of the family, clad in little mysterious white garments, which, commencing with a close-fitting body, terminated with frilled leggings, and gave them altogether the appearance of feathered bantams. Not so careless, however, with regard to outward adornment were the ladies themselves; for Nellie and Marion Home rose from the piano to greet their visitor clad in the prettiest and most voluminous of French muslins, whilst their mother appeared in one of the latest attires which Paris had exported to Calcutta; for although the houses are ill built, and cloth hangs on the walls instead of paper, all is not permitted to be equally barbarous in Her Majesty's possessions in the Burman Empire.

Colonel Home's daughters were nice-looking, ladylike girls, and it was a common report in Rangoon that the eldest of them, Marion, was inclined to look with a very favourable eye upon the young civilian with whom her father was on such intimate terms.

But, if so, it was a very unfortunate predilection on the part of Marion Home, for the man she had fixed her heart upon had none to give her in return, though his fortune would have been made by a union with the Commissioner's daughter. As she shook hands with him now, a very vivid blush certainly rose to her countenance, and she was much more silent and embarrassed in his presence than her sister; but if the girl cared for him, John Wardlaw was not the man to discover it without some more tangible proofs than silence and blushes; for in the first place he was not sufficiently conceited by nature to let his wits go a woolgathering on the subject of young ladies' fancies; and in the second his thoughts were too much concentered on his own unhappy love to permit him to discover that of other people.

He sat the whole morning in the midst of the Colonel's family, now discussing with Mrs. Home the reason for the mortality amongst her chickens, then mending the tiny nets with which the daughters went butterfly hunting in the mornings, anon chasing and playing with the little half-clothed, pallid children in the verandah, to the great amusement of the stolid-looking native nurses, and the tailors, who sat cross-legged in the same department, busily plying their calling. He took luncheon with them, and rode with the father and his daughter in the evening, and only left them to change his dress before he appeared at their dinner-table.

In this manner John Wardlaw enjoyed society, where the amusements consisted of innocent conversation and occupations, and where no mention of love or flirtation was made, or (as he imagined) even thought of.

But when he returned to his solitary residence at night, and, walking into his bedroom, laid the letters he had received by the morning's mail upon the dressing table, he felt that in all the various scenes through which he had passed that day, since he had read them, that their words and meaning had never left his heart for one moment.

In the midst of his converse with Mrs. Home, of his *badinage* with her girls, and romps with her babies, the great truth had never left his memory that Martin Stuart was dead.

Even the fact that he had gained a step in his appointment, an announcement which, a few days back, would have awakened in him the keenest interest, sank into insignificance before the almost incredible news that Henrietta Stuart's husband was gone; that she was once more the property of her father and mother; that no nearer claimed her; and that he might again call her his friend—his dear old playmate, his almost sister.

And what then? She was still the owner of Kerrick Manor and its belongings, and the heiress of Castlemaine. Could a paltry six hundred a year, procurable only by daily toil and everlasting exile, bring him any nearer to the love of his youth?

Peace, foolish panting heart! Be hushed, unholy wishes, unattainable desires! The dead man has hardly stiffened in his late-found grave!

CHAPTER XLI.

JOHN WARDLAW MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

If sin there be in aught sublime,
Forgiveness is a woman's crime!

ANON.

Not far from Rangoon, embosomed in the thickest jungle, lies the native village of Kemmendine, and here the American Baptists have established for the last thirty years their mission-houses. Here, surrounded and overtopped by the trees of the forest, and half covered with the creepers of the country, stand the modest-looking wood-built tenements whose owners have devoted the best part of their lives to a work which carries with it no hope of reward, except such as is afforded them by the peace of their own consciences.

What the American Baptist Mission has done for the good of Burmah is well known; and if every soul saved shines hereafter as a jewel in the crown of him who is the instrument of its salvation, there will be some above which will be too dazzling for even the angels' eyes to look upon.

Among the missionaries at the time settled at Kemmendine, there was a young man of the name of Arthur Williams. He was not related to any of the others, but had come over simply on his own account. He was a good-looking young fellow of about thirty years of age; very serious and quiet in appearance, and extremely gentlemanly, and was a great friend of John Wardlaw's. The latter had met him accidentally whilst up in the jungles, and learning that he belonged to the Kemmendine mission, had sought him out on his return to Rangoon, and cultivated a firm friendship with him.

One morning, some months after the events happened which were related in the last chapter, he bethought him, as he sprang into the saddle for his usual ride, that he had not seen Arthur Williams for some time, and he resolved to seek him and learn the reason.

As he came in sight of the cluster of creeper-clad mission houses, lying so far removed from all the sights and sounds of the noisy little cantonment, he felt as if they did indeed look the abodes of peace that they were. He mounted the verandah stairs, and found himself in the presence of a cheerful-looking family, consisting of the father and mother and half-a-dozen grown-up sons and daughters, who were just about to sit down to their early breakfast. "I see, I'm just in time for a cup of coffee," he exclaimed, laughing as he shook hands all round, and nodded to one of the group who had settled herself to make butter in the back verandah by beating a bottle of cream with regular strokes upon a cushion laid across her knees. "I came up to hear what had become of Williams, for I've not seen him for the last week. Is he at home?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman he addressed, "he is, and will be here directly, I have no doubt. Sit down, Mr. Wardlaw, and I will send for him."

He then directed a Christian Burmese woman whom they kept as a servant out of charity, to take the news of Mr. Wardlaw's arrival to Mr. Williams's house, and in a few minutes the young missionary was amongst them.

"I want you to come and take breakfast with me," said John Wardlaw as soon as he appeared. "Will you?"

"Well! I'm afraid I can't this morning," was the reply, "because the *Eagle* came in yesterday, my old friend Hawkins's ship, and I particularly want to speak to him before he leaves again. But suppose we go together and breakfast on board. Hawkins will be delighted to see you."

"I should like nothing better!" exclaimed John Wardlaw, whose chief desire was to have an opportunity for converse with his friend. "How soon do you start?"

"At once; my pony is at the door. Thank you" (to the lady of the house), "I will take just one cup before I go," and that ceremony concluded, the two men had soon taken leave of the hospitable missionary's family, and were riding through the Kemmendine roads together, Arthur Williams's Pegu pony, which, though, like most of its breed, only about eleven hands high, was yet stout and strong as a little drayhorse, being compelled to keep up a constant amble in order to keep pace with the long strides of John Wardlaw's Australian horse.

"Hawkins is a first-rate fellow," said Arthur Williams, as they jogged along together, "an Englishman, although in command of a Yankee vessel. The *Eagle* is one of the ships built for the new line between New York, Liverpool, and Calcutta. Captain Romer's children are going back in her. I hear he couldn't do better than send them with Hawkins; he is kindness itself."

"When does she sail?"

"To-morrow morning; he only calls to take up passengers."

They were passing through the native village now, and threading their way between the line of dirty thatched huts in which the Burmese usually dwell.

Soon they left the native huts and bazaar behind them, and came upon some of the temples where the Burmese idols are enshrined.

As they passed them, John Wardlaw heard Arthur Williams give vent to a sigh.

"When you look round on all these scenes of barbarity and bigotry, Williams," he inquired, "don't you despair of ever doing these people any real good?"

"Despair!" exclaimed the young missionary, his pale cheek flushing with emotion, "No, Wardlaw, never! It is not my work, remember; I am but an instrument in higher hands. The lad who mixes the painter's colours might as well say that he despaired of his master ever turning a bare canvas into a picture; there, that simile ought to come home to you, as you are so fond of painting."

"So it does," replied John Wardlaw, "and I acknowledge the justice of it; but it must be up-hill work. Those priests, for instance, men who, having attained maturity, can still believe in the efficacy of graven images to save them everlastingly, appear to be hopeless subjects for belief in anything better."

"But they don't believe in the images themselves," said Arthur Williams; "if they did, paradoxical as it may appear to say so, I think there would be less difficulty in convincing them of their error. But they only regard those idols in the same light as the Roman Catholic regards his pictured saints—as representations of the invisible Deity."

"I can readily believe you," replied his friend.

"These priests live a good deal by deluding the people, there is no doubt," said Arthur Williams; "but in that they are no worse than other priests we know of, and there is no doubt that they are very strict in their own lives."

"I suppose you have seen some of the processions up to their Great Pagoda on feast days?" he continued, after a short pause.

But no answer followed his question.

"Wardlaw, have you ever been to the Great Pagoda on a feast-day?"

"Eh! Ay—what did you say?" inquired our hero, waking up from a reverie.

"You've not been listening to me, Wardlaw. What are you thinking of?"

He did not attempt to deny the charge, but came straight to his point at once.

"Williams, do you think we have any right to run the risk of making another person unhappy for the sake of our own scruples?"

"If they are only scruples, certainly not," replied his friend.

"Well! would you propose to a woman who had lots of money if you had none?" and the colour mounted vividly to John Wardlaw's face as he blurted out the question. But he knew the man he spoke to, and Arthur Williams was not one to make a jest of a serious question.

"Yes, I think I would," he said quietly; "that is to say, if all other things were suitable, and I believed that she cared for me."

"A question of this sort has been puzzling me for months," replied John Wardlaw. "I don't mind telling you, Williams, because you are so different from other men; but look here. When I came out to Burmah, I was miserable, because I had lost the woman I cared for. She is free again now, and so am I; but she is rich, and I am poor. She loved me once, but for years silence has been maintained between us, and I don't know whether to write and tell her my mind or not. She may not love me any longer as she used to do; on the other hand, if she does, my scruples may lead her to imagine that I have changed myself."

"And you have not?" said Arthur Williams.

"If I had, I should hardly trouble myself about the matter," returned the other, bluntly.

"Oh, pardon me," said the missionary. "I was not aware that your question was so entirely a selfish one."

John Wardlaw stared.

"Why, would you marry a woman simply because she cared for you?" he asked quickly.

"If I had, even unwittingly, drawn her on to do so, certainly *yes*," was the reply, "unless I was injuring another woman by the act."

"Williams, you are too good for me," said John Wardlaw.

"Oh! don't say that, my dear fellow," replied the missionary, reddening sensitively; "if you knew everything about me, you would laugh at the absurdity of the idea."

"I don't believe it," was the reply.

"Don't you? Can you guess what brought me out to Burmah to spend the life of a voluntary monk amongst these uncongenial natives?"

"Sheer goodness, I suppose," said John Wardlaw.

"Sheer vice," was the sad reply. "Wardlaw, before I was three-and-twenty, I had stolen another man's wife from him; and though I loved her as myself, and would have laid down my life cheerfully to save her, no love of mine could rescue her from an early death, brought on by shame and remorse. I have never loved another woman since, and I never shall; but if I found myself likely to do so, I would flee her presence, for I have vowed myself to a life of celibacy for the sake of my poor lost girl. She was only two-and-twenty, Wardlaw, when she died."

And Arthur Williams turned his head the other way, and looked steadily out over the expanse of the river which they were now approaching.

"I couldn't have believed it," said John Wardlaw, presently. "I have looked upon you as half a saint, Williams; I thought you had never experienced even what it is to love."

"Did you think I wasn't a *man?*" replied the other, quickly, turning towards him. "A fellow can't unmake his nature, be he priest or layman. No! I don't suppose any one would believe it except myself, nor the agony I have suffered in atonement for it. But you won't let it go further, Wardlaw, will you? I would keep *her* memory sacred, even from those who will never know her name. I only told it to convince you that I am sufficiently mortal to be able to judge in such matters."

He turned towards his friend, and held out his hand. John Wardlaw grasped it eagerly.

"It shall never pass my lips, Williams," he exclaimed. "But, now that the ice is broken between us, advise me what to do. I love the woman I spoke of dearly. Shall I write and tell her so?"

"Money is the only obstacle between you?" said Arthur Williams.

"The only obstacle."

"Then write to her, by all means."

"And run the risk of a refusal?"

John Wardlaw looked thoughtful, but he said no more. By this time they had arrived at the river's side, and giving up their horses to their native grooms, put off in a boat, and reached the side of the *Eagle*. Captain Hawkins received them with the greatest kindness, and they were soon seated with him and his officers at a plentifully provided breakfast table.

Arthur Williams wished to speak with his friend Captain Hawkins in private, and for that purpose he retired shortly afterwards with him to his cabin, leaving John Wardlaw to be entertained by the junior officers. Smoking a cigar with them on the deck, he presently caught sight of a female figure which seemed familiar to him, leaning over the side of the poop, with a little child in her arms.

"Who's that?" he demanded suddenly of one of the men at his side.

"That woman?" was the reply. "She's one of our stewardesses, and a deuced pretty little creature she is too, only awfully shy."

At this juncture the person in question turned her head, and what was the surprise of the last speaker to see the stranger simultaneously dart from his side, clear the ladder in a couple of strides, and rush forward to the part of the poop on which she was standing! As he neared her she recognised him, and sprang forward to meet him with a glad exclamation of delight.

"Oh, Mr. John! is it really you? I have been looking at the land all the morning, and wondering if I could get a sight of you before we sailed again."

"Winifred!" he exclaimed, unable to get over his amazement at the meeting, "how came you here?"

"I am stewardess, please, Mr. John," she answered. "This is my third voyage in the *Eagle*."

"And is that your boy?"

She blushed deeply.

"Yes, sir. He's grown finely, hasn't he?"

He was a robust, hardly-looking child, now of nearly three years old, and had acquired so striking a likeness to Leofric Temple with his growth, that no one who knew the circumstances of his birth could have mistaken his parentage.

"Sit down, Winny, and tell me all about it. I have much to say to you."

"No! please, Mr. John, I'd rather stand," she answered quietly; "the captain wouldn't like to see me sitting alongside of you."

"You left Sutton so suddenly, Winny, I had no time to speak to you. What made you run away from the rector's as you did! It vexed him."

"Did it vex him, sir?" said Winifred, her large blue eyes filling with tears. "I'm so sorry if it did; but I thought it better to go. I was only so much shame to the house while I stayed; and I had a friend up London-ways who was connected with the docks, and had spoke to me before about getting a situation as stewardess. For it's a strange life, sir; always shifting, and never being settled, as you may say; and it isn't everybody as cares to take it up, only them as no one thinks about. I went first on the Dover and Calais packets, but that was such shuffling work; never quiet, you know; and I had to leave my baby on shore, and I didn't like that. So at last I had the good fortune to get on the *Eagle*; and here I get much less pay, but then they keep my boy for me, and I see him always, and that's everything to me."

"Have you never been back to Sutton Valence, Winny?"

"Never, sir, and never shall; leastways while my father lives. He was very cruel to me, Mr. John. I have a letter from Tom now and then. He's doing very well, and going to take a wife shortly."

"Winny! who is this boy?"

The question came out abruptly, and the woman to whom it was addressed reddened like a peony beneath the serious, searching gaze which was directed towards her.

"Don't ask me, Mr. John, please; I couldn't tell you!"

"But suppose I've guessed without your telling me, Winny? Suppose I know from his likeness to my step-brother, that his father's name is Leofric Temple?"

"Oh! sir," exclaimed the poor mother, as she caught the child to her breast; "Oh! sir, you won't tell it, will you—you won't say nothing?"

"Certainly not," he replied. "I guessed it years ago, when I first saw your baby; and I have never hinted as much to anyone since. The secret is safe with me, Winny."

"Mr. John," she said excitedly, "how is he?"

"Do you never hear from him? Has he never made the least effort to trace you?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Perhaps you have not heard that his wife has run away from him then?"

"Not she, as was your lady, Mr. John? Oh, I'm so sorry. Does he feel it much? Poor Leo!"

"I have never inquired whether he did or didn't," replied John Wardlaw, struck with the difference in her feelings on this subject and his own. "He bitterly wronged both you and me, Winny, but his reward has come to him without any seeking on our parts; yet he deserved the worst we could have given him."

"*I* loved him, Mr. John," said Winifred Balchin with simple pathos.

"You are a woman, child, and I am a man; and that makes all the difference between our powers of forgiveness. And yet I suppose, of the two, he has injured you the most. He only deprived me of a worthless wife, but he robbed you of what no time can restore."

"But he loved me, Mr. John, at the time, or he thought so," said poor Winny eagerly; "and if he was sick or in trouble to-morrow, and wanted me, I would go to him gladly. A woman can't forget her first love so easy as all that, sir; and as for forgiveness, if the Lord will forgive my share in the business, that's all I can think of."

"What's the boy's name, Winny?"

"Well, Mr. John, his name is Leofric Benjamin, though I only call him 'Benny' because of his father's name being so noticeable."

"Here, Benny, my man," said John Wardlaw, coaxing the child to his side, and putting some money into his hand, "you take that, and ask your mother next time she goes on shore to buy you something that shall remind her that she has taught me a lesson today that I shall not easily forget."

"Oh, don't, Mr. John!" commenced Winny, blushing as freely as of old.

"God bless you, Winny! I must go now, and you will sail again to-morrow; but if you are not likely to visit Rangoon again soon, send me a line occasionally to say how you are, and what you are doing."

"Oh, Mr. John! I shall be proud to do so," she said. "And you won't think so hardly of poor Leo, sir, for my sake, will you? He's sinned deeply, I know, but he's felt it deeply, you may be sure; and we've all so much need of forgiveness, sir."

"I know we have, Winny, and I will try to think more kindly of him. I should like to have seen more of you, but I suppose you couldn't come on shore to see me."

"Oh, no, sir!" she replied, shrinkingly; "and the captain won't like my talking so long to you as it is, I'm afraid."

"I will tell him we are old friends, if he says anything about it," he replied, as he prepared to leave her. "So, good-bye, Winny, once more."

"A prosperous voyage to you, old friend," exclaimed Williams, as he shook hands with the captain, "and may the *Eagle* skim across the Atlantic as if she had the wings of her namesake. The box for my mother shall be sent on board this evening. Come, Wardlaw!" and shortly afterwards they had remounted their horses, which had been waiting for them at the jetty, and were riding slowly homewards.

As they neared the spot, he said, thoughtfully, "Williams, is it very wicked, do you think, to go on hating a person who has done you a great injury, and feeling as if you never could forgive him?"

"*Very wicked*," replied Arthur Williams with emphasis. "I think cherishing a revengeful spirit is what we should pray against most."

"It is," replied John Wardlaw humbly, "but I will try and conquer it. Thank you, Williams, for speaking so frankly on the subject;" and waving the young missionary a hasty farewell, he turned quickly up the cross-road which led to the Commissioner's house.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW THEY FARED IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low.
SHAKSPEARE.

HIS own desire having obtained so powerful an impetus by the advice of his friend, John Wardlaw followed the dictates of his heart, and wrote to Henrietta Stuart.

Only a few lines at first, which touched upon her loss (now of some months' standing) and asked, on the score of old friendship, for tidings of herself, and which she answered in the same strain, saying little of her own feelings, but expressing a great deal of interest in his life of exile.

The silence they had hitherto maintained once broken, letters began to pass rapidly between them, until by the time that spring had again returned, and Mrs. Martin Stuart was beginning to think of laying aside her widow's weeds, a regular correspondence had been established.

But not a private one. Each of John Wardlaw's letters, much secret delight as they gave her, Henrietta Stuart had shared with her father and mother. It was too early for her to think of keeping them to herself; but as she gave them up for general perusal, she used with a thrill of pleasure to anticipate the time when the dear words he wrote should be for her eyes alone.

She had always been good, and patient, and gentle with her husband; very tolerant of his shortcomings, and anxious to shield and hide them from the sneering curiosity of the world; so visibly anxious indeed, that she had left it nothing worse to say of her, than that she must have been infatuated to care so much about an insignificant creature like Martin Stuart. But she had had her reward—first, in a simple though silent gratitude on his part during his lifetime, which was very touching, coming from a man to a woman; and in an adoration for herself, which, if it could have been equalled, could never have been surpassed by the most distinguished member that society can boast of.

When Martin died, her first expressed wish was to go home again—to go back to her girlish haunts—to return to the old familiar rooms, and try to feel as if she had never parted from them. And after a while she really did feel so. If it had not been for the mourning garments which she wore, she would almost have forgotten that the thread of her happy childhood's days had been ever broken; and her father, much as he had loved his nephew, was glad when the time for her wearing her widow's weeds commenced to wane.

Alice Wardlaw was now more intimate at Castlemaine than ever. Before this she had been almost too young to be more than petted there as playfellow, but the advance of years had brought the girls closer together. Henrietta Stuart was now two-and-twenty, and Alice Wardlaw eighteen; and the latter, brought up under many a privation, and not too carefully secluded from sights and sounds which she had better not have heard or seen, was much more of a woman than her more fortunate friend had been at the same age. Poor Alice had experienced a great deal of that worldly teaching since her brother's departure from England, which opens the eyes and expands the mind more than any printed instruction can effect. She had had a great deal to endure from her mother's temper and the attentions of the Reverend Samuel Jellicoe, but still more from the continual annoyance which accrued to them through the conduct of her brother Leofric Temple. The cholera had passed away from Sutton Valence; he had no more fear of entering the village; and consequently, whenever his constant applications to Mrs. Wardlaw for money were refused, he was used to bear down upon them suddenly, usually in a state of liquor, and threaten, and make such a scene in the house, that his mother was thankful to get rid of him upon any terms, even though her daughter and herself stinted themselves for the mere necessaries of life for a month afterwards. But one morning about the time mentioned, Alice Wardlaw came up to Castlemaine with very red eyes, and begged leave to speak to the rector alone. Her business was, of course, about Leofric; Mr. Stuart had guessed that before she opened her mouth. It appeared that they had received a letter from him some weeks back asking so large a sum of money that it was quite impossible that they could send it him; and they had written and told him so, but had had no answer to their letter until that morning, when he had sent them a few hasty lines, reproaching his mother for her stinginess, and saying that, through it, all his prospects in life were ruined, that he was under arrest at the time, and he was going to leave the army altogether. Mrs Wardlaw had been in hysterics ever since she had received this communication; she could not understand the rights of the case, and she had no one whom she could send to Aldershot, where the 88th was then quartered, to ascertain the truth for her. Would Mr. Stuart advise them what to do! He had always been their friend, and, being so totally unprotected, they had no one else to apply to.

"Mamma is in such a dreadful state about him that I am really quite frightened," said Alice, in conclusion; "to hear her screams you would almost think she was going mad; and she keeps on turning round upon me, and saying it is all poor Jack's fault, for having introduced Miss Bellew into the family; though I believe Leo would have drank and got himself into scrapes just the same, whether his wife had stayed with him or not."

"I believe so too," replied Mr. Stuart; "I am afraid he is thoroughly dissipated. It is of no use my attempting to give you any advice, Alice, on the subject. The only thing to be done is for me to go up to Aldershot, and see after him myself, which I will gladly do for the sake of your mother; though I cannot say that Temple's conduct has ever been very gracious towards myself."

Mr. Stuart was not a man to talk and do nothing. He went to Aldershot the ensuing day, and there found that the case was very much worse than he had anticipated, or that Leofric Temple had written to his mother. It appeared that the former, having been entrusted with the mess-secretaryship, had been in the habit of extracting coin from the money-chest for his own purposes, and depositing instead small slips of paper bearing his I O U for the sums taken; in itself an illegal act. Furthermore, having been suddenly ordered, owing to some error discovered, to give over the mess-accounts to another officer, it had been found that the money-chest was nearly full of these little slips of white paper, whilst Mr. Leofric Temple's balance in the hands of the Paymaster was *nil*. Upon which the gentleman in question had proceeded to the commanding-officer's quarters, to answer a few questions on the subject, in a state of intoxication, when he had been, of course, arrested, and was now awaiting a trial by court-martial upon both charges.

The colonel of his regiment told Mr. Stuart that there was no hope for him, that he would certainly be cashiered. It was not, he observed, as if it were the first, or even the second, offence of the kind, but Lieutenant Temple had been had up several times privately before, and, for the sake of his family, the affairs had been hushed up. "But his last luck is over, Mr. Stuart," said the colonel, in conclusion; "and I'm sorry to have to say it, but the army will be well rid of him, for a more unprincipled young fellow doesn't exist. He has been a disgrace to the service from the beginning of his career, and has done a great deal of harm in this regiment alone."

So Mr. Stuart had not much consolation to give to Alice and Mrs. Wardlaw when he returned to Sutton Valence; and all they had to do was to await the termination of the court-martial, the account of which, after the usual delay, appeared in the newspapers, and Lieutenant Leofric Temple, of H.M.'s 88th Light Cavalry, had his sword taken away from him, and was dismissed the English army.

Then Mrs. Wardlaw wrote and entreated her dear, ill-used boy to come to her, forthwith. She would not believe that it could be by fault of his own that he had come to this plight; it was the ill-nature of the commanding officer, or the stupidity of the court, or the misfortune of his poverty, or anything sooner than that her beloved and idolised Leofric could be in the wrong.

But no answer came to her pressing entreaties; they heard nothing of the recreant son and brother for some months. Then Mr. Stuart, in his kindness, went up to town again on their behalf—how could they stir in the matter, two helpless women alone?—and searched him out. After an immense deal of trouble he found him, and not alone. He had been deplorably ill from the effects of his favourite vice, and had nearly lost his life; but he had struggled through it, and was now really anxious, as far as Mr. Stuart could make out, to leave England and begin a new existence in another country.

"Mr. Stuart says, that poor Leo really seems penitent," wrote Alice by the next mail to her brother in Burmah; "and he has been so ill, that we should hardly know him again. But who do you think, Jack, he found by his bedside nursing him? You will never guess. Winifred Balchin! Do you remember the wretched story about her that made the round of Sutton a few years back? It seems that it really was true, and that she had a claim upon poor Leo, even before he married Miss Bellew. Isn't it very shocking? So well as we thought of her, too. I can hardly forgive her, when I think of it; and am glad there is no chance of her visiting Sutton again. However, Mr. Stuart tells us that Leo appears very fond of her, and of her child, and that he says, if he had only money enough to get a divorce from his wife, that he would marry Winny to-morrow, and take her to Australia with him. I wish he could do so, for I think it would be the best thing for him. He can never get on in this country now. Mamma is most anxious for him to come and live with us, but I cannot say I second the proposal, for he has been disgrace enough to us already. And now that he declares that he will never part with Winny Balchin again, of course it could not be. Only Mr. Stuart tells me that Winny told him in confidence, that as soon as ever Leo was quite recovered, and needed no more nursing, she was going back to her own business, whatever that may be. And the sooner the better, I should think."

The letter concluded with a piece of news, relative to a certain young lawyer at Maidstone, in which Alice hoped her brother would be very much interested, and which was expected to culminate, at no distant period (always provided dear Jack gave his consent) in a wedding ring.

When she had finished her letter, she carried it down to the Post-office herself. As she did so this afternoon, the rector himself came up breathlessly and popped one of his own in at the same time.

"Not too late, is it?" he remarked, panting, as he pulled out his watch to assure himself of the fact. "If it had been, I should have had to go on to Maidstone, or even town."

"Is your letter of such vital importance then, Mr. Stuart?" said Alice, laughing.

"So Pussy says," he rejoined, merrily; "it's her letter, not mine; and you know what a tyrant she is. I suppose you heard from Jack this morning?"

"No! Did you? Is the mail in?" asked Alice, with interest.

"Yes; we had a letter, or rather Puss had, and this is the answer to it," replied the rector, mysteriously, and yet looking very wicked all the time. "It will be your turn next mail, Miss Alice!"

"Yes," she replied, absently; "well it was very lucky, as Pussy's letter required an immediate answer, that it just happened so, wasn't it?"

"Very lucky, indeed, the height of luck," exclaimed Mr. Stuart, chuckling with secret satisfaction over something known to himself alone; "in fact, nothing could have been luckier."

And Alice, as she walked home again, found herself wondering what it possibly could have been in Jack's letter to Pussy that morning that required so immediate an answer. She had a dozen conjectures on the subject, but the real truth never struck her mind for a minute.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"PUSSY'S ANSWER."

> If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
> Turn me upon my face that I may die.
>
> JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE real truth being that the letters by the Calcutta mail having been laid on the breakfast-table that morning, with the rest of the postman's favours, Pussy, looking so like the Pussy of old, with her bright hair displayed, and her pretty figure robed in black and white muslin, took up the thin envelope, addressed in the bold determined handwriting which she had come to know so well, which lay on her plate, and breaking the seal, commenced to read its contents.

Pussy read on; or rather, having finished her letter, which was not a very long one, she returned to the first lines, and recommenced its perusal; clasping the thin crackling paper tightly in her hands, as she went, as if she feared the precious words might vanish from her sight and melt into unreality.

Henrietta Stuart read the letter several times, and then sank into a glowing reverie of coming happiness which, when her father, having spoken to her gently more than once, interrupted with a sudden shout, she, upset and terrified, changed into a burst of tears—a rain of happy excited tears which wetted the thin paper they were shed upon, through and through.

"Pussy, my darling! what's the matter?" exclaimed her parents, with alarm.

"Father, he loves me still! he loves me still!" she cried, relapsing into an emotion which threatened to become hysterical.

"He! Who, my child?" said Mr. Stuart, with surprise; "not, not——"

"Jack, papa! Jack Wardlaw. He always did. Oh! thank God for all His mercy!"

"John Wardlaw, Pussy, impossible!" said Mr. Stuart.

"Has he proposed to you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Stuart with feminine curiosity.

Henrietta looked up and dried her tears.

"Of course he has," she answered, smiling; "it would be little use writing to say he loves me else."

"Papa," she added, turning to her father, "the mail goes out this afternoon. May I write by it? may I answer him at once? He says he shall be in such suspense till my letter arrives."

"You are your own mistress, my child," replied Mr. Stuart, almost sadly, as he thought how soon his girl would again be his no longer. "Do as you like; don't ask me."

She had risen from her chair, and stood confronting them.

"Oh! but don't say that, father. I would never accept him, I would never accept any man, if you did not wish me to do so."

"Henrietta," said Mr. Stuart, "if I must give you away again so soon, there is no one that I would rather give you to than John Wardlaw. I love him dearly for his own sake, and shall do so doubly if he loves my child. And if you love him, dear, that is to say."

"I do," she whispered.

"And since when, Pussy?"

"Oh! father, don't ask me!" and she cast a self-reproachful look at the mourning dress.

"May I see Jack's letter, Puss?"

She handed it over the breakfast-table to him directly, and stood with a heightened colour, and lips apart, as she watched the play of his countenance whilst reading her lover's words.

"Answer it just as you think fit, Henrietta!" he said, as he encountered her glance. "You have my full consent to the marriage; for, as I've always said, I don't believe there's a finer fellow in the world than Jack Wardlaw. But you must make one stipulation with him, my dear. He may work as hard as he likes; but he must work at Castlemaine. I can't part with my darling again, even as far Kerrick Manor. And now, mamma, let you and I have a talk over this surprising business together, whilst Pussy there writes her letter."

It was nearly luncheon-time before Pussy herself knocked at the door of her father's study. He was alone again by that time, and as she replied to his ready "come in," and stood with her flushed and excited face before him, he thought he had never seen her look so attractive, even in the brightest days of her girlhood. In her hand she had an unfolded sheet of paper, and as she held it towards him, she said, lovingly:

"This is my answer to Jack, papa. I should like you to read it. I never wish to have any secrets from you about him again."

Mr. Stuart hesitated about accepting her offer.

"I have no wish to read it, my dear child; such letters are usually kept private, and perhaps he——"

"Not from such fathers as you; and I want you to read it, papa. Of course it will seem rather silly to you, but you will forgive that, knowing how stupid I am at expressing what I wish to say."

Her hand was still extended towards his, with the answer to her lover's proposal in it, and, hesitating no longer, her father took it from her, and read it.

"Castlemaine, August 2.

"If I had any words, my dearest, in which to tell you what I felt this morning at the receipt of your letter of the 12th of June, I would write them down here, but I have not. I can only thank God that He has permitted you to be faithful to me, and seen fit to give us the prospect of so happy a termination to our love. You ask me only to write back *yes*, or *no*, to your question if I will be your wife. Yes, yes, yes, a thousand times, and God bless my husband that is to be. I have no false shame or pride in writing down here, that to be called upon to answer such a question on your part is all that I have ever dreamed of as happiness, and far more than I have dared to hope would come to pass. It seems a long time since we parted, dearest, in the very house from which I write, when we suffered such agony in parting, and thought it was for ever; longer still since we walked together in the fields behind your father's house, and you unburdened your aching heart to me. I remember all this, dear love, but I cannot remember the time when I did not love you. It has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, and if, in the very midst of our perfected happiness, some cruel misfortune were again to part us, as I am now, so will I remain, for your sake, till death puts an end to all things for me.

"My father knows that I am writing to you; he will read this letter before it goes, and will, I trust, add a few lines from himself, so rest satisfied on that score. You will come to a real home when you come back to me.

"And now, when will that be? How soon after you receive this letter shall I see you? Write and let me know at once; suspense is worse to bear than anything else. Don't let it be long. We are not like happy lovers, who have but to ask and to have; we have suffered so bitterly, and for such a length of time, that if our lives should extend to old age, it seems to me as if the recompense could never be too great. Besides, I shall tremble now every month that you stay in that treacherous climate, and be jealous of every mile that divides us.

"And if I have said more here than I ought to have said, remember that, even whilst I write this joyful letter, I know not if we shall ever meet again, and if I did—I have loved you all my life. God bless you, dearest, and bring you home to us in safety.

"Yours till death,

"PUSSY."

"Father, have I written more than I ought to have written to him? is my letter wrong? If so, I will write it over again."

"No, no, dear child, it does very well."

"Then what is the matter, papa?"

"Henrietta, darling," cried Mr. Stuart, suddenly clasping her in his arms, "if what you have written is true (and I feel it is), and you knew of John Wardlaw's love for you before he left England, why did you marry Martin Stuart?"

"I had promised to do so, papa, long before I guessed that Jack cared for me, and when I thought of you, and——"

"You did it for *me*, Pussy? for *my* sake?"

"Father; whose better could I do it for? Have you not been everything to me from my childhood upwards—have you not loved and cherished me as no other father ever loved his daughter, and was any sacrifice on my part too great to save you and my mother and poor Martin pain?"

He gazed at her fixedly, holding her by the arm for a few minutes, and then he suddenly released her and turned away distressfully.

"Oh! Netta!" he exclaimed, "my darling, my noble-hearted girl! You did all this for me and for your cousin, and hid your own unhappy love meanwhile in your brave woman's heart. God bless you, girl!" he continued, looking at her with the profoundest admiration; "God bless your noble courage and reward it, as He will assuredly, though we cannot tell how. But though I have idolised you from the first moment you were laid a little baby in my arms, I have never felt yet what I feel for you now. You are above me, Henrietta. You have outstripped your poor father and left him far behind; you are an angel, my child, and not a woman!"

"Oh! father, don't," she cried, in sweet humility; "it was upon impulse, not principle, that I acted; and who that was your daughter could have an impulse that did not tend to right?"

August and September passed away, and the middle of October arrived, and Henrietta Stuart was beginning to look out for an answer to her loving letter. She knew exactly when it would arrive. She had counted up the days almost, and watched eagerly for news of the arrival of the mail by which she expected it, in the shipping news of the various papers.

But the mail came in, the identical mail, and she received no letter. It was a sad disappointment at first, she had so pictured to herself the happy words that he would write in return for those that she had sent him, but they had not come. She supposed she had made a mistake, or Jack had been up country and unable to write. By the next steamer she would be certain to hear.

"Puss, the Calcutta and Marseilles mail came in last night. We shall have our letters to-day," said her father one morning, as he read *The Times* at breakfast.

She looked anxiously at him for a moment, and then a kind of foreboding struck her and she turned pale.

After breakfast, she threw a shawl about her head and strolled out into the shrubbery. It was autumn now, and the days were beginning to feel chilly, but she knew that she could not rest indoors, and she could not wish her father and mother to see how anxious she had become.

Up and down the shrubbery path she strolled; that same path down which he had run into the summer-house on the day in which she had so unknowingly betrayed her love to him, and from which she would be able to see the red coat of the postman as he walked up the drive to the hall-door. Presently he appeared; a little later than usual, perhaps, because it was the day of the Indian mail, but certainly himself at last.

She ran to meet him at the entrance of the shrubbery-path, breathlessly; and, receiving her letters, turned again into its solitude to open them by herself.

There were two; one from anybody, nobody, only an English letter, which she thrust impatiently into her pocket; the other, on foreign paper, and bearing the Rangoon postmark, but not in *his* handwriting. How was that?

She turned it over several times in her hands, her heart beating rapidly the while, before she ventured to open it. Perhaps a friend had directed it for him. But why?

Anything was better than suspense; she tore it open. In another minute her legs had carried her, God knows how, across the grounds to the glass doors which led to her father's study, where she beckoned hopelessly to him for admittance. He, terrified at her appearance, let her in at once.

"Pussy, darling, what's the matter? What have you heard? What have you seen?"

He might well ask her; every limb was shivering as under the influence of a mortal dread; her eyes were fixed and her teeth chattering behind her trembling ashen-grey lips.

"Henrietta, my darling, what is it? In God's name tell me the worst."

She pointed feebly to the letter she had received, and he took it up and skimmed its brief contents.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "can it be possible?" and then he returned to his stricken child.

"Pussy, rouse yourself for my sake, dearest; think of your poor father; this is the torture of hell to me."

Then she spoke in a constrained voice and harshly.

"Is there a God?" she muttered.

"My child, how can you ask me?" he replied reproachfully, shocked at the question. "Oh! Pussy, don't break my heart, was he *everything?* Am I not left?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, flinging herself upon her knees before him, as her dreadful apathy deserted her. "I know you are left; and if you love me, oh! father, put a knife into my heart this day, and let me die."

As she knelt so she fell, his pride and hope in one;

her graceful figure grovelling on the ground, agony in her eyes and in her voice and gestures, and the letter she had received by the Calcutta mail crushed into nothing in her hand.

EPILOGUE.

> All was ended now; the hope and the fear and the sorrow,
> All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
> All the dull deep pain and constant anguish of patience.
>
> LONGFELLOW.

FAR away in the Pegu forests, miles beyond the English settlement which bears that name, a troop of Burmese followers were busily employed in pitching a tent. The site they had chosen for their purpose was a good one. Overhead waved the thick branches of a mighty teak-tree; underneath was a soft carpet of fallen leaves and withered jungle foliage, which one of the servants was occupied in sweeping away. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together"; a sound of creaking of ropes and straining of canvas, and up came the marquee which was being erected for the benefit of John Wardlaw. It was a double tent, large and commodious, with outer and inner walls, which formed, when raised, a canvas passage round about it, and in which John Wardlaw's followers slept, and snored musically all night to his distraction. In the tent itself, things, when once arranged, looked comfortable enough.

It was early morning. The sun had risen for a couple of hours, but his beams had no power to disperse the thick dark shadow thrown by the matted foliage overhead; the damp alone with which months of rainy weather had imbued all jungle life was commencing to arise, drawn out by the influence of his warmth. Every here and there, perhaps, where the leaves were thinnest, or a crooked branch had strained itself from its fellows, a bright reflection of his glory might be traced, by the yellow light which danced among the trees, and flickering downwards left a golden network on the ground beneath.

The vegetation of months was lying rotten on the ground, and as the sun rose higher, the faint, unwholesome smell arising from the action upon it of his heat was plainly discernible. The rainy season had been in its glory since the preceding June; day after day, night after night, had the floods descended perseveringly upon the parched and thirsty fields and water-courses; until what had been before but dry, dusty, and uneven roads were now converted into running canals of sufficient depth to enable passengers to travel up country by the means of boats. Indeed, communication is almost stopped between the north and south of the Burmese empire during the dry season; so difficult is it to travel in that climate when boating is impracticable.

Walking up and down in front of the tent, smoking their pipes, and closely engaged in conversation, were John Wardlaw and Arthur Williams. The former, having business in the same direction in which he found his friend was about to travel, had entreated him to bear him company and be his guest by the way; and Williams had readily consented, nothing loth to turn into a very pleasant trip the solitary tour which he had anticipated making at the stern voice of duty.

Wardlaw had received Henrietta's answer to his proposal, and he was nearly beside himself with excitement and gratitude, and ready to acknowledge in all sincerity how unworthy he was of such a blessing. The friends had been now for some days in the jungle; they had been marching their ten or twelve miles, morning and evening, and resting in the tent during the heat of the day and the darkness of the night. But John Wardlaw, expecting his letters, had ordered them, on the arrival of the mail at Rangoon, to be forwarded at once to Pegu, and had left his own private servant behind at that station expressly to bring them on to him. The native, unlike the Europeans, had travelled night and day to catch his master up, and deliver the precious documents into his hands; and that morning he had made his appearance, salaaming to the ground; and unwinding the cloth turban which sheltered his head, had produced, amongst others, the letter which had driven his employer nearly wild. He could not keep it to himself; his joy was too extravagant to be concealed; and, rushing after Arthur Williams, he had told him all.

Arthur Williams's pale face lighted up with pleasure. He turned round instantly and pressed the other's hand.

"Is it *really* true? My dear Wardlaw, I *am* so glad. I wish you joy a thousand times. I don't know when I've heard anything that pleased me so much. It's such a comfort to feel *some one* is happy in this world."

"What a brick you are!" exclaimed John Wardlaw, as he gazed into the face of the man upon whom the shadow of death had cast such a blight, that he never hoped for happiness again. "Yes! I shall be happy if any one ever is; there's no doubt of that. Oh! she's such a sweet girl, Williams; her outward beauty is the least part of her; she's more like an angel than a woman. I've known her from a little child, and I never remember to have seen her out of temper in her life. And her parents dote on her so."

"Yes, that's a great thing," remarked Williams, thoughtfully; "it is a mistake to think nothing of the way in which a woman gets on with her own people. I consider it one of the best tests that can be applied to amiability. I suppose we shall lose you now, Wardlaw; you'll be thinking of going home again."

He coloured and laughed with the anticipation of coming joy.

"Yes, I suppose I must. I've had a few of the kindest words possible from my father-in-law that is to be; and he says, 'Come home at once.' So I dare say this will be my last trip into the jungle, Williams."

"I dare say it will. Well, I can't be sorry for you, whatever I am for myself. You've seen a good deal of trouble, one way and another, Wardlaw, I fancy."

"I have, pretty well," rejoined the other, who, with his great new joy just nestling to his heart, could not be expected to view even the past gloomily. "I've had a great many disappointments, but I hope they are over now, for good."

"I hope so too, sincerely," said his friend.

"First of all," continued John Wardlaw, and his voice lowered considerably as he spoke; "first of all I lost my mother, and I think it's the greatest loss a boy can have. I'm sure it was to me, for my father (who never cared a hang about me) married, shortly afterwards, a widow with an only son, and that son grew up to be the bugbear of my life."

Arthur Williams looked at him for an explanation, but did not speak.

"They always placed him before me in everything, even from a little child; but the first time I really suffered from my father's preference for Leofric Temple was when he gave him a commission in the army which old General Hawthorne had offered him for me. I couldn't stand that at all, you know. I had quite set my heart upon following my father's profession, and it cut me up awfully. Well, then I took to painting; I really loved it, and expected to make money by it."

"Didn't it pay?" inquired Williams.

"I think it would have done so, if I had been able to pursue it. I had an income of three hundred left me by my maternal grandmother, and I was obliged to let my father have two out of it; that was not much, you know, because he was very poor, and had nothing on earth of his own but a paltry two thousand pounds he had received for his commission when he sold out of the army. I took the remaining hundred and went up to London to study; and then began my troubles, Williams. Of course a woman was at the bottom of them; I think they always are where a man is concerned."

"I think so too," quietly observed the missionary.

"I fell absurdly, ridiculously, over head and ears in love with a very pretty actress, and nothing would do but I must marry her, in spite of the opposition of all my friends."

"Have you ever been married, Wardlaw?" exclaimed Arthur Williams, with amazement.

"No," replied the other, laughing, "but I should have been, most likely, if the girl hadn't bolted with my half-brother, Temple. It was a sneaking, cowardly thing for him to do; for he took her from under my father's roof, and out of my very hand, as you may say. I didn't love him any better for it, as you may imagine, Williams.

"However, that passed, and I was really making some progress with my painting, when my father died; and as he left a widow and daughter quite unprovided for, there was nothing for it but for me to try and make a little money for myself. They couldn't starve, you know, and I think I was very lucky to get this appointment. Only, all my hopes of excelling as an artist were smashed on the head again."

"But what had become of the money which you say your father had received for his commission?" inquired the missionary, who had been following the story throughout with the keenest interest.

"Oh, that? well, he had spent it," said John Wardlaw, reluctantly; "and I had been fool enough to waste a lot of my principal into the bargain; so it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, you see; I may almost say I brought this exile on my own head."

"And the lady from whom you have heard this morning?"

"Henrietta Stuart—I don't mind telling you her name, Williams, because you are, and I hope always will be, such a friend of mine. She is the daughter of the rector of the village in which we have lived for years, Sutton Valence, in Kent (such a pretty place, I wish you could see it). I had no right to think anything about her at all, you know, for she was engaged to be married to her cousin, but I really couldn't help it; and it came out when I was saying good-bye to her, and made us both miserable. I have been wretched about her, Williams, ever since I set foot in this place, and if it hadn't been for you I believe I should have been wretched about her still; I'm so much obliged to you, old fellow."

Arthur Williams smiled gravely.

"I don't think you have much to thank me for, Wardlaw. But what has become of your step-brother?"

"Well, I'm sorry to say he's gone altogether to the bad. His wife eloped from him some time ago, and my sister writes me word by this mail that he has now been cashiered for drunkenness, and something else dishonourable. Poor fellow! with all my dislike for him, it seems very hard."

"And you have just been accepted by the woman you love, and have the prospect of an easy life henceforward. Your brother and you appear to have changed places altogether."

"Haven't we?" exclaimed John Wardlaw, struck with the idea for the first time. "Well, I've heard from an old friend that my poor mother, on two occasions, when I was supposed to lay dying, used to pray with all her heart that I might be spared to grow up, and I'm sure I've often wondered why on earth her prayer was answered; but I shall do so no more. If she could have foreseen what I feel this day, the fondest love could not have wished for me a lighter heart; I believe I am the happiest man alive. Oh! Williams, she is such a noble, pure, warm-hearted woman. I can hardly believe that she will accept the love of such a wild, worthless fellow as I have been, in exchange for her own."

"Women don't take such things into account," replied Arthur Williams; "besides, I conclude, Wardlaw, that your wild days are over now. The best way to show your thankfulness for what you have received is to try and deserve it."

"I was only alluding to the past," said John Wardlaw, quickly. "I have not been wild in that sense since I left England. In the first place, I have been too miserable about Henrietta Stuart to care about taking part in vicious gaiety; and if I had not, I have thought too seriously lately about such things to permit me to act against my conscience."

"I was *sure* you had," replied his friend, eagerly; "you have never mentioned the subject to me, but I was certain your feet were in the right direction, Wardlaw! I am so thankful"

"I do not suppose," returned the other, "that any man who has led the life that I have—a life of so much vexation and disappointment and trouble—can keep his eyes shut for ever to the truth that such things are sent to open them. I felt that it was impossible that God can have created me simply for the purposes of torture, and that if there is a life beyond the grave, as every fool must acknowledge, His design in constantly thwarting my intentions on earth must have been to turn my thoughts towards heaven. And the first time I ever really pondered on the fact was when I was reminded of it from the lips of the woman I am about to marry."

Then their conversation wandered into other phases of the same subject; and the Burmese servants had reminded them three times that the breakfast was ready before they settled themselves at the table. Arthur Williams had not told John Wardlaw what he thought of the recital he had given him of the principal events in his own life; but he felt in himself that he could not sufficiently admire the cheerful courage which his friend had evinced in bearing up against the repeated attacks of fortune which had assailed him, and which he had related, apparently without the slightest consciousness that they had been brought upon him by the malice or neglect of others.

When he thought of himself, and remembered the continual murmurings against fate of his own undisciplined heart, when he glanced backward at his life, recalled its wilful sins, its unhallowed pleasures, and its enforced regret, and compared it with the past history of the man before him, who, professing no religion, and expecting no praise, yet spoke so confidently of the blame of his misfortunes being attributable to himself alone, Arthur Williams felt humbled and abashed.

As they rode along side by side, Arthur Williams could not help remarking with what different eyes his companion viewed the objects which surrounded them, to what he had done upon former occasions of their journeying together.

"What really splendid scenery this is, Williams," he would exclaim, turning round in his saddle to admire the close view which encircled them. "Holloa! what's that?" (as a large iguana waddled across the path). "What a brute! Quite half a crocodile, isn't he? Will you go in for some elephant-shooting, Williams, if we come across a herd? I know there are plenty hereabouts."

"Well, I've no objection," replied Williams, laughing; "although I am not a man of war. But what would your *fiancée* say, Wardlaw, to your running such a risk just now? You are no longer your own, remember."

"No, thank God," he replied heartily, "I know I'm not; but surely I should come to no harm: after such a long spell of waiting and wishing and despairing, I don't believe anything can possibly come between us, Williams. It's unnatural even to think of."

"Don't make too sure, Wardlaw," said his friend, quietly.

John Wardlaw's expression became sobered at the caution; but he soon regained his cheerfulness.

"Well, I won't run any risks then, *for fear*," he presently replied; "although after all, you know, our fate isn't in our own hands; and I believe I should be brought safely through anything."

"I believe so too," said Arthur Williams.

Wardlaw's excitement did not decrease with the waning day; and when their tent had been pitched for the night, and their after-dinner pipe consumed, he was still restless, disinclined for bed or sleep, and feverishly anxious to breathe fresher air than such as could be inhaled within the close canvas of their sleeping-apartment.

"Wardlaw, that's not safe," exclaimed Arthur Williams, as having waked during the night, and missed him from his bed, he left the tent and found him outside, stalking up and down in the deadly night air of the jungles, inhaling poison with every breath he drew.

"I know it isn't," replied John Wardlaw, almost apologetically, "but I can't sleep, Williams, and I can't lie tossing on that bed all night; I am so feverish and so excited, I hardly know what to do with myself. I feel as, if I lived to a hundred, I never could be sufficiently thankful for the blessing which has come to me. Fancy, I'm only six-and-twenty, and my troubles are over for ever—for ever. My darling girl!"

"Come in and read, Wardlaw, or pace about the tent, or anything, sooner than run the risk of making yourself ill. As it is, you've not looked quite the thing to me all day."

Persuaded at last to do what was prudent, John Wardlaw turned into the tent again, but no entreaties could make him lie down on his bed.

"I'm wide awake, Williams; I could not sleep if you were to pay me for it. I suppose it's daylight in England now. How strange to think that they should be all walking about there whilst this end of the world is wrapt in darkness. What day does the mail go out again, Williams?"

"Not for a week or ten days, Wardlaw; we shall reach a post-town before that. Now do try and compose yourself, and let me sleep, if you won't."

Arthur Williams went to rest again soon after this little episode, but when he woke the next morning, it was to find his friend still sleepless, but with a good deal of the excitement of the night before dispersed.

That day John Wardlaw could hardly sit his horse for the morning and evening marches, and when he essayed to dismount after the latter effort, he staggered and nearly fell.

"Wardlaw, are you ill?" cried Williams, rushing to his assistance.

"I'm a little giddy," he replied; "I think I've got a slight touch of jungle fever, Williams; I've had it before, and there's lots of quinine in my dressing-case. I'll take a dose at once and go to bed."

When the morning broke again, he was too ill to move. The foul miasma of the dying jungle, the poisonous breath of the leaves shed from her thousand trees, and lying in every stage of decomposition around them, added to the state of feverish excitement into which he had thrown himself, and the exposure he had undergone, had done their work, and "jungle fever" in its worst form had taken hold of him.

At first he thought, and his friend thought, that it was a simple attack, which would soon give way to the usual remedies; but on the evening of the second day, the quinine having failed to make any improvement in the symptoms, John Wardlaw's own servant, who was a native of Madras, stole up to Arthur William's side.

"Sir, my master is very ill; he will die."

"Nonsense, Daniel," exclaimed the missionary, becoming alarmed; "it is nothing but jungle fever; he will be better in a day or two."

"It is very bad jungle fever," replied the native; "if master don't send to Pegu for a doctor, my sahib will die."

Frightened at the native's earnest manner, Arthur Williams dispatched at once a messenger back to Pegu, to summon what medical aid he could. He knew that the only resident there was an apothecary; but any help was better than none; and explaining the state of the case in writing, and exhorting the bearer to use all haste, he hoped to see him back again, in company with the apothecary, before the fever had made much way.

But John Wardlaw grew worse rapidly, and on the evening of the third day he called his friend to his bedside. "Williams, I don't think I shall get over this."

"Oh, my dear Wardlaw, pray don't say so," exclaimed the missionary in the greatest distress.

"I don't indeed, I feel so frightfully weak; and when I think of it, it doesn't seem so strange, after all. It was too great happiness to happen to such as me."

Williams knew that he was alluding to his anticipated marriage, and had nothing to say in reply.

"She will feel it, my poor darling girl; she will feel it bitterly," he continued; "but you must tell her all about me, Arthur, and how much I loved her."

"Wardlaw, I won't have you speak as if you were dying," said Arthur Williams, almost angrily.

"All right, my dear fellow," he replied, quietly. "Have it your own way." And then he relapsed into a feverish sleep which lasted some hours. When he again roused himself his pulse was very low, and the fever appeared to have almost burnt itself out. It was evening. Arthur Williams sat by the side of his friend; his heart and his face very full of fear and sorrow, but with words of comfort and encouragement on his tongue whenever he was called upon to speak to the patient.

John Wardlaw himself, with his athletic form occupying every inch of the bed on which he lay, with his handsome features already drawn from the wasting character of the disease under which he was labouring; and his blue-grey eyes with their sweet, sad look fixed attentively upon the opposite side of the tent, seemed, of all present, the only one who was calmly passive under the circumstances; who entertained no fear of the Presence which was even then hovering about the portal of his temporary dwelling-place.

"Williams," he said presently, but without the least agitation, "I've quite made up my mind to it. I'm quite contented."

"About what, Wardlaw?"

"About never seeing her again, until we meet up there," he answered, pointing to the sky. "It seemed awfully hard at first, but I'm sure it's for the best. She might have grown weary of me, perhaps, God bless her! when she came to know me better. Now she will always love me till I hold her in my arms again. I shall do so, Williams, shan't I, when everything is over for both of us?"

"Most assuredly you will, dear Wardlaw," said Arthur Williams, who could no longer conceal from himself the dread fear that he was about to lose his friend.

"Why, some fellows would make you believe, you know, that there is no monopoly up there, and no loving one angel more than another. But I can't believe that. He must give me my Pussy back again, if it is only to wipe the memory of this hour away. Ah, Williams!" he added, with a sad, playful smile, "you said you were *sure* I should be brought safe through everything."

"And so I am," returned the other.

"What, now, my dear friend? I shall be gone by this time to-morrow; I feel it."

"Then you'll be safe in Heaven," said Williams, seriously.

"So I shall; I forgot that," was the quick reply. "Oh! how thankful I am that such things have been made plain to me before now. How could I have left this world, which has just commenced to look so fair to me, and Pussy, else;—oh! my beloved girl!" And then he was silent for a few minutes, and struggled with his natural emotion.

"Williams!" he said, presently, and rather slowly, as if in some doubt, "my mother was a Christian woman, and the Bible says that all faithful prayer shall be answered. When she prayed so earnestly (as I know she did, poor soul) for my worthless life, was it granted, I wonder, only for *this?* I am not grumbling now, mind. I am not sure if I would get off this bed and go to my darling's arms, if I had the opportunity; but my life has been a sad one, you will acknowledge, and when my mother prayed for it, she did not ask for this—for twenty-six years of waiting for happiness, and then to be taken from it just as it arrives. It is strange, isn't it?"

"Wardlaw," said Arthur Williams, solemnly, "do you remember this text, 'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him; even length of days for ever and ever.' That is the life the Almighty has seen fit to give you in answer to your mother's prayer. Don't doubt, my dearest friend, don't question or despond; only believe and all will be well!"

"I do believe," whispered the dying man. "Williams, please do one thing for me when I am gone. Bury her letter on my breast. I suppose you'll lay me out here, under some of these trees; there won't be any time to take me back to Pegu, and I'd rather have it so. I'd rather stay here by myself, with her dear letter lying on my heart. I made a will before I quitted England, and left my money to my sister; but I have saved since I have been in Rangoon, and have several hundreds lying in the Calcutta Bank. Will you draw up a codicil for me, Williams? a few lines will do, just to say that I leave it to my step-brother, Leofric Temple."

Arthur Williams started, and John Wardlaw observed the gesture.

"To show that I forgive him," he said feebly, in explanation, "fully and freely; and say that I should wish him to get a divorce from his wife with it, and to marry Winifred Balchin. He'll know who I mean. And tell my sister Alice that she has my fond love and blessing with her legacy."

Arthur Williams drew out his desk, and sitting down at the table, wrote with a shaking hand as was dictated to him, and then sat silent, biting his pen and hardly knowing how to proceed.

"You'll take my horse, Arthur, please," said the voice of John Wardlaw presently, "he's a fine fellow. and you'll treat him well for my sake; and my dogs also, if they will not be too much trouble to you. And I should like Daniel to have my watch. He's always coveted it, and I can hear the poor wretch crying at the foot of my bed now."

Observing the perplexed look which still hung about his friend's features, he added:

"What is it, Arthur?"

"Would you wish me to write to—to—the lady you were going to marry?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"To Mrs. Martin Stuart?—that's her name, Arthur. Yes, certainly—when I am gone, you know; and tell her—tell her—that——Oh!" he exclaimed, his voice breaking, "she'll get it by the very mail by which I thought to——Oh! my God! my God! it *is* very hard."

And tears commenced to trickle weakly through the thin hands which he had clasped before his dying face.

Arthur Williams sprung to his side.

"Wardlaw, my dear fellow," he said, laying his hand tenderly on that of the grieving man; "have you forgotten, 'Even length of days for ever and ever'?"

He quickly brushed away the tears from his weary eyes.

"I did for the moment," he answered, submissively. "I know I was wrong, Arthur; but it is past now. Tell my darling girl, then, that I received her precious letter, and that it lies with me in my grave; that I thanked her for it from the bottom of my heart; and that I would have loved her to my life's end if it might have been, but that God called me, and—yes! say I was *glad* to go, Arthur. If she thought I died repiningly, it would make her so miserable. And send my love to her parents, and to the Homes and all my friends—they have been so good to me. And I think that is all—only—that my last prayer was, God for ever bless my darling girl!"

It was the last time that he mentioned her name. The hours passed slowly on, and each one saw his pulse more feeble, and his strength fast slipping away. Once during the night he aroused himself suddenly, and spoke of his mother.

"Do you think that angels really ever appear to the dying, Arthur? If so, I am sure my mother will come to me before I go; and I shall know her again by her eyes. She had such beautiful eyes—so large and grey and clear. I have never forgotten them."

He slumbered by fits and starts until the morning broke, and then he lay perfectly still, wide awake—calm but pulseless; his tender eyes, now glazed, fixed upwards; his hands firmly clasped upon the letter which he had received from Henrietta Stuart.

Arthur Williams kept walking from the bed to the door of the tent, and from the tent-door again to the bed, longing for the return of his messenger with the Pegu apothecary, although he had long lost all hope that his arrival or anything short of a miracle could save his friend. But the hybrid night departed—that season which is neither light nor darkness in the eastern world—and the grey dawn commenced to glimmer in the horizon.

He turned back again into the tent, sick at heart with the contrast, and, going up to the bedside, affectionately touched with his warm hand the clammy fingers of the dying man. As he did so, John Wardlaw seemed to rouse himself, and saying huskily, but with a strong effort "*My letter*," turned his eyes in the direction of his last friend, and with one spasm of the features was gone.

Gone! in the strength of his early manhood, in the very dawning of his dearest hopes. Gone! to answer his mother's prayer for his prosperous and happy life—"Even length of days for ever and ever."

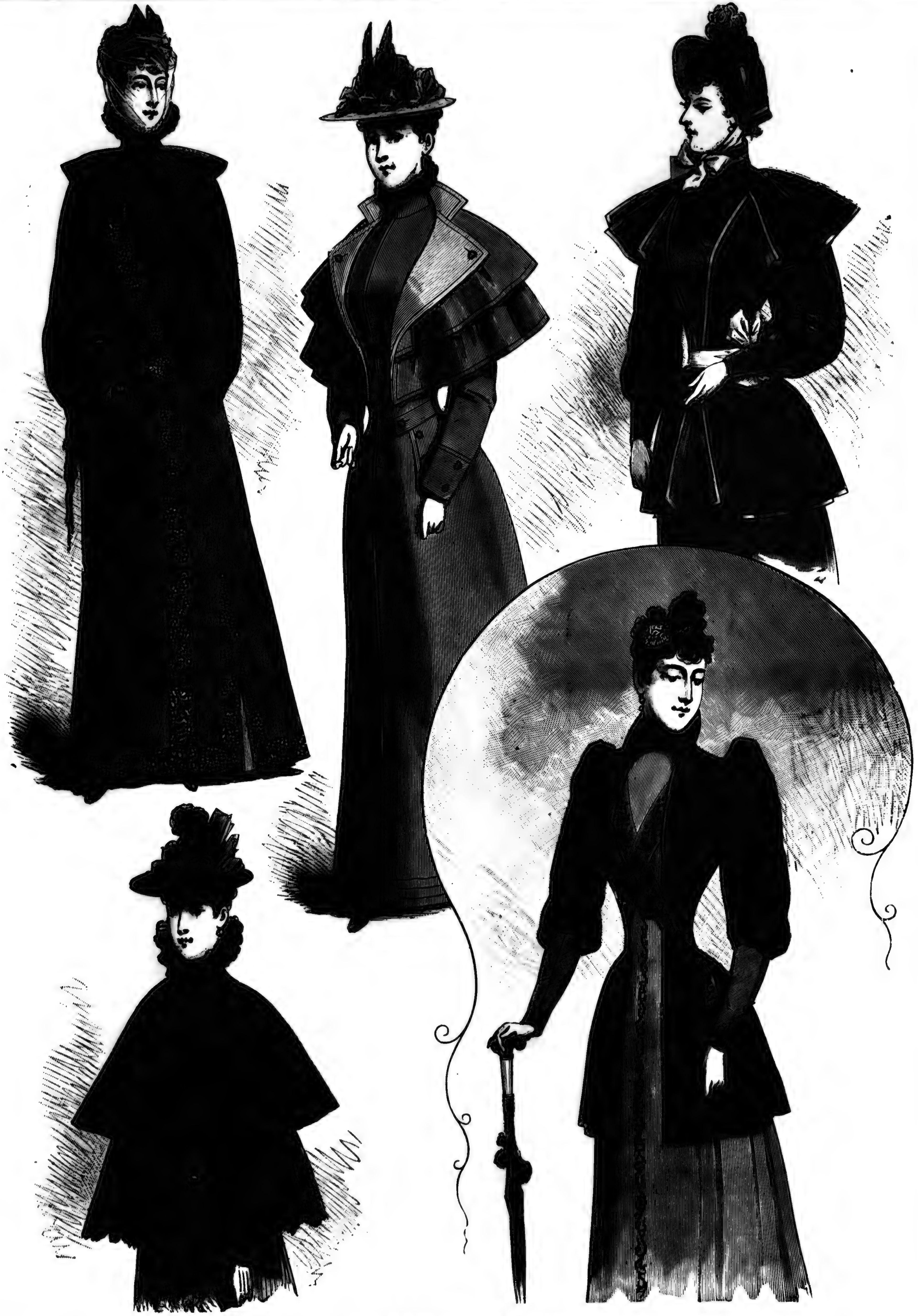
As that evening's sunset tipped the leaves of the forest trees with gold, and flooded the distant horizon with a band of crimson light, they laid him in his solitary grave, hewn out by loving hands, beneath the shade of a spreading tree.

The Pegu apothecary had arrived by that time, but they did not need his assistance; they allowed no stranger to aid them in lowering that uncoffined form, which they had shrouded in the richest covering they could provide for it, into its earthy bed.

There, having read the burial service over all that remained of him in a voice broken by his grief, Arthur Williams left John Wardlaw to his rest, and felt, as he turned from the lonely spot, as if he had lost all that made life pleasant to himself.

And then he took his way back to Rangoon, to carry the sad news to such as it concerned, and to write the words in which he told the dead man's love—how he lay, "the fever of living" conquered, alone though unforgotten in that distant, burning jungle—his loving heart pulseless for evermore—and her letter on his breast!

THE END



NEW WINTER CLOAKS AND JACKETS.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Current Fashions for Children.

VERY few of the new figured woollens are employed for children's dresses. The patterns are as a rule so large, and the prices of the materials so high, that they are very little suited for children's wear, and therefore, with the exception of plaids and checks, scarcely any figured materials are made up into little girls' dresses.

There is no dearth of plain woollens, fortunately, and any of these, such as serge, vigogne, cloth, homespun, and foulé, may be used, and they offer plenty of variety, both in texture and colouring. Many of the dresses are trimmed with velvet, but the most fashionable kind of ornamentation is a little silk embroidery, generally coral or feather stitching, worked in a lighter shade of the dress material.

Fig. 2 is a dress for a girl from eight to twelve years old, and is made of fine woollen in the pretty new shade of dull pale blue. The skirt is quite plain, with a few rows of stitching on the hem. The open jacket has a moderately deep basque open at all the seams, and is finished off with a turned-down collar and straight revers ornamented with blue silk embroidery. The open jacket shows a full shirt front of blue surah with a frilled jabot; it is mounted with gauging at the neck, and the front and collar are trimmed with a little blue silk embroidery. The sleeve is plain and only slightly raised at the shoulder.

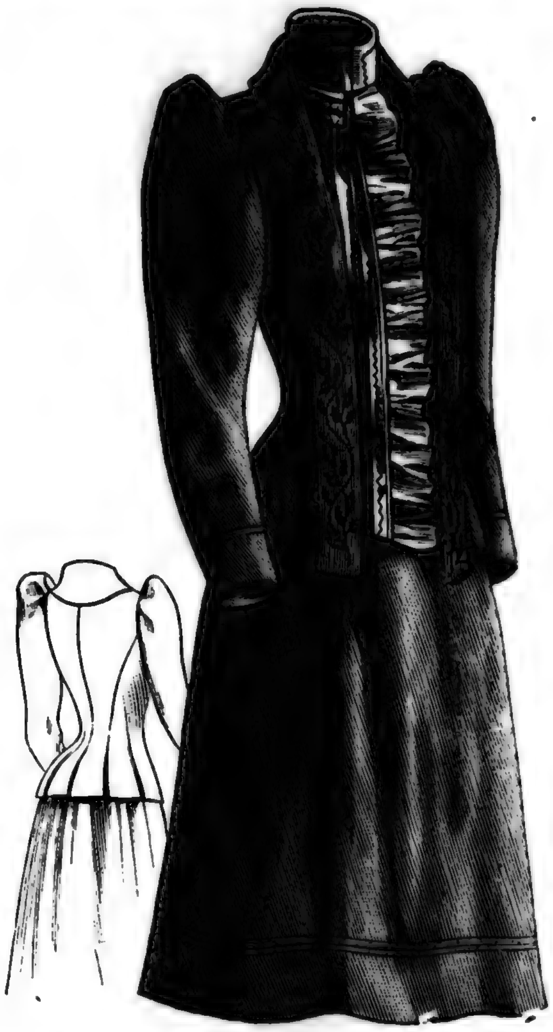


FIG. 2. COSTUME FOR GIRL OF EIGHT.

The dress, fig. 3, is made of very soft plaid woollen in ivy-green striped with red. The skirt is plain, the bodice is pleated front and back, and the fulness is framed by bretelles of the material mounted in pleats; the basque, collar, and flounces on the full sleeves are all pleated in the same way; there is absolutely no trimming, and the dress is particularly easy to make.

This cannot be so truly said of the dress, fig. 4, for very accurate calculations are necessary in cutting the holes through which the ribbon velvet is run at the waist, down the sleeves and round the edge of the skirt, and all the openings must be neatly worked round in button-hole stitch. The dress is pretty in grey woollen with red, blue, or green velvet for the trimming. Both back and front are in princess shape, and are drawn in at the waist by the velvet band passed through and under the pleats, which are secured to the lining as far as the waist. The bodice is fastened at the back, and is cut in V points over velvet plastrons; a full collar of velvet is joined on with a gauging. Velvet is let into the back part of the sleeve down a series of openings, and below these the sleeve is fastened with velvet buttons. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with a pinked-out flounce, and a band of velvet run through buttonholes with two tucks above and below the band.

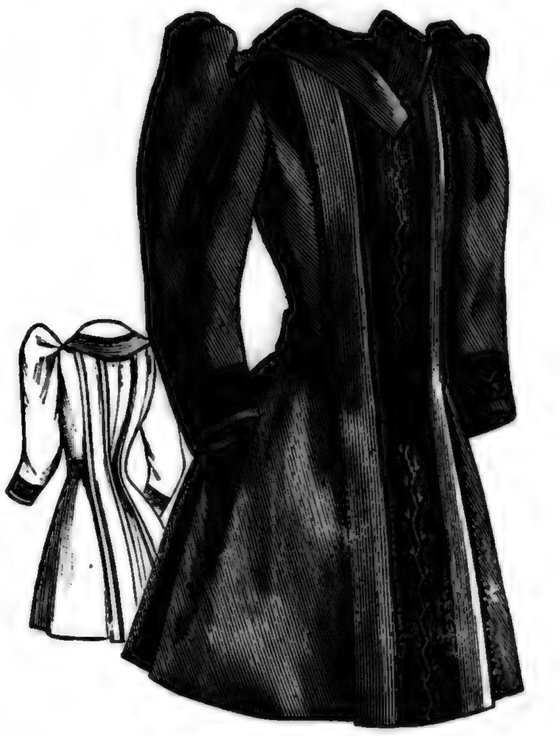


FIG. 1. LITTLE GIRL'S CLOAK.

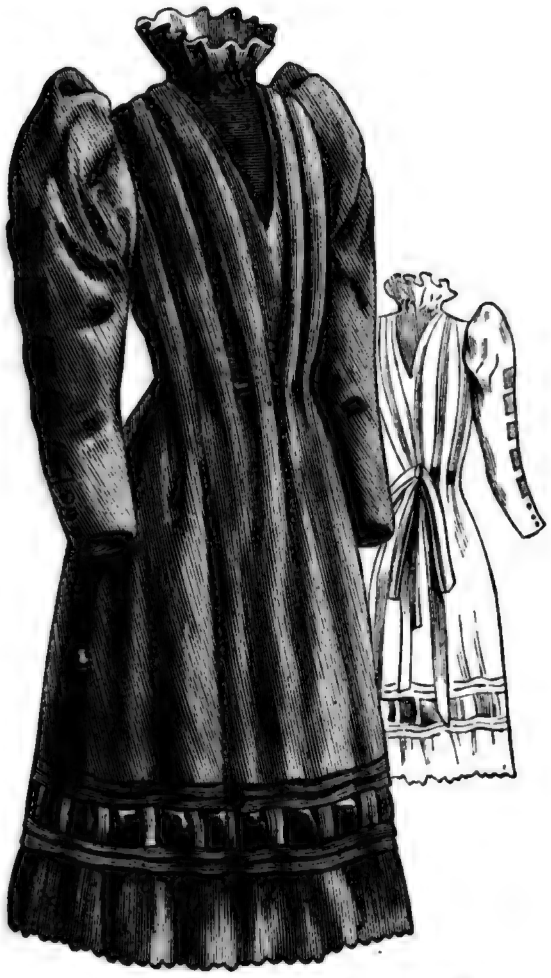


FIG. 4. DRESS FOR GIRL OF TEN.

Fig. 1 illustrates a cloak for a little girl of five or six; the long paletot with box-pleats on either side of the front and back is of grey-blue cloth; the pleat down the centre of the front is of bengaline with a little fancy stitching in silk. The cloth collar is crossed in front over a little pointed plastron of bengaline, the under collar beginning under the cloth pleats in front, the waistband passed under the pleats and crossed in front, and the bands on the sleeves are of bengaline ornamented with silk embroidery.

Mr. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, is showing some capital mantles and pardessus for little girls. Amongst the most practical, and, at the same time, stylish of these models are the long, plain, perfectly cut and fitting redingotes of plain brown cloth, with beaver collar and cuffs; the same style of coat is made in black and in various colours, with astrachan, or other fur, but none of these have quite the same effect as the brown coats.

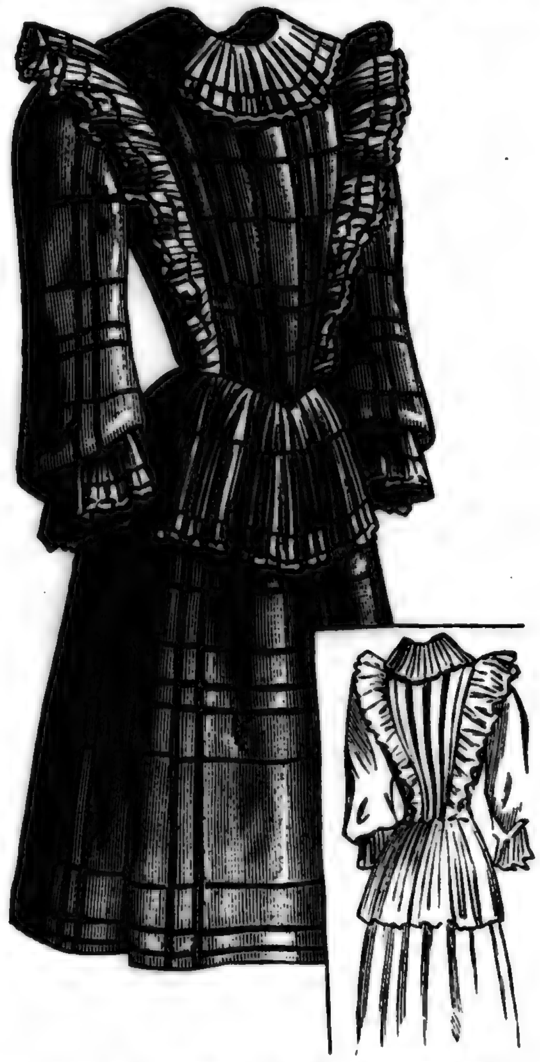


FIG. 3. DRESS FOR GIRL OF TWELVE.

Excellent cloaks with cape sleeves and long coats are made of flecked cloths with fur collars; others are of grey or fawn tweed with short full capes. A cloak of this kind in grey tweed has a short semi-fitting jacket under the long cape fronts, and a short cape and stand-up frilled collar, both worked round in scallops with black silk.

For young girls there are three-quarter length coats in tweed and flecked cloths, with fur collars and cuffs. These are not the most becoming style with short skirts, but many young girls are not satisfied with their dress unless it is a tolerably close imitation of that worn by their elders, and therefore the three-quarter length jackets have been provided for them in considerable variety.

Fashionable Morning and Indoor Dresses.

Many of the indoor and morning toilettes worn by ladies in the privacy of their own apartments are of a most elegant description, although, as a rule, they are made of woollen materials. These fabrics are, however, of the finest quality and in delicate colours, and the gowns are ornamented with embroidery, lace, velvet, feather trimming, etc., which render them particularly graceful and elegant.

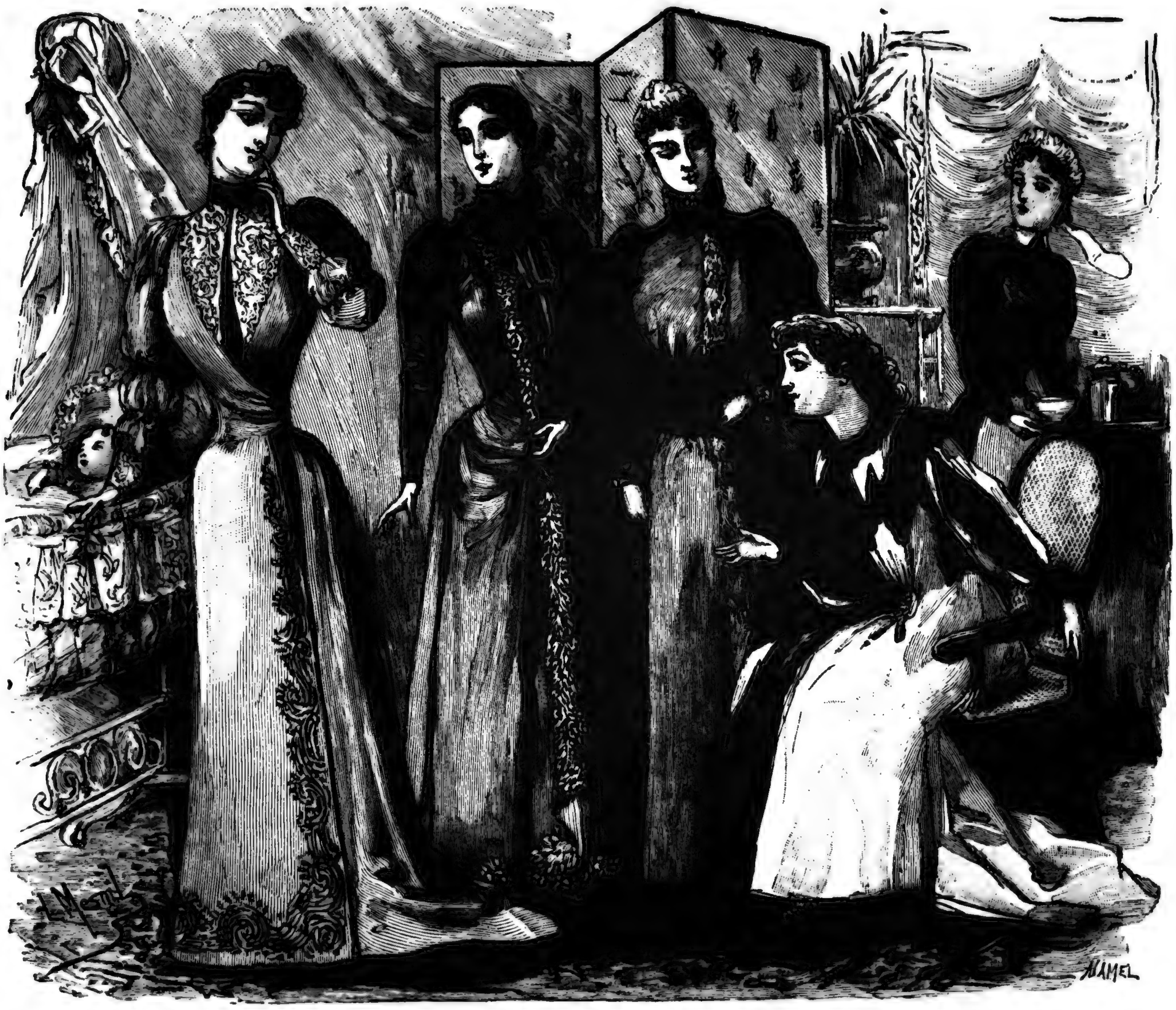
The first of the group of dresses illustrated on this page is of fine beige woollen. It is a Princess dress, the fulness for the skirt being introduced in the usual way at the back, below the waist. The right side of the front forms a draped corsage and square tablier, embroidered down the side and across the edge with green chenille, and showing part of the plastron and a narrow panel at the side, both made of green velvet. The left side is short, and ends at the waist under the right side. The sleeves are puffed and finished off with deep cuffs of antique lace, matching the collar with long points falling on the chest.

The second dress is of fine silver-grey cloth trimmed with grey feather; it is in princess shape, the right side fastened diagonally from the shoulder and draped a little round the hip; the front part is caught up at the waist and falls in a coquillé fold. The left side of the bodice is draped in vague folds on the chest, but is plain over the hip. The feather trimming is carried round the neck, down the right side of the front and round the edge of the skirt; the sleeve is of grey velvet, quite plain, but raised a little at the shoulder.

Fig. 3 is a very pretty model in periwinkle-blue cloth and velvet in a darker shade of the same colour. The skirt and bodice may be cut in one or made separately, both are eased a little at the waist in front, and fastened down the left side under a band of beaver. The corselet is of dark passementerie and is low in front, but at the back there is a long point extending up to the neck. The collar is covered with fur. The sleeves are of velvet, plain and tight from the elbow to the wrist, where they are finished off with fur, but in a long puff above the elbow with a pleated tab covering the shoulder seam up to the neck.

The last dress is a reception toilette for a young mother, and is made of shot blue and red silk trimmed with black gauze and lace. The fronts and back are in princess shape, and drawn in at the waist by a few rows of gauging or a sheaf of fine pleats. The front of the gown is ornamented with a kind of stole of black gauze, gathered at the neck and waist, and the silk sleeves are opened at the inner seam over a slashing of the gauze, and finished off at the wrist with a ruche of black lace. The silk collar is almost a little cape, and is cut in points front and back, and trimmed all round with a gathered flounce of the black lace. A frill of black lace round the neck, with a coquillé jabot in front, complete the dress.

A favourite and very effective shape for tea and morning gowns is the princess dress, cut low and open in front, like a corselet bodice, showing a chemisette above it, and stole front of some soft fabric in a lighter colour. The corselet fronts are sometimes plain, but more often full, and the newest variety is that which ends at the top in a ruched frill lined with velvet, and deepest above the shoulder, where it stands erect and forms a kind of upright epaulet. Straight princess dresses with open fronts are also made in this way; the upper part of the low bodice is turned back in a revers lined with velvet; over the shoulder it forms a ruched epaulet falling a little over the sleeve. Crested epaulets in silk, lace, or velvet are added to many of the new tea-gowns, and a very pretty fashion for dresses made of silk or brocade, is to have a plain sleeve of this material, and down the back of the arm a series of flounces of lace falling a little below the elbow.



Morning and Indoor Dresses.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

For the renovation of a tea-gown in plain princess shape fastened down the front, the following will be found a useful suggestion. A long full breadth of some gauzy fabric is mounted with gathers on the chest, lightly secured to the right front of the tea-gown, but left open on the left side for the fastening, and allowed to fall in straight folds to the feet. Then a lace drapery crosses the bust from the right shoulder to the left side of the chest, and falls thence in full coquillé folds to the feet; this lace trimming is joined to the edge of the gauze front, and the two are secured together invisibly to the tea-gown. To carry out the idea, there should be puffed sleeves of the gauze, with a lace drapery round the shoulder, and lace collar.

Myra's ✳ Hints ✳ to ✳ Correspondents.

NEARLY, if not all the novelties in dressmaking are now reserved for the skirts of dresses, and, in spite of the extreme simplicity and apparently close resemblance between one plain skirt and another, there are, as a matter of fact, a great many ways of making them, and the cutting and trimming of skirts is an almost inexhaustible topic. The chief reason for this variety of style is to be found in the varying widths of materials; the umbrella and fan skirts demand, as a rule, very wide materials, 54 inches wide is not at all too much for these; with a good pattern they are not difficult to make, and they are very stylish, and set well.

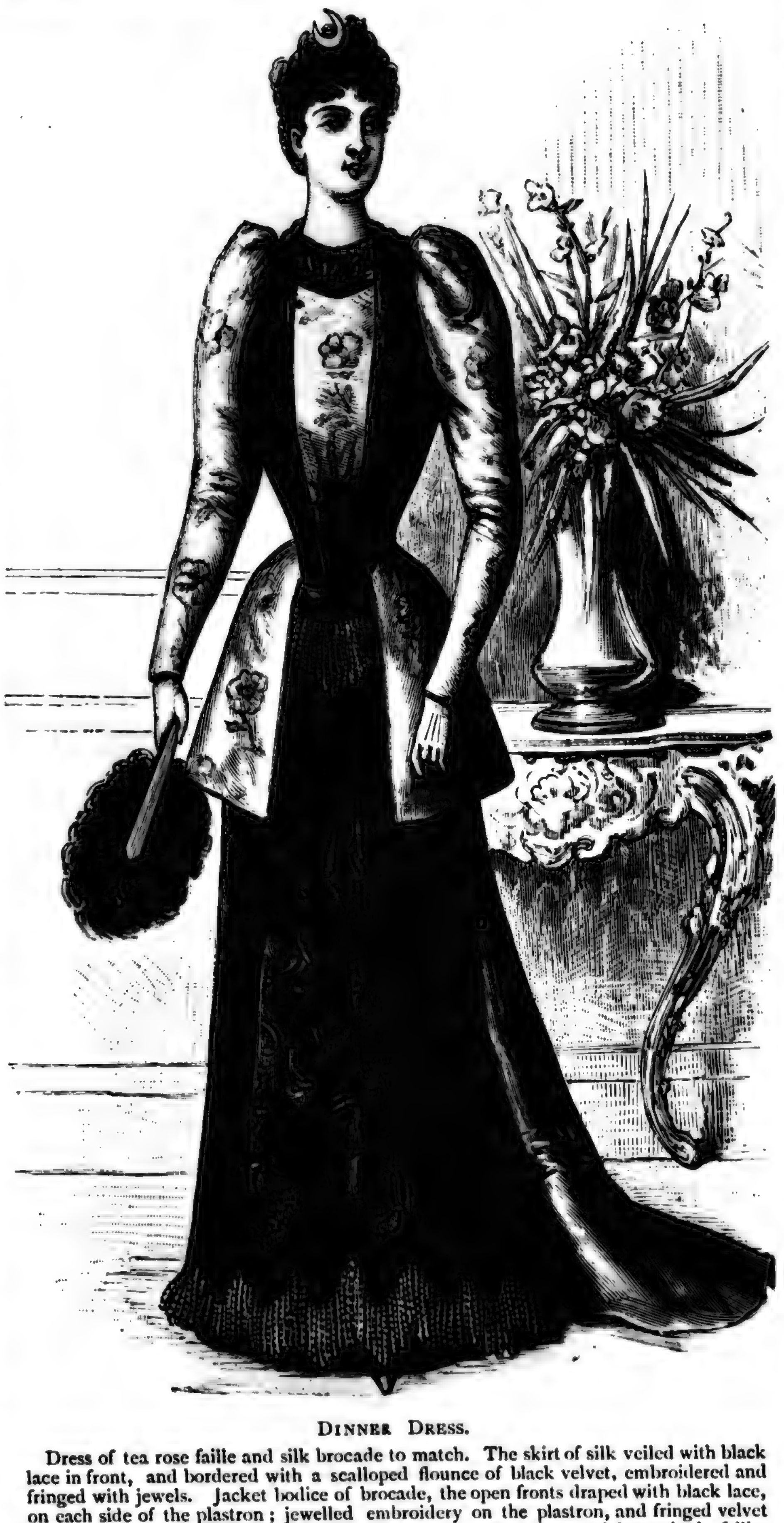
For materials that are 44 to 48 inches wide, the skirt with three breadths answers best; the front breadth is sloped on each side, the back breadths are gored up the centre, but not too sharply, or they form an awkward point at the lower edge, although this slightly pointed half-train is one of the many fashions in skirts.

Another pattern is required for single width materials, but these also can be effectively cut in the universal gored shape. One breadth, folded down the centre and sloped a little at the sides, forms the front; on each side of this is a breadth, the full width of the material at the foot, and sloped up to a width of only 10 inches at the top; at the back are two very sharply gored breadths, about 20 inches wide at the foot, and sloped up to a point at the waist; these form a fan-pleated back, and the whole skirt takes only five breadths, and is very little more than the size of the waist at the top. This is the best pattern for making up velveteen.

Besides these gored skirts, plain fourreau skirts are still very much worn; in these the front breadth is perfectly straight, and drawn in at the waist to fit the figure by a few gathers. A great many of the rough striped and checked woollens are made up in this way, with the front breadth cut on the straight, and the back breadths cut on the bias, or gored, very slightly trained and mounted with flat pleats. This mode is useful in renovating dresses, for it is not at all unusual for a skirt to be made of two materials; thus the front of the skirt could be made of the figured material cut on the straight, and the back breadths of plain material, gored or cut on the bias. Woollen materials and silk can also be combined in this way.

Skirts are becoming very narrow, the umbrella skirts are the only ones that exceed a width of 3½ yards, gored skirts measure barely 3 yards round; indeed so little material is now required for a dress that the most economical will be able to launch out and indulge in at least one dress more than usual this year. Velveteen, especially Louis velveteen, looks so extremely well made up in one of these fashionable styles, with all the fulness at the edge of the skirt, that it will be very much worn. It must, however, be remembered that this very narrow width is only suitable for short skirts, that is, those which rest on the ground at the back, but without training. As the train increases in length, the fulness at the edge must also increase a little; in gored skirts the back always stands out from the figure, and has the appearance of a slight train, even if it be only a couple of inches longer than the front, an increase of four inches is generally quite sufficient to give a good effect.

Foundation skirts are not used at all; gored skirts are lined breadth by breadth with silk, alpaca, or Italian cloth, according to the character of the dress material, or else the front part only of woollen skirt is lined, the strain being on this part, and the back is left unlined. The top is fitted by small pleats which must be ironed flat, and any fulness at the back is disposed of in pleats. Waistbands are entirely unnecessary, the top of the skirt is simply hemmed down with ribbon or binding. Linings are cut the same way of the material as the fabric over them, and when the back of the skirt is sharply gored it is advisable to line it to strengthen the seam and prevent the material from stretching, and to keep the pleats in place.



DINNER DRESS.

Dress of tea rose faille and silk brocade to match. The skirt of silk veiled with black lace in front, and bordered with a scalloped flounce of black velvet, embroidered and fringed with jewels. Jacket bodice of brocade, the open fronts draped with black lace, on each side of the plastron; jewelled embroidery on the plastron, and fringed velvet band at the waist. Plain sleeves of brocade. Quantity of material required, faille, 8 yards; brocade, 5½ yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

When evening dresses are being renovated, silk foundation skirts that only need cleaning and ironing, and are no longer of use as foundations, are worth thinking of; many of them would serve admirably for the front of a dress to be veiled and trimmed with lace or net, the gored breadths at the back and the corsage being made of new bengaline or velveteen, very little of which would be required. Silk foundation skirts may also be utilised for the renovation of the bodice and sleeves of a half-worn dress, the skirt of which is out of date and requires remodelling.

The favourite trimmings for skirts are velvet and fancy black and gold braids, and both are used in many ways. Narrow velvet is usually put on in three or four straight rows at equal distances apart; wider bands of velvet from two to three inches wide form a very effective trimming when sewn on in large vandyke points; two rows of velvet arranged in this way, with the width of the velvet between the bands, look remarkably well, and can be made to ornament the skirt up to eighteen or twenty inches from the edge.

Fancy braids are also used in straight rows, in vandyke points and in waved lines; the vandyke point is perhaps the most fashionable form for trimmings to take, and is effective in velvet and in astrachan as a border for the edges of skirts. Plain bands of astrachan, in broad and narrow widths, are also very much used; in some cases a broad band at the extreme edge is headed by two or three narrow bands, and many of the new materials have a woven border of astrachan which could easily be imitated for the renovation of last season's dresses. The band may be of any width, from two to six inches, and is straight along the lower edge, and cut in vandyke points along the top.

Medici collars will be far less exaggerated on mantles than heretofore, and are very nearly *démodé* for dresses. The plain high collar band, covered with passementerie, galon, or embroidery, is the favourite form; for dressy toilettes ready-made collars in metallic and jewelled passementerie, or in galon, with a point of fringe in front, or bordered on each side with curled silk braid trimming, may be had.

Sleeves are still made high at the shoulder, but without exaggeration; a great many have fluted pleats at the shoulder, the flutings brought down to a point at the elbow; long sleeves are finished off below the elbow by a deep tight-fitting cuff; the sleeves of dinner dresses terminate in a folded band of tulle, crêpe, or musseline de soie, fastened with a rosette or small bow.

The lining of the sleeve is always cut to fit the arm exactly, and the under-part is precisely like the lining; extra width and length are allowed in the upper part from the bend of the arm to the shoulder, and the material is arranged on the lining before the seams are stitched. The width allowed is usually from 2½ to 5 inches at the outer seam, rather less at the inner seam, and the extra length at the shoulder varies from 3 to 6 inches, depending on the height the sleeve is to be above the shoulder.

Myra's Answers to Correspondents.

GENERAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.*

2. *Letters requiring answers in next month's* JOURNAL *should reach* MYRA *by the 4th of the month. Letters received after this date can only be answered in the following number.*

3. *Letters will be answered in the* JOURNAL *in the order in which they arrive.*

4. *In cases where immediate advice is necessary upon any particular Toilette or Dress, on Furniture and Furnishing, on Needlework, Household Management, Etiquette, Employment for Women, upon Health and Personal Attention, or other subjects,* MYRA *will reply to inquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending inquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring such answers by post,* 12 *postage stamps should be enclosed.*

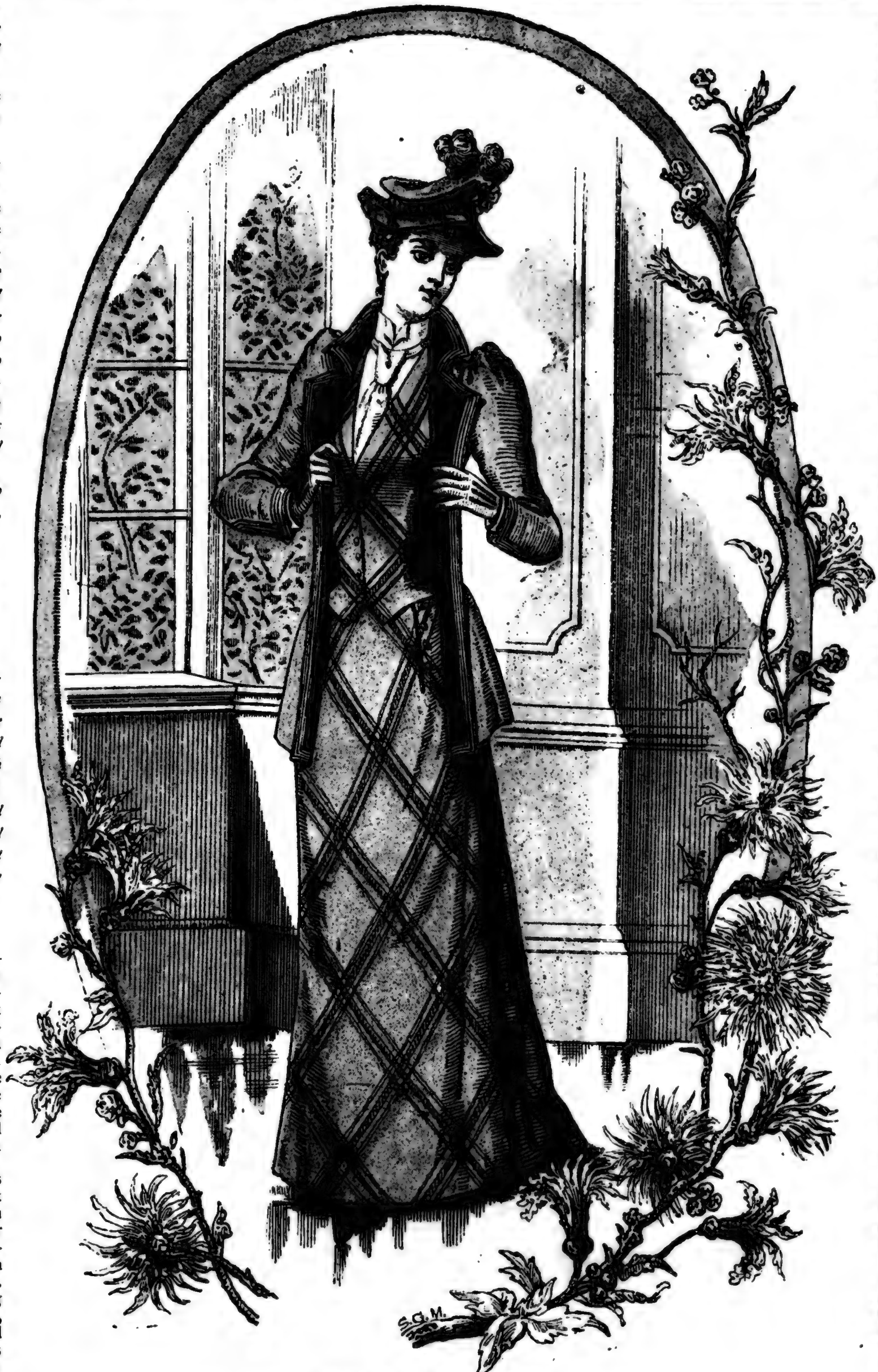
All letters to be addressed to MYRA, 204, *Regent Street, London, W.*

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

SPECIAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters regarding the purchase, making-up, and alteration of dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.*

2. *Photographs are useful and may be sent. These be will returned to the owners, but should always be accompanied by a stamped envelope.*



COSTUME OF PLAID MATERIAL.

Dress of twilled woollen, with check pattern formed of lines in black astrachan loops. Plain skirt cut on the bias, and bodice with short basque to match, open over a white shirt front and tie. Jacket of plain cloth, faced with velvet, and trimmed with black and gold braid. Hat, with brim of felt, and crown of velvet, trimmed with fancy galon and feathers. Quantity of material required, 7 yards.

MRS. S. (Dagnall Park).—We regret that we cannot refer the subject to our correspondent of 1883, but believe that what Perseverance then said of the chest expander is still true of it. All good outfitters supply the expander. We wrote to the address you gave, and the letter was returned marked "Not known"; can you account for this?

THELUM. — Your dress would look very well without a second material, but if you think touches of a darker colour would be an improvement you can trim it with brown velvet or velveteen. Re-model the skirt by goring it up the centre of the back, and put a band of velvet all round the edge; or leave it as it is and simply trim it in front with velvet to replace the fur. The velvet may be in a straight band, cut in vandyke points at the top, or in rounded scallops headed by narrow brown passementerie. Deep added basques would no be at all unbecoming your figure, and you could make these of velvet or of the pieces of material taken from the back of the skirt. Put gauntlet cuffs of velvet on the sleeves and make a chemisette and collar of the brown velvet. To make the chemisette keep in place, you should cut the fronts like a habit shirt, reaching to the waist, and joined at the shoulders to a back drawn in at the waist with tape strings. Or else you can make an under-bodice of thin lining, short-waisted and without sleeves, and cover the fronts with velvet; a short chemisette never keeps in place. The basque should be open in front, and begin about 2 or 2½ inches from he point of the bodice on either side.

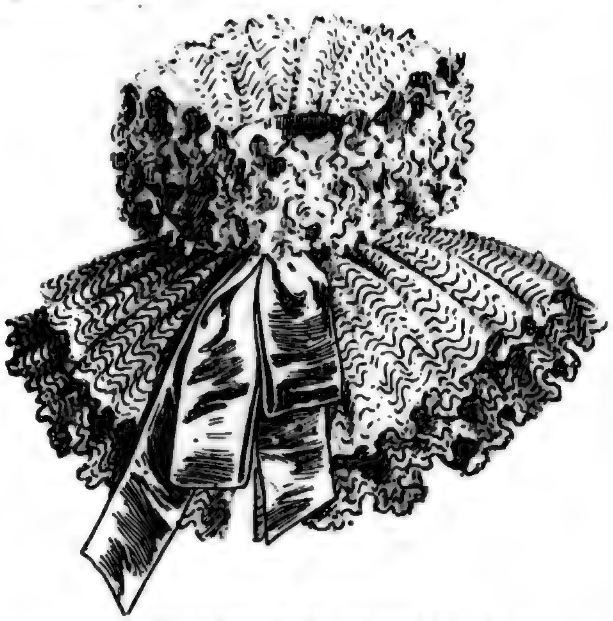
DINAH.—It would certainly be a pity to throw away such a pretty dress, especially as being in half-mourning colours you could wear it very well in a few weeks' time as a simple dinner dress. Remodel the skirt, taking out at least two breadths and leaving it a plain fourreau skirt; trim it at the edge with a twelve-inch wide flounce of black lace or fancy net, and about six inches above the flounce let in a band of three-inch wide insertion to match. With the breadths you take from the skirt make a new bodice, with crossed draped fronts and bands of lace insertion let into the fronts. This will leave it a little open at the neck, which will be quite suitable for evening wear. Add a deep basque of black lace, and make the sleeves of unlined lace, or of the foulard trimmed with lace; bands of lace insertion down the back of the sleeve and a ruffle at the elbow would be pretty. The black lace will help to darken the white foulard with its pattern of black sprays. The bodice is not worth altering.

SORELLA.—You could use either plush or velvet for the Louis XV. coat; plush in a good shade of violet would be extremely handsome, and you could make the waistcoat, cuffs, and pocket flaps of satin in a lighter shade, veiled with your cream guipure lace. The jacket should have straight, open fronts, and will not require any trimming beyond the cuffs, and even the pocket flaps may be omitted if you think they will enlarge your figure too much at the hips; all the parts likely to be seen must be lined with white silk, or with silk matching the satin waistcoat. You must, of course, choose colours that harmonise with your brocade, and you should select them by artificial light, as shades that match exactly by daylight, are often quite different by artificial light.

MISS E. G.—1. Silk cord is often used for edging gored skirts instead of braid; it looks much better than braid and answers the purpose of saving the edge of the dress just as well. 2. Fine woollen diagonal or cloth is the best material for beading; we give on page 4 a very pretty illustration of a beaded dress, but if you think your courage will not hold out you can buy the beaded or perlé fabrics by the yard of Mr. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. 3. The beads are not metal, they are of glass with metal lining and do not tarnish, but are quite as bright as metal beads.

WILD DUCK.—1. You could not have anything prettier for the occasion than a plainly-made dress of grey or drab corded velveteen trimmed with brown fur or feather trimming, with a grey felt hat to match trimmed with brown feathers, and a touch of orange or pink in the shape of a velvet bow. Write to Messrs. Garrould, Edgware Road, for patterns of their corded velveteens at 2s. 11d. per yard, they are remarkably good and pretty 2. Yes, light blue would look well with the dark blue, but some pale shades of mauve are also pretty with navy blue, for chemisettes, cravats, etc.

Bird Lover.—1. We heartily sympathise with the objects of the society for preventing the wholesale destruction of birds, but as a matter of fact fashion is this season entirely in accord with the views of the society. All the most fashionable feather trimmings are made of the feathers of birds that are killed for food; chicken and goose feathers are dyed in every conceivable colour to make bands for trimming evening dresses; the tail and hackle feathers of cocks are immensely used; pheasant and partridge feathers, some pigeons' feathers and their wings, ducks' feathers, peacocks' feathers, and ostrich feathers complete the list. You may therefore safely indulge in your taste for feather trimmings without breaking the rules of the society. 2. We have not seen trimmings made of the feathers of wild ducks, teal, etc., but they would certainly be very pretty, and would of course be used in the natural colours. 3. The embroideries could all be utilised as applications on bands of cloth or velvet for trimming the skirt of a dress, and for a waistcoat, cuffs, and collar to match for the bodice. A pretty drab or pale cinnamon-brown shade would make a good background.

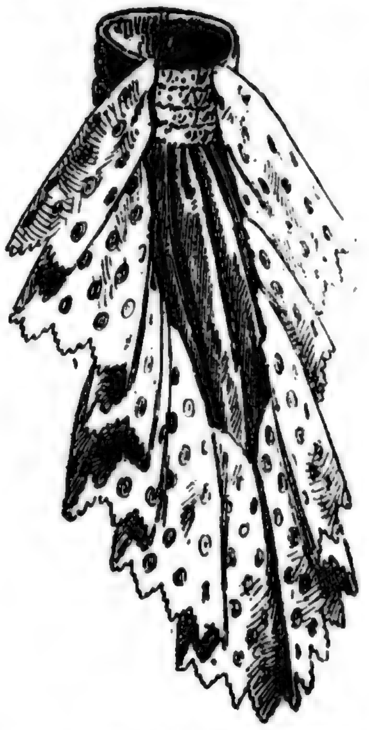


Collarette in Fancy Net.

The collar consists of two full flounces, headed by a thick ruche, fastened with a ribbon bow.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON NEEDLEWORK.

Paresse.—The simplest pattern we know of for slippers is that which is knitted in straight bands with double Berlin wool in two colours, one dark and the other light. Buy 2½ or 3ozs. of the dark wool and 2oz. of the light shade, and bone needles to correspond. Cast on 18 stitches with the dark wool and knit 4 rows plain; then begin the light wool, knit 2 slip 2 (the first in front, the second at the back), repeat to the end of row; second row, purl 2 with the light wool, slip the two stitches in dark wool as before (the first in front and the second at the back), and repeat to the end of row. Repeat these two rows three times more, always slipping the same two stitches in dark wool, then take the dark wool and knit four rows plain with it, and begin again the eight rows with light wool, slipping the two alternate stitches as before. Do not break off the wool at the end of the rows, and begin all the changes on the same side of the work. The pattern is very pretty and forms ridges of the light coloured wool for the inside of the slipper, and little squares of light wool showing between dark bars on the outside. When you have knitted enough to go round the sole of your slipper cast off after 4 rows of dark, and to shape the toe sew this cast-off end to the side of the other end of the strip. Finish off round the top with a little crochet edging drawn in with ribbon, or pick up the stitches with three steel needles and work a few rows of plain knitting, these will turn over in a kind of roll round the top of the slipper. You can buy leather soles with soft lambswool lining, which answer admirably for bedroom wear and are very durable.



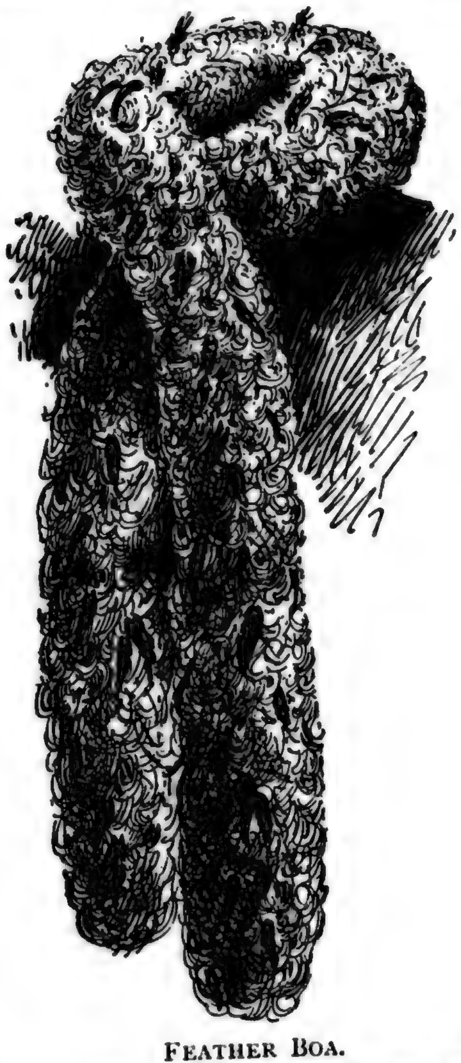
Plastron of Chiffon

Collar and full front of plain chiffon, with a flounce of printed chiffon, falling in coquillé folds.

D. D.—You are quite safe in using Pearsall's silks, and may fully trust the recommendation of them.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

Coventry.—The tomatoes may be cooked in a more appetising manner than that you describe.



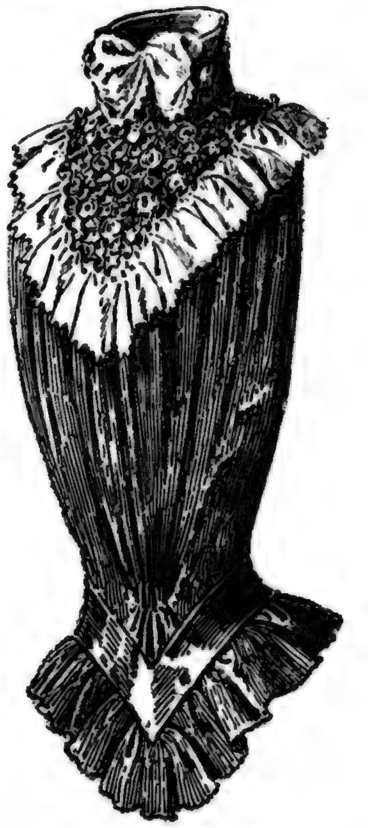
Feather Boa.

In shaded beige Ostrich feather, sprinkled with coque feathers.

Choose three or four large, well-shaped tomatoes, cut off the tops and with a small spoon take out the seeds. Then fill them with forcemeat prepared from finely chopped ham or bacon, any remains of cold meat, a few breadcrumbs, and sweet herbs, flavoured with pepper and salt. Sprinkle a few breadcrumbs over the top, arrange the tomatoes on a baking dish, put small pieces of butter amongst them, and cook them with fire above and beneath if possible; at any rate, brown them nicely on the top and serve them in the dish they are baked in.

MISCELLANEA.

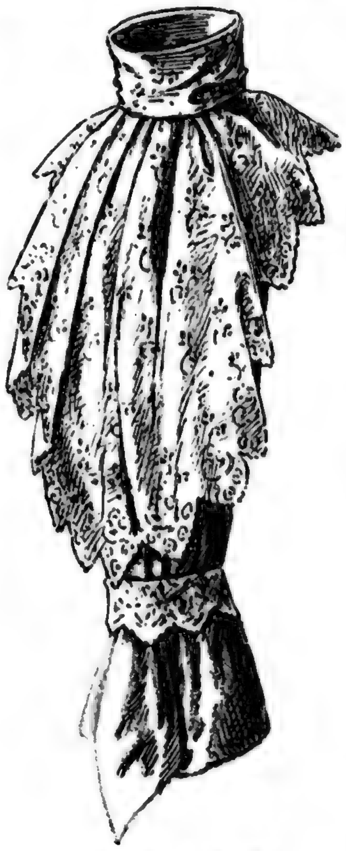
White Pearl.—The toys would be very acceptable at any children's hospital in London or elsewhere, and you need not give your name and address if you do not wish to; the parcels may be simply addressed to the matron, and no permission to offer them is needed. The rag dolls and animals and other toys will be most gratefully received, of that you may be sure. The principal Children's Hospitals in London are, that in Great Ormond Street, W.C., the East London Hospital at Shadwell, E., the Evelina Hospital, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E., the North Eastern Hospital, 327, Hackney Road, E., the Paddington Green Children's Hospital, the Royal Hospital, Waterloo Bridge Road, S.E., and the Victoria Hospital, Queen's Road, Chelsea. Besides these all the large general hospitals in London have children's wards, and there are numbers of toyless children in the different infirmaries and workhouses, any of whom would be delighted to be the recipients of your presents. If you have an opportunity you should visit some of the children's hospitals and give the toys to the little invalids yourself; you would be very much interested, and the children are generally pleased to see visitors.



Plastron in Surah.

The plastron is of red surah, mounted on a guipure yoke. Collar and band of ribbon. Frill of white crépon round the yoke, and bow to match.

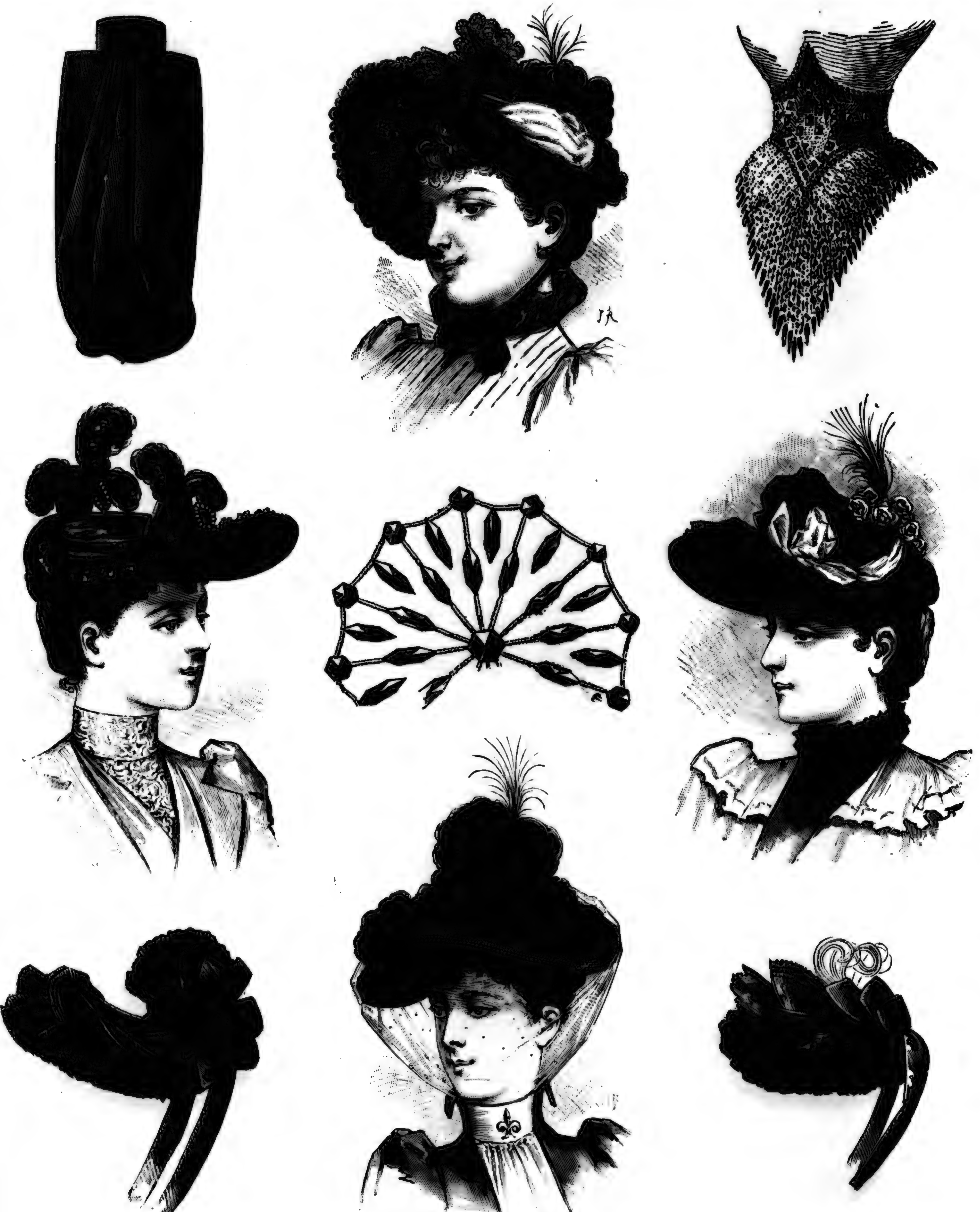
Thelum.—It is difficult to account for the fizzing, unless some part of the lamp was not quite dry, or the wick became damp in some way. Try the effect of thoroughly drying the machinery of the lamp in front of the fire, and putting in a fresh wick, and this may also be dried before it is put in. If this does not succeed, you had better take it to a lamp shop to be seen to.



Lace Parure.

Plastron of coloured silk, veiled with lace; collar and band to match.

Swallow.—Rubber stamps with monograms of two letters may be procured from Mr. E. C. Prestridge, 22, Cumberland Street, Bristol.



New Bonnets and Dress Ornaments.

Myra's Answers on Health and Personal Attention.

LILLY BOY.—(1) It is the ordinary medicinal aromatic sal volatile that is used, and it can be obtained of any chemist. You may use it every day without fear of injuring the hair. (2) Any general means of reducing the size would be available, but Turkish or vapour baths and massage are the most effectual. The face-steamer will do quite well, but once a day should be enough. (3) You will find particulars of Mr. Mason's Eyebrow and Eyelash Tonic in his advertisement in this journal. It has proved successful in a number of instances, and is perfectly safe to use. (4) The best rouge is composed of carthamum powder mixed with talc de Venise; you can buy these ingredients and mix them yourself to any shade you like. Very finely-powdered French chalk would do in place of the talc. Carmine, if used for any length of time, is apt to give a yellow tinge to the skin; this the carthamum powder will not do.

SCOTIA.—To make glycerine jelly dissolve an ounce of pure gelatine in half a pint of boiling water. Add half a pint each of glycerine and orange-flower water, and a teaspoonful of essence of bergamotte. Stir well, pour into jars, and allow it to cool and set.

GLYCEROLE OF TANNIN.—Yes, perfectly harmless. We can hardly suggest to you anything better for the purpose you require. It is a liquid, and beneficial for application to the complexion generally.

VIOLET F.—1. We cannot recommend the use of the heavy tongs, and advise you to send to Mr. G. Lichtenfeld, 79, Regent Street, for his Automatic Waver, 2s. 8d. post free. This will not injure your hair, and you can use the waver with or without a curling fluid. Either of the spirits named could be used, but the perfume would not be pleasant. The waver need not be used more than twice a week. 2. See the reply to Phryne Gerard in the last number; massage and vapour baths are the best treatment, but it is a matter of time. 3. To make the hair fluffy sprinkle it with aromatic sal-volatile. 4. Send to Mr Mason for a box of Strachan's corn plasters, they will give you great relief. 5. Jaborandi hair tonic will strengthen your hair. 6. We can procure for you from Paris the Sourcilium Eau for the growth of the lashes, and the Sourcilium Pâte, to make them look long and thick; they cost 5s. 6d. each, post free. But you would find it quite as easy to send a post office order for the amount to E. Senet, Parfumerie Exotique, 35, Rue du Quatre-Septembre, Paris. You can write in English, but whether you send direct or through our office, mention the colour of your eyelashes, as the preparations are made in several shades.

MISS J. T.—Freckles are often very obstinate to treat, and if of long standing, perseverance in the use of the remedy is required. The best freckle cure we know of is that of which full particulars will be found in Mr. Mason's advertisement in this journal. Its power is to a great extent based on the use of a new scientific discovery—the actual fatty matter of the skin and hair, which enables the remedy to penetrate the epidermis.

WHITE PEARL.—1. You may make the solution much stronger—in fact, put in as much borax as it will dissolve—with perfect safety. Try Cream of Stephanotis for the nose (see Mr. Mason's advertisement.) 2. Answered elsewhere. 3. The best cough mixture is Mullen's Pectoral. You will find it described in Mr. Mason's Postal List.

PALM.—Procure the finest oatmeal you can get—oat flour in fact. To every pound of this add 2oz. of rice flour and 1oz. of Castile soap in powder. Mix well in 10 drops of otto of rose and 20 drops of otto of lavender. Keep it in a closed tin or jar.

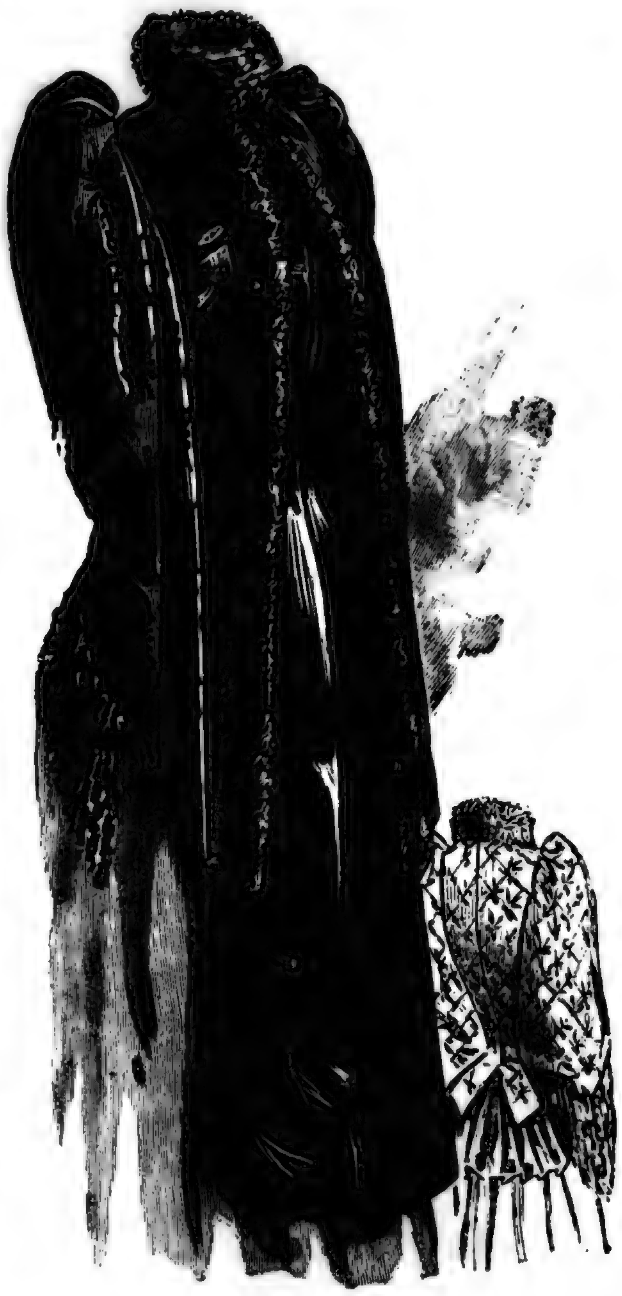
VENTNOR.—Vapour baths are an important item in the treatment of all forms of skin affections, and they may be taken daily or only three or four times a week as the case demands. The diet must be carefully regulated and all stimulants and highly spiced foods should be avoided. As a local application there is nothing that will compare with Vinolia, and you may safely use the cream and powder.

JEANETTE.—As you say your hair is nearly black, the grey hairs are of course very noticeable. We advise you to apply Mason's Garrison Dye, which is at once cleanly, permanent, and economical. Being in one solution, it is very easy of application. Send postal order for 3s. 6d. to Mr. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich.

NELLIE G.—1. Yes, lemon juice has a good effect on the complexion, as it clears the blood; you should eat the lemons Italian fashion, rind and all; you will soon like them very much. 2. Rimmel's Violet Scented Oatmeal is the best and most delicate prepared oatmeal for toilet purposes; you will find it a delightful preparation.

MRS. S. S.—If the superfluous hair is not a marked disfigurement let it alone. If it is, you may readily remove it by the use of a good depilatory. The best is that of which you will find a description in Mr. Mason's advertisement in this journal. One of our readers writes: "I must express my satisfaction with the depilatory; trom experience I can say that its repeated use tends to extirpate the hair, the growth of which is now so weak and dead that a rare application suffices; formerly it was strong and troublesome."

RHONE.—As an antiseptic mouth wash, one of the best things possible is a solution of permanganate of potash. It should be made of the strength of 2 grains to the ounce. A teaspoonful of this should be put into a wineglassful of water, and the mouth frequently rinsed with it. It will not interfere with the use of any dentifrice.



FASHIONABLE VISITE.

Visite in plain black velvet and broché velvet on a silk ground. Short back of broché with tabs falling on a pleated basque of velvet. Sleeves of broché with the front part of plain velvet; paletot fronts of velvet with long mantilla ends. Trimming of marabout and chenille fringe.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patters, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

GERALDINE.—Ten grains of sulphate of zinc to one ounce of rosewater makes a good lotion for a greasy or shiny skin. Cheap French or German white wine, however, makes a still better and cheaper lotion.

CURLEW.—Yes, it is very annoying to lose your hair and to find it becoming grey at your age, but we think a few bottles of Mason's Jaborandi Hair Tonic will soon remedy both these failings. This tonic has been exceptionally successful in treating such cases as yours. Send postal order for 3s. 6d. to Philip Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, and you will receive a bottle by parcel post, securely packed from observation.

AXIS.—You complain that, though anxious to use soft water for the toilet, you cannot obtain it free from a brown colour and an unpleasant smell. The best preventive of these drawbacks is to always keep the cistern or butt which contains it tightly covered, and to keep in the water itself several large pieces of charcoal.

SOLIDITY.—1. Rowing and riding would both be good forms of exercise for you; in fact, any and every kind of exercise will be beneficial, including dancing and gymnastics. 2. Yes, excellent in every respect. 3. Sponge the body all over with Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar diluted with tepid water; then rest on the sofa.

MINNIE.—Use Mason's Russet Hair Stain; it will give just the shade you want, and is very lasting and cleanly. For light brown hair this is the very best stain we know. Price 3s. 6d. Address, Philip Mason Bank Plain, Norwich.

BRIAR ROSE.—(1) The preparation you mean is undoubtedly the Pâte des Prélats of the Parfumerie Exotique (E. Senet, 35, Rue de Quatre Septembre, Paris). It is very beneficial in keeping the skin smooth and soft. (2) All chemists keep the Vinolia preparations; you should have the powder in the natural or cream tint. You will find it thoroughly impalpable and perfectly safe, and may use it as freely as you like.

HYPATIA.—Crowsfeet are the earliest indication of wrinkles, which wi'l soon appear unless proper treatment is employed. Crowsfeet and wrinkles are due to two causes working together, namely, the shrinking of the fatty tissue just beneath the skin and the loss of elasticity of the skin itself. The best remedy is Dr. Anna Kingsford's thick Emulsine of Cucumbers, a little of which should be carefully rubbed across the wrinkles every night. The use of this excellent preparation perfectly preserves the skin from ill-effects of rough, cold weather, and renders it white, soft, and elastic. It is made only by Philip Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, who will send you a supply on receipt of postal order for 3s. 6d.

YOUNG MOTHER.—It is really a mistake to put a young baby to bed with the bottle, so that it can feed or sleep as it chooses; it is a much better plan to give it a proper feeding and then put it in its crib; the child will sleep much more soundly without the bottle. Of course, if you have allowed your baby to go to sleep with the bottle, it will be very difficult to break it of the bad habit, but you had better do so at once. In cleaning the bottles, rinse them ffrst with cold water, then wash with soap and water and a brush, rinse again, and ten minutes before it is required, scald it and dry it thoroughly before the fire. A little soda may be distilled in the water used for rinsing the bottles.

VIOLA.—For removing blemishes of the skin, and restoring and preserving the complexion, you cannot have a better preparation than Mason's Cream of Stephanotis. This is a healing lotion, compounded with perfectly pure ingredients, and it is delightfully perfumed. Its use is most cooling and refreshing. Send postal order for 3s. 6d. to Philip Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, for a bottle.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.—1. It is annoying but you must not give up in despair; do as you suggest and try the effect of Harlene in arresting the falling off of your hair. We have heard good accounts of its efficacy. 2. Yes for Pear's soap, especially as it suits your skin so well. 3. Not at your age; if you do theset hings now what will you do at thirty-seven, when you really may require a little aid from art. 4. The corset we should recommend is the stockingette corset bodice supplied by Mesdames Edmonds and Orr, 47, Wigmore Street. Write to them for particulars, and see "Spinnings in Town" for description of the corset.

AMARYLLIS.—You can easily lighten the colour of your hair and make it much brighter by the use of peroxide of hydrogen. Indeed, by its frequent use you can attain a light golden shade. There are, however, many strengths of this preparation, so to avoid disappointment we always recommend that made by P. H. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, who, upon the receipt of 4s., will send you a supply by post

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No Toilet Preparation is more subject to fraudulent imitation than the VERITABLE EAU DE NINON, of the Parfumerie Ninon, 31, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris. This exquisite Lotion, which effaces wrinkles and restores whiteness to the skin and bloom to the complexion, is sent post free on receipt of a Post Office Order for 6 francs, according to the size of the bottle, and 50 centimes extra for postage.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ENGRAVINGS.

Giving Details of the Latest Styles, Colours, and Materials.

Elegant Mantles at Messrs. Hayward's.
Page 6.

Fig. 1. Jacket of seal plush, with double-breasted fronts lined with sealskin, the right front turned back to form a revers. High collar, lined with sealskin. Trimming of narrow black-and-gold braid on the pockets, cuffs, and jacket fronts. Henry VIII. hat of shaded velvet, and pleated brim of shaded ribbon to match; plume of black feathers at the back.

Fig. 2. Elegant mantle in black velvet, with broché satin design; this is employed for the sleeves, which are bordered with passementerie pendants; the front and back of plain velvet, with a point of passementerie on the back. Black feather trimming round the neck and down the fronts. Chapeau with crown of black velvet, and brim of black feathers and black and yellow velvet; bow and feathers to match.

Fig. 3. Evening cloak of pale grey corduroy cloth, ornamented with embroidery in shaded blue and pink jewels, and lining of shotblue and pink silk, to correspond with the opalescent passementerie. Border of grey Thibet fur round the collar and cloak. Coiffure of yellow lilac, resting on a circlet of yellow velvet.

Fashionable Winter Chapeaux. Page 9.

Fig. 1. Green velvet hat, the brim raised at the back; drapery of cream velvet across the front, and plume of green feathers at the back.

Fig. 2. Toque of jet cabochons with a jet bird in front, veiled in black frosted tulle.

Fig. 3. Black velvet hat, with waved brim turned up at the back. In front a full drapery of white gauze forming a fluted ruche, and a group of black wings at the back.

Fig. 4. Black velvet capôte with a flounce of cream Russian lace rising over the crown, and a drapery of grey velvet above the brim. Aigrette bow of grey ribbon in front, and black velvet strings.

Fig. 5. Black felt hat, the wide brim raised at the back. Long feathers covering the crown and falling at the back, and aigrette bow of black satin ribbon in front. The brim lined with black frosted tulle.

Fig. 6. Capôte of black velvet, with full crown and gauged brim; a fold of turquoise blue satin ribbon above the brim, with bows of blue and gold coloured ribbon front and back. Black velvet strings.

Fig. 7. Draped capôte of dark red velvet with the brim covered with large sequins to match. Black lace covering the crown and rosette of lace in front; flat bows of red velvet laid on the crown and strings to match.

Fig. 8. Hat of navy-blue felt lined with blue velvet. Drapery of blue crépon round the crown and bows of satin ribbon front and back. Small aigrette bow of Ophelia satin ribbon.

Toilettes for Weddings. Page 14.

Fig. 1. Bridal dress in white duchesse satin. Princess dress with long rounded train; the bodice fastened in front and ornamented with bretelles of lace ending under the draped band of satin with a spray of flowers on each side. Tablier of lace, drawn to the left side and draped with flowers, and a lace coquillé falling at the side of the train. Puffed elbow sleeve of lace, the lower part of satin; lace collar. Fine wreaths of flowers round the neck and wrists. Veil of Mechlin tulle, fastened on the head with a small wreath of flowers and puffed at the top. Quantity of material required, satin 20 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress for a wedding in stalk-green faille, the front of the skirt trimmed with three V points of cream guipure insertion with a graduated flounce below the lowest V. Bodice with flat basque added at the waist under a band of guipure, and edged with a narrow flounce, two rows of guipure forming figaro jacket fronts. Collar and cravat of guipure fastened with a diamond brooch. Gigot sleeves striped with guipure. Capote of roses with pleated lace wings in front. Quantity of material required, faille 10 yards.

Fig. 3. Bridesmaid's hat in white beaver trimmed with white velvet roses and bows of green velvet.

Fig. 4. Bridal toilette of rich white corded silk, the front of the gored skirt draped over the edge of the bodice, and trimmed on each side with long trails of orange-blossom, with white satin bows at intervals, the ends falling over the top of a draped flounce of Brussels point. Smaller sprays on the side gores, and at the top of the long square train on each side. Short-waisted bodice with draped fronts, crossed and fastened on the left side over a lace chemisette and collar. Draped fichu of mousseline de soie edged with lace and crossed in front, the left side ending under the draped corselet band. The upper part of the sleeve of silk, the lower part of lace with a lace drapery at the elbow. Flowers on the left shoulder and on the sleeves. Tulle veil and diadem wreath of orange-blossom. Quantity of material required, 22 yards.

New Winter Cloaks and Jackets. Page 23.

Fig. 1. Long cloak of copper-coloured Amazon cloth, with loose paletot fronts and tight-fitting back ending in a pleated skirt. The right front crosses to the left and fastens thence in a straight line to the edge; on each side is a small opening showing the dress underneath. Coat sleeve and over-sleeve shaped like a visite sleeve, and open at the seam for the arm to pass through, the hanging part drawn in by a jet ornament; trimming of jet galon. High collar bordered with feather trimming, and small cape trimmed with narrow black galon. Sealskin muff. Draped toque of black velvet. Quantity of material required, cloth 6 yards.

Fig. 2. Redingote of mastic cloth with pleated skirt at the back; the fronts fastened invisibly and ornamented with buttons at the waist. Basques of white cloth added at the sides under a band to match; the basques simulate buttoned pocket flaps in front, and are cut to form a small point at the back. Double cape, full at the edge and open in front; large revers and collar of white cloth attached to the cape; collar of mastic cloth with brown feather bordering on the redingote. Coat sleeve. Stitching round all the edges. Beige felt hat trimmed with beige mousseline de soie and bronze wings. Quantity of material required, 6½ yards.

Fig. 3. Empire jacket in beetle brown plush and green cloth, with pipings of white silk. Tight-fitting jacket open over a plain plastron of cloth, the fronts of the basque lined with cloth and turned back in revers. Short cape open in front and turned back with small revers. Cloth collar with a rouleau of white silk in the centre. Full sleeve with deep cuff. White ribbon waistband fastened on the left side with a large bow. Skirt of the brown plush, the seams opened at the edge and ornamented with cloth revers piped with white matching those on the jacket. Empire bonnet of brown plush trimmed with green feathers and white pipings and strings. Quantity of material required, plush 7 yards.

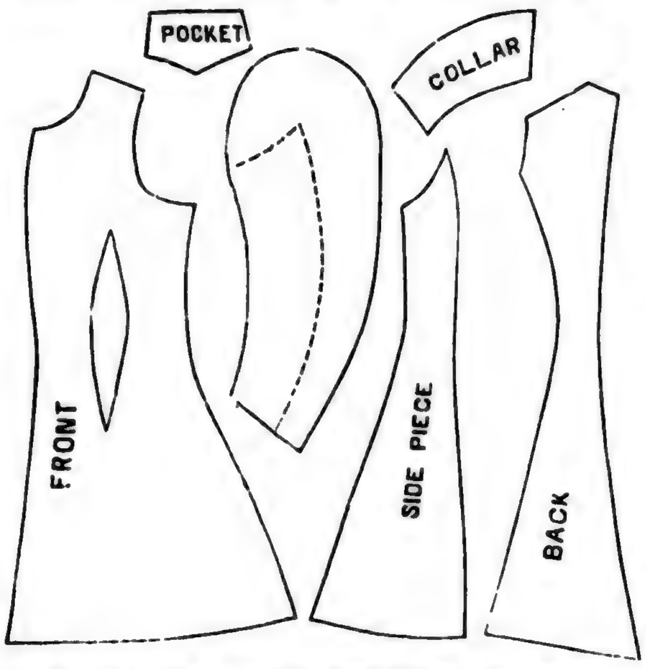


Diagram of the Cut-out Paper Pattern.

Fig. 4. Full cape of black cloth over an under cape edged with a pleated flounce of lace. High open collar bordered with a feather boa, the long ends falling loose in front. Black felt hat trimmed with shot green and red mousseline de soie and black feathers. Quantity of material required, cloth 1 yard.

Fig. 5. Jacket of black velvet opening over a princess dress of leather-coloured cloth, ornamented down the front with black silk and bead embroidery. Bretelles of leather-coloured plush, embroidered with black, crossed on the chest, and the fringed ends secured on the hips. Deep cuffs to match below the full velvet sleeves. Plush collar to the dress, and high open collar of velvet lined with plush on the jacket. Capote of gold embroidery and jet, trimmed with black and beige feathers. Quantity of material required, velvet 5 yards.

New Bonnets and Dress Ornaments. Page 29.

Fig. 1. Plastron of coloured surah for wearing with an open jacket. It consists of a collar and flat plastron, ornamented with silk embroidery, and a full front gathered up at the neck, and fastened under a little bow of surah.

Fig. 2. Velvet chapeau lined with lace, and bordered with curled black feathers. Trimming of cream velvet and black lace, a plume of black feathers and spangled quill feathers. Black velvet strings.

Fig. 3. Miss Helyett. Band in jet, with points in front, studded with square cabochons, and edged with a deep fringe of jet, tipped with pointed tags.

Fig. 4. Black velvet hat with fine jet passementerie on the brim. Band and bows of shot ribbon with plumes of black feathers and jet clasps.

Fig. 5. Cache-peigne for bonnet in cut jet.

Fig. 6. Hat of black velvet with pink piping edging the brim. Black lace draped on the crown, folded band and bow of pink ribbon and pink velvet roses and black aigrette at the back.

Fig. 7. Black crape bonnet with pleating of crape on the brim, and pleated crest at the back. Bows and strings of black ribbon.

Fig. 8. Bronze straw hat. A wreath of black feathers on the brim, and plume and aigrette at the top.

Fig. 9 Half mourning capote of embroidered gauze with jetted wings and ribbon bows.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

No. 1. Embroidered Band.—The band is worked in stem-stitch and buttonhole stitch, and is suitable for trimming children's pinafores and other purposes.

No. 2. Border in Crochet.—This handsome pattern may be worked in cotton for bordering pillow slips, quilts, etc., or in silk for dress trimmings, and can be repeated to any width and size. It is composed of wheels worked separately, and either joined in working, or sewn together, as preferred. The heading is worked along the whole length when a sufficient number of wheels have been joined together. For the wheels, make a ring of nine chain, into this work eighteen double crochet, then fifteen chain, work back on these twenty double, join by one single to ring, turn and work twenty double, taking up the back of the stitch, turn again and work twenty double with purls of five chain after the second, seventh, twelfth, and seventeenth stitches; one single in ring, one single in next stitch of ring, and repeat five times, joining the fifteen chain to the previous bar of double between the second and third purl. The wheels may be made larger if liked by increasing the number of chain, and the double stitches and purls worked on them. The first row of the heading is composed of chain, with single or treble stitches on the wheels as required. The second row consists of one treble, one chain.

No. 3. Embroidery on Perforated Cloth.—This easy pattern in straight and slanting stitches is worked with silk in four shades of one colour for the slanting stitches, and gold-coloured silk for the upright stitches.

No. 4. Embroidered Border for Pillow-case.—This is worked on linen with white flax thread for trimming pillow-cases; if used for other purposes it may be worked with coloured flax thread or silks. The borders of linen tea-table cloths are generally worked in white and one colour, pale green, pale blue, or terra cotta, or shrimp pink being those generally preferred.

No. 5. Design in Tapestry Work.—Three colours only are required for this pattern; black for the black squares, light grenat for the white squares, and gold colour for the crossed squares.

Nos. 6 and 9. Borders for Sachets.—These borders and corners will be found suitable and pretty ornamentations for glove and handkerchief sachets made of plain or damask silk or satin in light colours. The monogram, or other device, may be worked in the centre.

Nos. 7 and 10. Squares in Guipure d'Art.—These small squares may be used for the centres of d'oyleys and other purposes. They are in the usual stitches, darning, linen, and point d'esprit.

No. 8. Corner of Small Cloth.—The cloth is of pale china-blue figured satin de luxe, with an applied border of old red satin forming an insertion; the flowers on this are worked in three shades of old blue and the leaves and stalks in green and brown. The fancy stitches are in réséda, and the scalloped border is overcast with old gold silk.

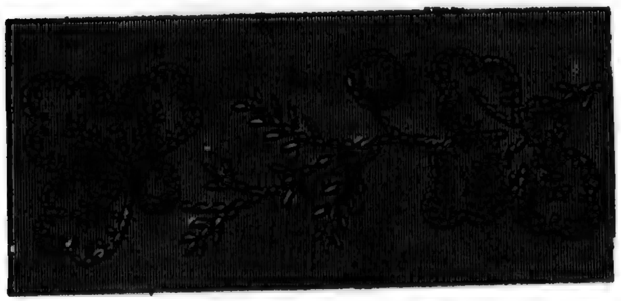
No. 11. Design in Cross-Stitch.—The pattern may be worked in a small size for mats or d'oyleys, and in a larger size on coarse étamine for a quilt; the squares to be divided by plain material or by lace

No. 12. Corner of Handkerchief. — The initial is embroidered on an application of net, the remainder of the design is embroidered on the cambric in satin stitch and small dots.

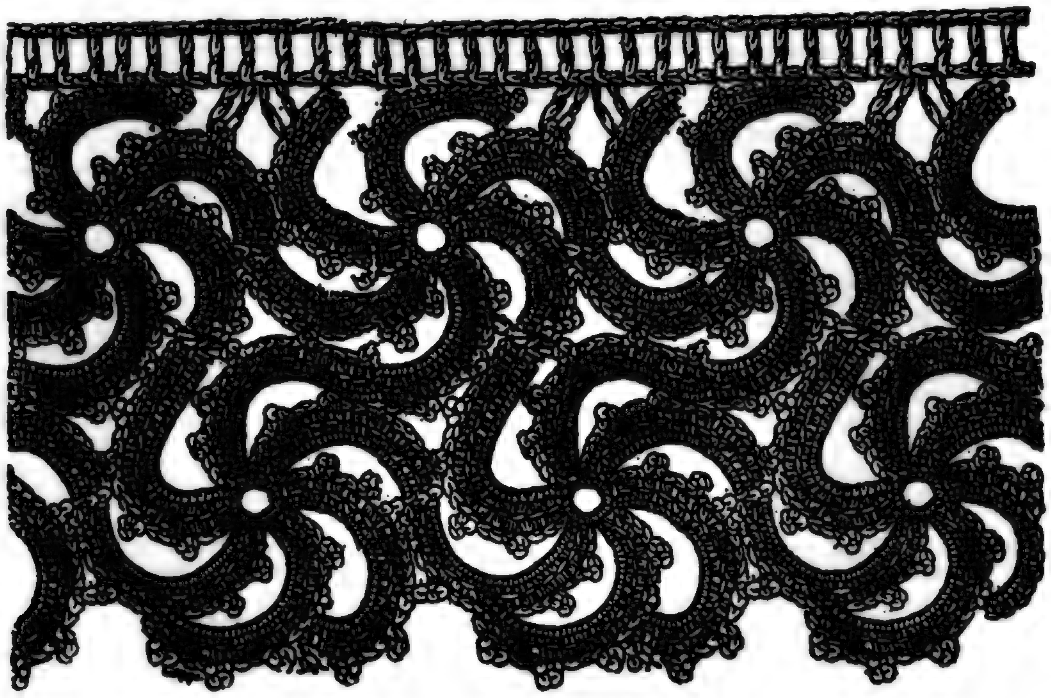
DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

Dinner dress of pink bengaline, the narrow tablier framed by bands of black velvet and crossed at the edge by a drapery of pink crêpe de chine studded with jet. Pointed bodice of bengaline, plain on one side, and with a coquillé drapery on the other, and opening over a draped plastron of crêpe de chine. Puffed elbow sleeves of crêpe studded with jet, edged with lace ruffles, and velvet bands and bows. Pointed waistband of velvet

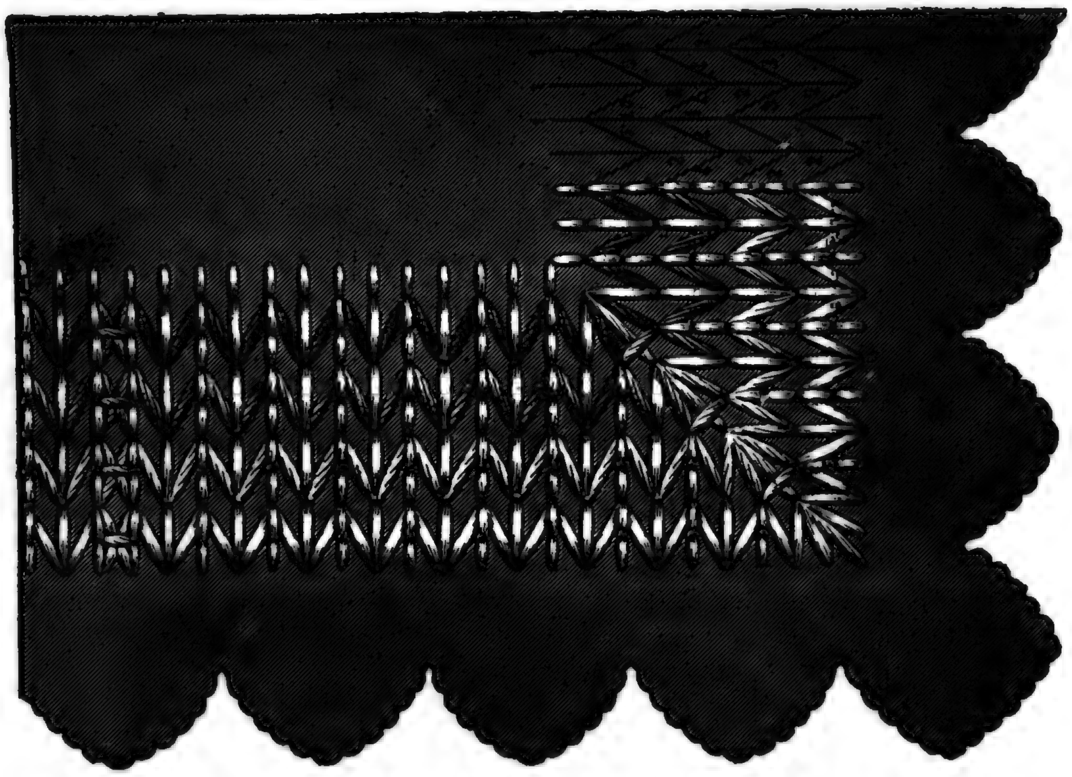
NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.



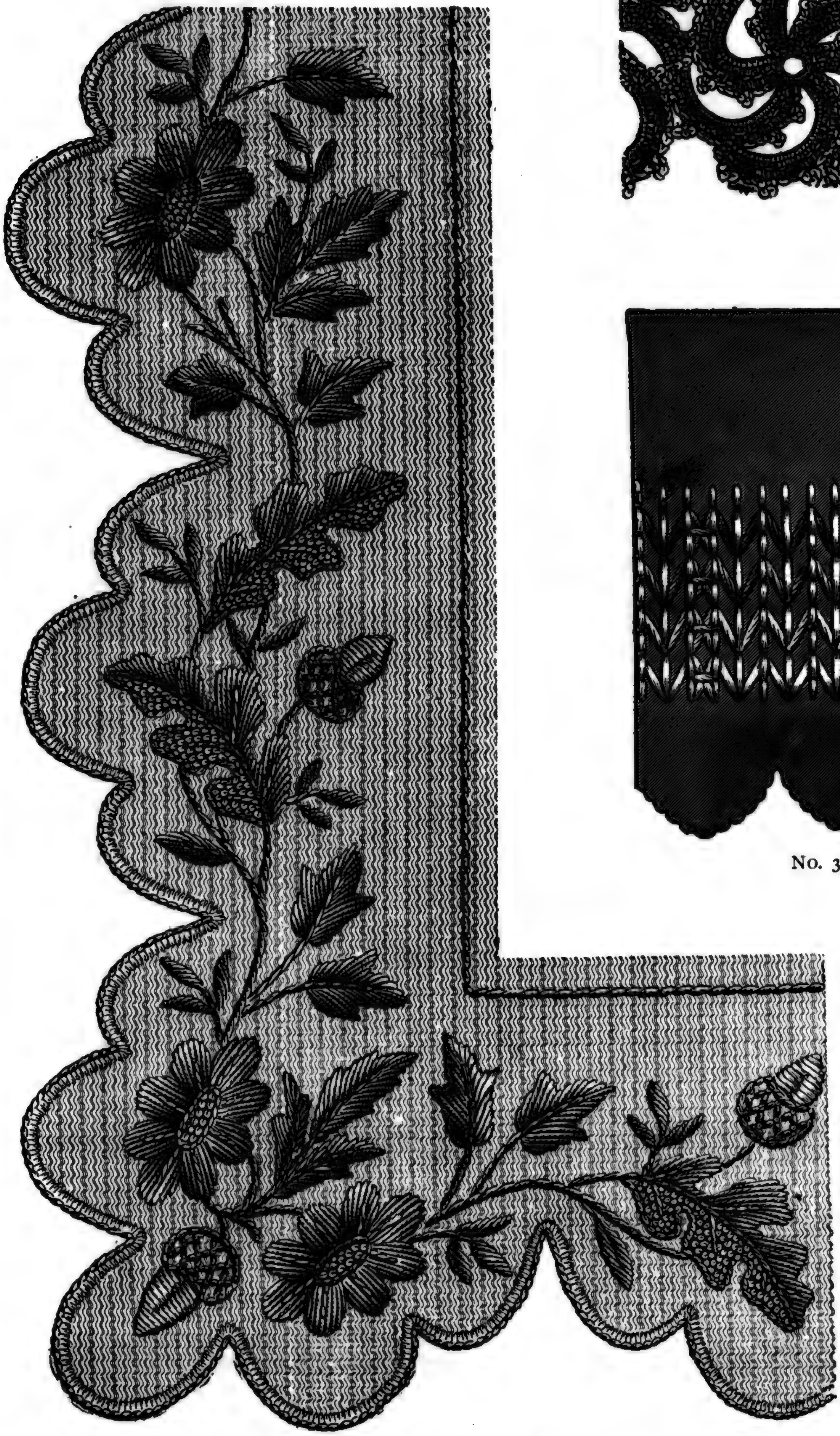
No. 1. Embroidered Band.



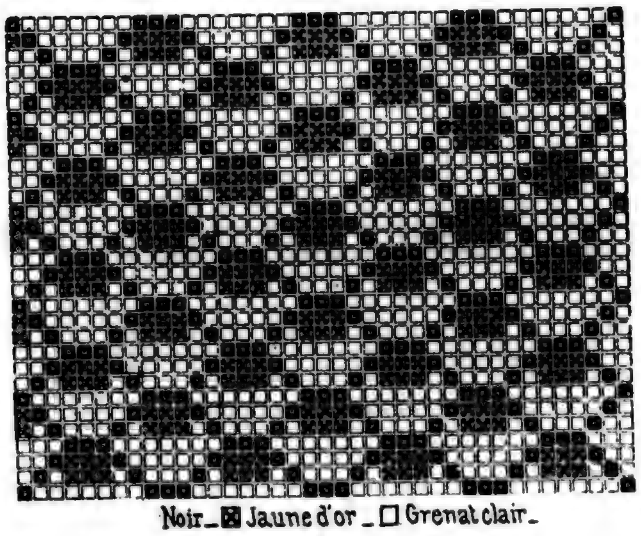
No. 2. Border in Crochet.



No. 3. Embroidery on Perforated Cloth.



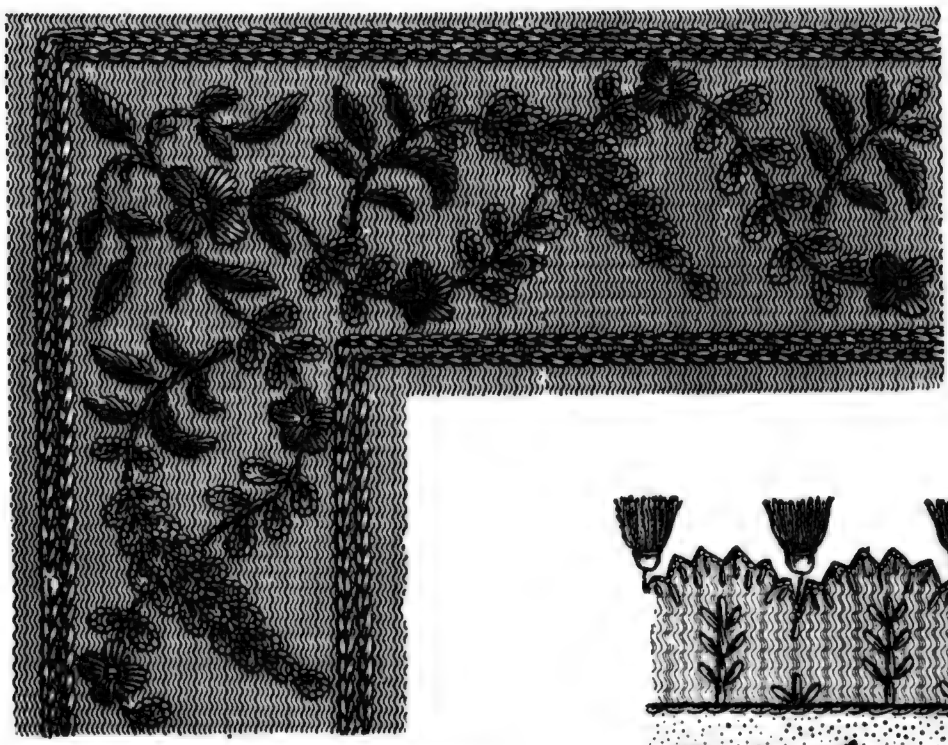
No. 4. Embroidered Border for Pillow-case.



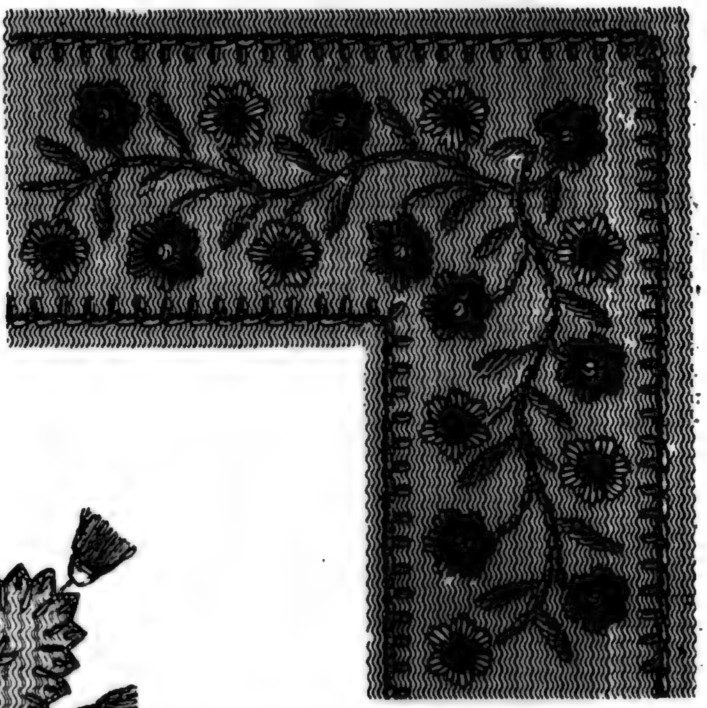
No. 5. Design in Tapestry Work.

We beg to recommend Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., Derby, for every

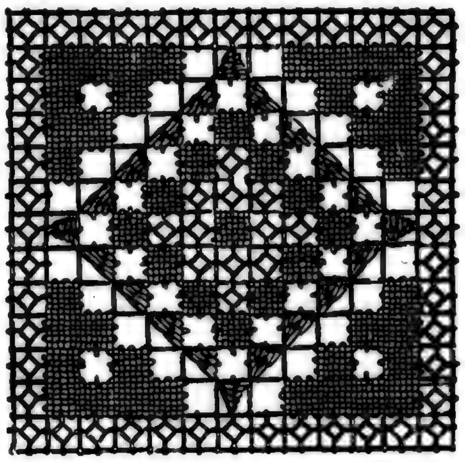
NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.



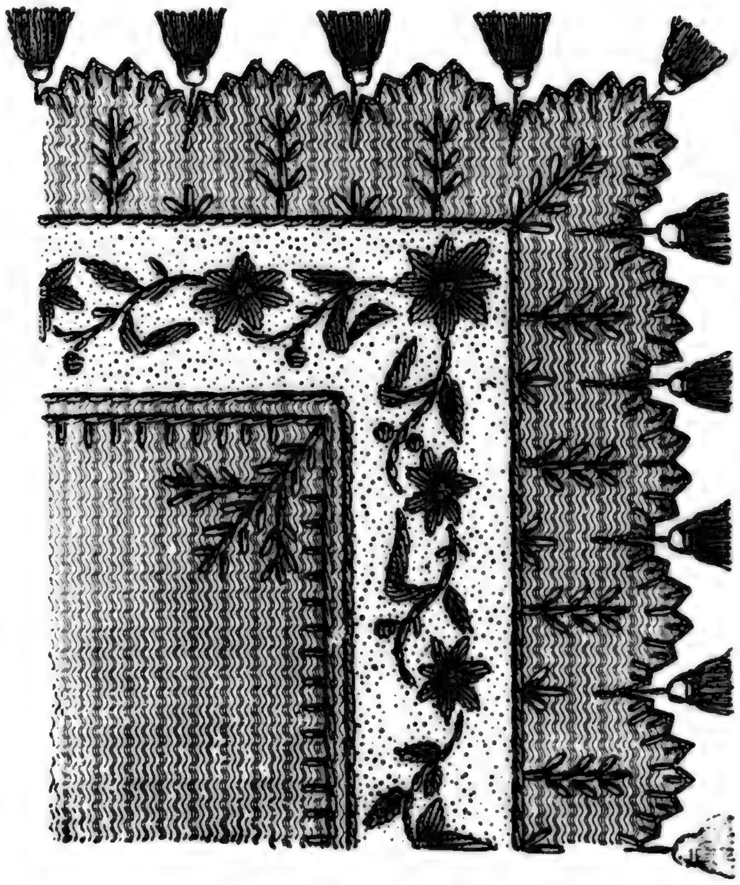
No. 6. Border for Sachet.



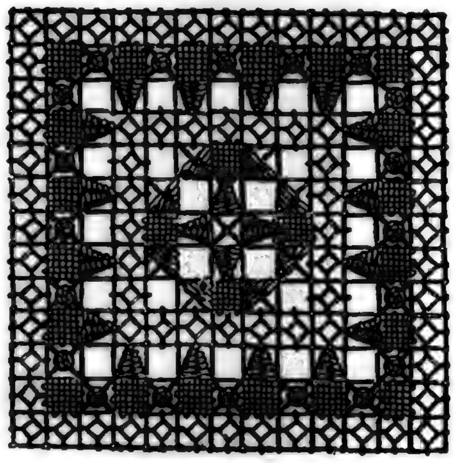
No. 9. Border for Sachet.



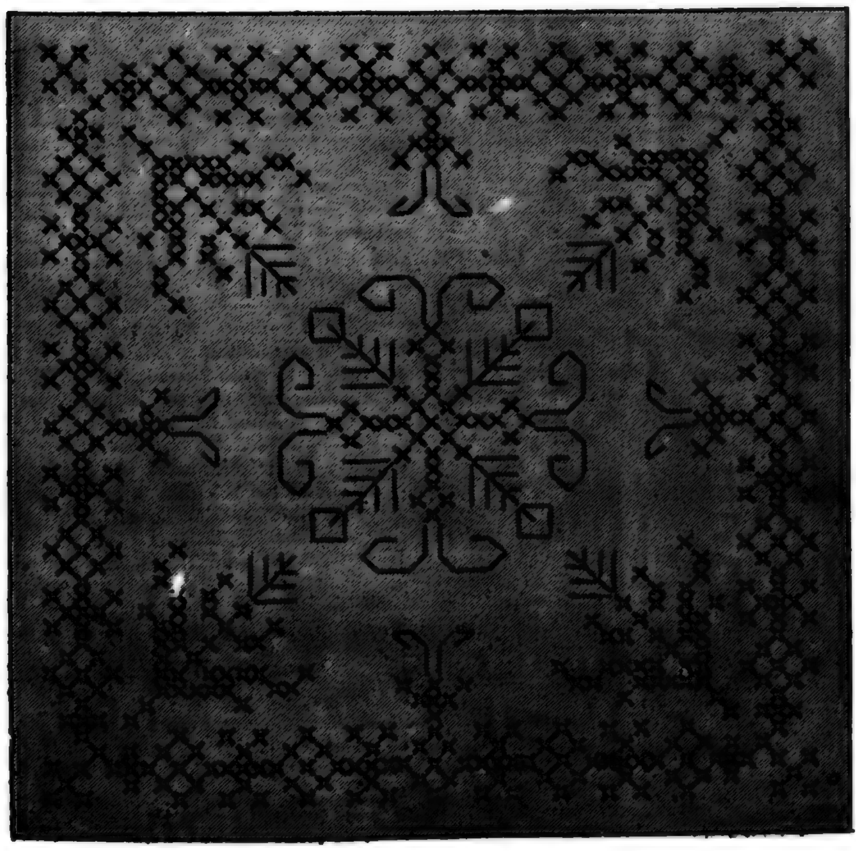
No. 7. Square in Guipure d'Art.



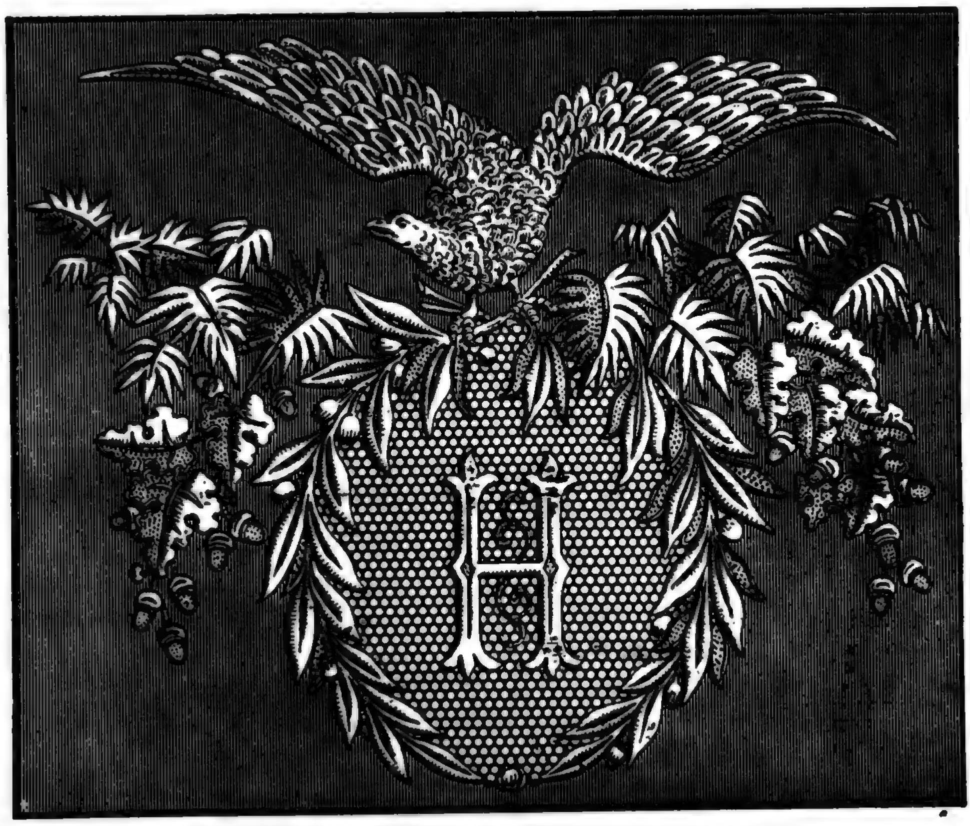
No. 8. Corner of Small Cloth.



No. 10. Square in Guipure d'Art.



No. 11. Design in Cross Stitch.



No. 12. Corner of Handkerchief.

kind of Crochet and Knitting Cotton, Embroidery, and Maltese Thread.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

The pattern is that of a three-quarter length tight-fitting jacket, made in the fashionable shape with only one side-piece. It may be made in serge cloth or in beaver cloth, bound round the edges with braid and trimmed in front in military style with wide or narrow braid. The collar may be worn standing up or turned down. Quantity of material required—3½ yards. The pattern of a pocket flap for pockets in the basque is also given, and may be used or not as liked.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES.

Fig. 1. Smart Tea-gown in Directoire style. Skirt of soft pale heliotrope silk edged with a flounce of cream lace. Bodice of heliotrope velvet, cut low and double-breasted over a plastron of the silk. The revers form deep pleated epaulets on the shoulder, half veiled by epaulets of lace. Sleeves of lace drawn in below the elbow to form a deep puff and flounce. Velvet collar. Sash of wide ribbon.

Fig. 2. Tea-gown of Indian pink surah with pleated panel in front. Deep collar of guipure embroidery. Long scarf of chiffon caught up in puffs on the front of the corsage, then draped round to the right hip and arranged here in a bow, and long pleated end. Elbow sleeves of surah with puff and flounces of chiffon drawn in by a band and bow of ribbon at the elbows.

Fig. 3. Tea-gown of Louis velveteen, with low corselet bodice over an under bodice of fancy silk. The skirt opens in slightly draped panels over an under-skirt of the silk. Cravat bow of crêpe de chine and long scarf caught up in puffs down the front. Puffed sleeves of crêpe de chine drawn in with ribbon.

Fig. 4. Skirt of pink broché surah, open in front over an accordeon-pleated skirt of pale blue mousseline de soie; bodice of the same, the pleats opening at the hip to form a small puff, marking the edge of the bodice, the upper part cut in a V point over a plastron and collar of the pink broché. Sleeves of broché, with puffs at the elbow of blue mousseline de soie. Bands of pink ribbon are carried from the right shoulder, and form a sash bow at the waist on the left side.

Fig. 5. Elegant Tea-gown of emerald green velvet bordered with beaver fur and open in front over an under-dress of the palest mauve surah. Bows to match, joining the fronts on the chest and at the waist. Long sleeves of velvet, caught up in a puff at the shoulder by a band of fur, the lower part open and lined with surah; plain under-sleeves of surah.

Fig. 6. Princess dress of light grey blue cashmere, ornamented with handsome embroidery applied on dark red velvet. The bodice is cut low, and the skirt opens over a pleated bodice and draped tablier of silk. Coat sleeves of cashmere, with embroidery at the wrist.

To prevent any possibility of mistake by Ladies inexperienced in the use of Paper Patterns,
Every part of the Pattern is Stamped.

MYRA'S
RELIABLE PAPER PATTERNS.

—:o:—

FLAT PATTERNS (Stock Size **24** in. Waist and **36** in. Bust) of any Costumes, Mantles, Lingerie, Underclothing, or Draperies, illustrated in Myra's Journal and The Lady's Magazine .. .. **6d.**

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N.B.—In order to ensure perfect accuracy in the fit and set of the Dress, &c., Madame Myra encloses with each Made-up Model all the Flat Patterns necessary to cut out by.

These can be cut equally from illustrations appearing in Myra's Publications or elsewhere, and are especially recommended as doing away with the difficulties sometimes met with by inexperienced hands in using stock-size Patterns.

MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED.

......Size of Waist.
......Bust under Arms.
......Size round Shoulders.
......Size across Chest.
......Size across Back.
......Length of Back.
......Length of Neck to Waist.
......Length under Arm.
....Length of Shoulder.
....Length of Arm, Shoulder to Elbow
....Elbow to Wrist.
....Length inside Arm.
....Size of Neck.
....Size round Hips.

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Ladies who will go out by the day to make or mend children's clothing:—

Mrs. Edward Trodd, 84, Walton Street, Brompton Road, S.W.

Ladies who undertake all kinds of fancy work, crochet, knitting, &c.:—

Miss Brooks, 10, Cumberland Place, Hereson, Ramsgate.

Professional Packer—Miss Jane H. Kerr, 10, Selby Road, Anerley, S.E.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

It is with great pleasure that we have to announce another capital competition, the subject of it being the design for a tea-cosy, given in our August number. The judges were more than ever struck with the variety of ways in which the design was treated, no two of the tea-cosies resembling each other in the slightest degree, and with the general excellence of the work and taste displayed in the choice of colours and materials.

The first prize is awarded to Mrs. Crosthwait, of the Island of Madeira, one of the first and most constant contributors to these competitions. The design is worked on grey blue satin, with silks shading from white to a delicate red shade, white jewels and gold thread. Great artistic taste is shown in the choice of the colouring, combined with a thorough appreciation of the design and faultless execution.

The winner of the second prize is Mrs. Domville Wynter, of Bury Old Road, Manchester. The work is executed in shades of terra-cotta silks and jewels, and gold thread on peacock-blue satin sheeting. Although we cannot altogether commend the colouring in this cosy, the beauty of the curves, the manner in which the design is expressed, and the excellence of the work, are all of a very high character.

Miss Bartlett, of Topsham, Devon, the winner of the third prize, shows great taste in the choice of colours, and in the manner in which she introduces jewels and spangles into her work. The tea cosy is of cream serge, and the design is executed in white and old gold silk, jewels in white and in shades of yellow, and gold spangles.

A beautiful tea cosy is sent by Miss Gregson, of Wandsworth; it is in white serge silk embroidered with silk in shades of terra cotta and green, gold thread, gold spangles and beads. For delicacy of colouring and variety of stitches this work could hardly be surpassed, but the design is not strictly adhered to, and the manner in which the spangles especially are employed, quite alters its character. It is, apart from this, a charming piece of work.

Mrs. Bartlett, of Topsham, sends a very original and effective cosy, worked in dull red, blue, gold, brown, and green silks, gold thread and jewels on a striped red and green ground, the centre part of the cosy being a band of dull red material, with green on either side of it.

Miss E. Reynolds sends a well-worked cosy in fine tussore silk, embroidered with shades of red silk and rubies.

The cosy sent by Mrs. F. P. North, of Streatham, is excellent as far as the execution goes, but the colouring on a cream satin ground is a little too vivid, not to say crude.

Another capital piece of work is Miss G. S. Hick's cosy, in pale cedar-brown silk, embroidered with gold coloured and blue silks, gold thread and jewels. The way in which red jewels are placed on blue embroidery is decidedly original.

Other specimens of work that are interesting from their good execution, or from the curious manner in which the design has been interpreted, are the following:—Amongst the first category that are notable for good work is the green bengaline cosy of Miss Hollingshead (of Willesden Park), with raised embroidery in shades of green silk and pearls; Mrs. Charles Dymock's cosy, in mastic satin sheeting embroidered with brown gold silks, spangles, and topaz jewels, and that sent by Miss Rettich (Streatham Common), in gold-coloured surah and silks.

Two of the more curious specimens of work are a cosy in dark red satin, embroidered with brown gold silks and jewels, a peculiar and not very successful effort at colouring, and a very primitive pink satin tea cosy with the design simply outlined in gold thread, with large pearl beads in place of jewels. For obvious reasons the names of these competitors are not given, nor of others whose work it is equally impossible to commend.

STYLISH MILLINERY.

Madame Stella, of 34, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, is showing some exceedingly stylish models of Parisian *chapeaux* from the best houses, and of bonnets and hats of her own making, all of which evince the innate taste of this clever modiste, who possesses in an eminent degree the gift of seeing at a glance what shape and colours will exactly suit each of her clients, and who has the happy knack of divining their tastes and requirements, and of never offering them *chapeaux* that would be unsuitable or, worse still, ridiculous.

One of the prettiest of the black velvet hats, of which there are many varieties, is in a Henri II. shape, with slightly draped rounded crown and brim turned up on each side. A band of fine jewelled passementerie surrounds the crown, and a clasp to match fastens in a plume of black feathers at the back. The hat is cut away at the back, where it is also trimmed with lace and black ribbon, a loop of which falls on the hair. This is one of the comparatively small shapes that are coming into vogue in Paris. Another of these ladylike models has a low crown and flat brim, and is trimmed with bows of wide black satin ribbon with broché pattern in gold colour, and a plume of black feathers.

One of the prettiest fashions in hats this season is that of having the crown and brim in different materials and colours; Madame Stella has some charmingly stylish models of this description, some in felt and velvet, but more often in cloth and velvet, the soft manageable cloth being much more to her taste than the inflexible felt, always a little *banal* and wanting in variety of shape. A lovely hat has the brim of black velvet and the low flat crown of dull red cloth embroidered with jet; another also has the brim of black velvet, but the crown of salmon-coloured velvet crossed with fine bars of jet; both these hats are trimmed with black feathers.

Cloth and felt hats are very inexpensive; pretty Henri II. hats in cloth, trimmed with gold passementerie and ribbon, cost 18s. 6d., and felt hats with trimming of ribbon and quill feathers are only 16s. 6d.; cloth bonnets to match the dress are 25s., and at this price, or less, there are many stylish and ladylike hats of different descriptions.

Madame Stella makes a speciality of bridesmaids' hats; a charming set shown us had the brims of beaver-coloured cloth, and the flat crown covered with brown net thickly embroidered with iridescent beads and spangles in copper shades; a plume of brown feathers completed the trimming.

Iridescent spangles or sequins are largely used in the ornamentation of the more dressy bonnets and hats, especially the sequins that show all the rich tints of autumn foliage; these, combined with small birds' wings in metallic hues, are wonderfully effective without being too showy. The bonnets in plain and embroidered velvet and cloth are models of good taste and style, many of the embroideries Madame Stella has secured being quite unique in pattern and style, while her plainer velvet and cloth bonnets are all that could be desired by those whose aim in dress is the simple elegance generally so hard to obtain, but the rule in this house.

A hat of a very uncommon description, and intended for wearing with tweed and cheviot costumes, has the brim covered with a single Argus feather, bent to the shape of the hat, and ending at the back under the folds of the soft shot silk 'kerchief that is draped on the crown, and that repeats the soft brown and grey shades of the feather. Bows of brown velvet are the only trimming. The Argus feather is supposed to bring good luck and to ensure the constancy of lovers; this merit, accompanied as it is by beautiful colouring and marking, ought to make the hats popular, especially as they are so pretty and stylish.

A few well chosen Parisian models of mantles, capes, and jackets, and a host of pretty novelties in crowns, clasps, diadems, and combs for the hair in fine jet and in a variety of shapes, may all be seen at Madame Stella's, and the same sure taste is shown in the choice of these as in the selection of hats and bonnets.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for Females quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. of all chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the Maker, E. T Towle, Chemist, Nottingham. *Beware of Imitations.*

To the Fair Sex.—Ladies' Hair Combings forwarded by post horoughly disentangled by New Process, made up and returned in three days, for 2s. per oz. Tails of Pure Long Hair, 10s. 6d., suitable for New Style.—T. S. Brown, Ladies' Hair Merchant, 3, Leece Street, Liverpool.

Our Lesson in Dressmaking: No. 63.

CAPE WITH HOOD AND NEW BODICES.

THE new capes for the winter are so like those that have been worn throughout the summer that, except for the change of trimmings, there s not very much to describe in them. Heavier cloths, especially serge cloths, are used for capes, and the trimmings consist of braiding, passementerie, velvet, and fur.

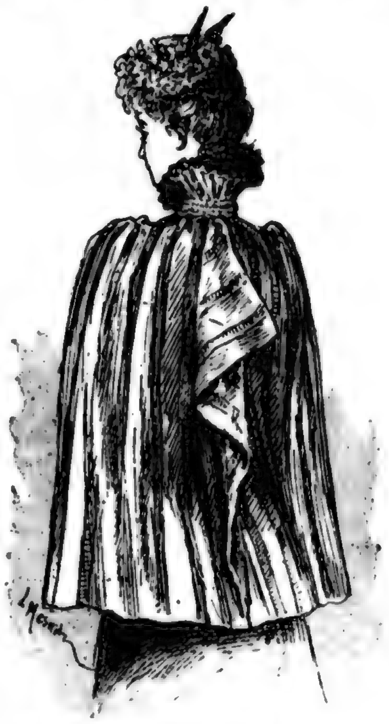


Fig. 1. Cape with Hood.

Many pretty variations on the ordinary circular cape are also worn, and some of these are long at the front and back, but short over the arms, and are very full flounces of graduated depth mounted on a pointed yoke, with a high open collar, and stiffened epaulets standing up over the shoulders.

A simpler and still prettier form of cape is that illustrated at fig. 1, which is a capital model for the autumn, and may be made with the greatest ease and economy. Any plain or figured material may be used for the purpose, and only two yards of material 44 inches wide are required for it.

One half the cape is given in the diagram, fig. 2, the second half being exactly similar to it, and the material folded up the centre of the back, where the cape is 32 inches deep. The lower edge is straight, the upper edge is sloped off towards the front, where it is only 29 inches deep. Along the top the cape is gathered up on each side from the front to the notch, 10 inches from the centre of the back. The two groups of gathers are joined at the notches, the 20 inches of material between them forming the pleat down the centre of the back. The collar is gathered up in three rows, and forms a graduated pleated ruche round the neck.

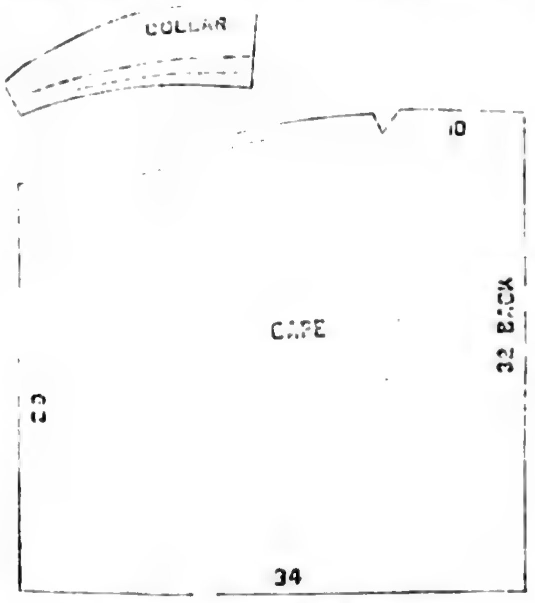


Fig. 2. Diagram of Cape.

For theatre wear the cape is very pretty made in lighter materials, such as voile over silk, woollens with silk stripes, and many silken fabrics. If these are too narrow to give the depth at the back, a sufficient number of breadths may be joined together, and the material made up the right way, instead of with the selvedge round. Cords and tassels or ribbon strings may be used for fastening the cape in front.

Scotch, Irish, and Yorkshire tweeds and rather rough navy blue serges are almost the only materials worn at present during the day, and no better materials could be desired, although it must be admitted that the inevitable open jacket is becoming a little monotonous. Serge dresses, as they are now worn, amount to a uniform, and if this state of affairs continues, the reproach of having no national costume will be removed from us; we shall have a very sensible national costume, consisting of a perfectly plain blue serge skirt and an open jacket of the same, with a little diversity in the shirt fronts and waistcoats worn with it.

The bodice, fig. 3, is a slight variation on the usual style of open jackets, and is suitable for tweeds, serges, homespuns and similar materials. The lining of the front is cut in the usual way with two breast-pleats, and is short, reaching to the waist only; it serves as a foundation for the full front of white or coloured silk, which is turned under at the waist. The jacket front, No. 1 of the diagram, fig. 4, is cut in a quite new manner; it has one wide pleat, and when this is joined the side and the lower part of the basque are joined to the first side piece, No. 2; the second side piece, No. 3 and the back, No. 4, complete the plain round basque, which may be left open in the centre of the back if liked. The revers is turned back at the dotted line, and the collar, No. 5, is joined to it from A on the revers, following the curved line round the neck to the centre of the back. The collar is turned down in continuation of the revers in an unbroken line. The collar is cut on the full bias without a seam at the back. The sleeve is in coat shape, with the pointed cuff, No. 6, on the outside of the arm. The fronts are fastened by a series of three graduated tabs of the dress material buttoned down on each side; for those to whom the loose jacket fronts are not becoming, this system of fastening them will be welcome.

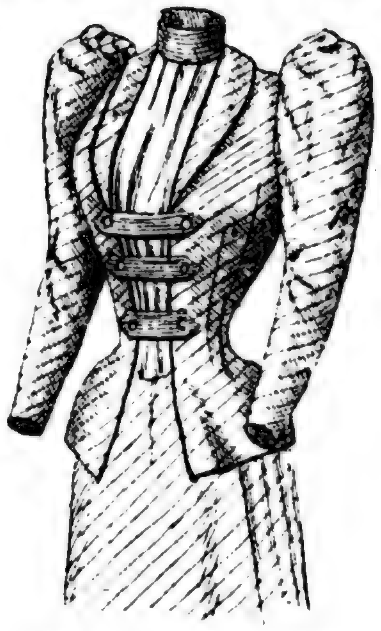


Fig. 3. Tweed Bodice.

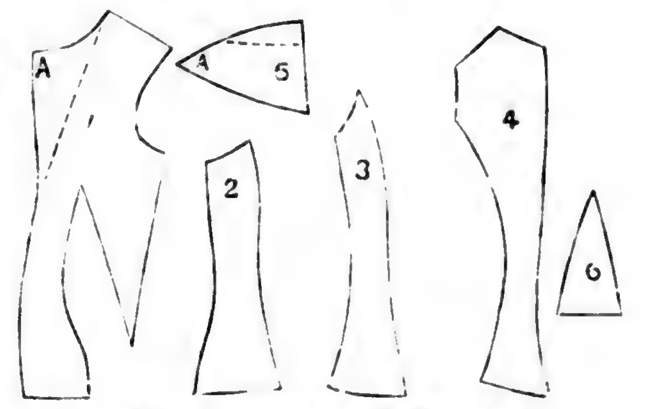


Fig. 4. Diagram of Bodice.

Fig. 5 is a new kind of low blouse bodice, which will be found very useful for renovating spring dresses for autumn wear, as it can be carried out in a variety of ways The lining of the bodice Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 5 of the diagram, fig. 6, is of the ordinary description, and the upper parts of the front and back are covered by a deep yoke, which is fastened down the left shoulder; this yoke extends on the front as far as the line A B, and at the back from C on the side of the back to D on the back, covering the top of the seam joining these two pieces. We now come to the full blouse, No. 2 of the diagram, this is either gathered or pleated along the dotted line; the under arm piece, No. 3, is covered with the same material as the blouse, but flat to avoid bulging under the arms; and, lastly, there is the full back, No. 6, covering Nos. 4 and 5 of the lining, and gathered or pleated at the top like the front. If the material is pleated a little more fulness should be allowed than for gathers; the blouse is drawn in at the waist by the belt, or it may be pleated and secured to the lining. The blouse is headed by a double flat roll or piping of the same material as that used for the under-bodice and sleeves, which are in ordinary coat shape finished off with a straight cuff and piping.

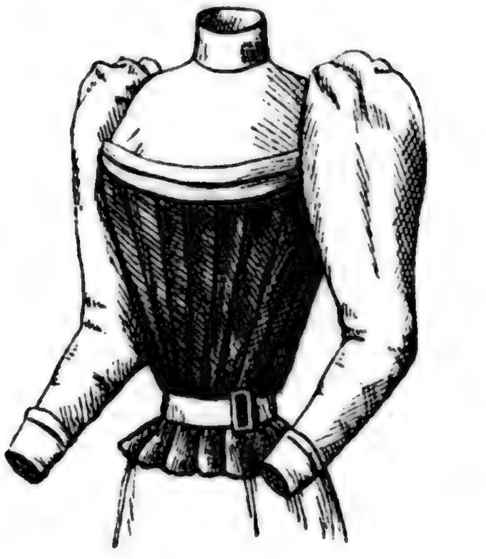


Fig. 5. Blouse Bodice.

Dark cloth and serge dresses that need renovating look very well with the low blouse of the skirt material and the yoke, collar, sleeves, and waistband of light coloured Louis velveteen; any of the tan and beige shades make up remarkably well with cloth or serge in navy blue, green, brown, fawn, and similar shades. If the dress is of light material, the yoke and sleeves may be of dark velveteen; or again, the velveteen may be chosen in the same shade as the dress material.

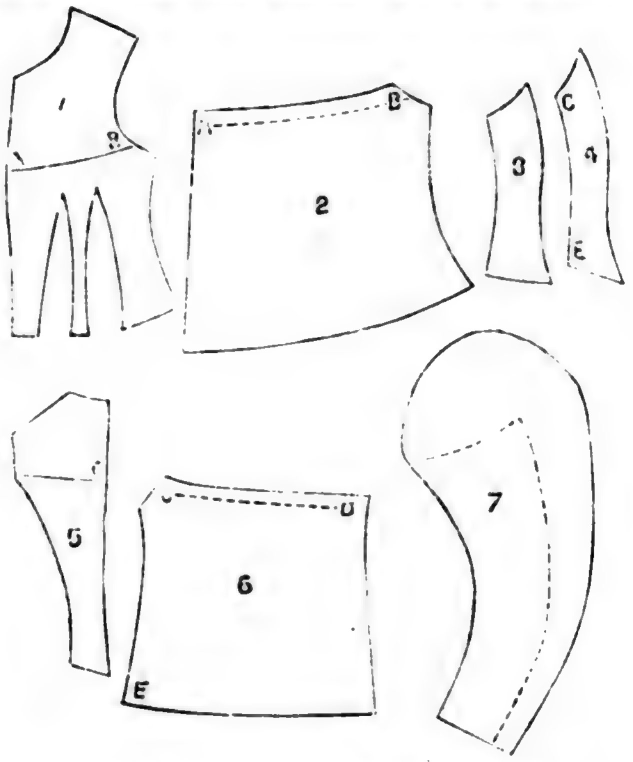
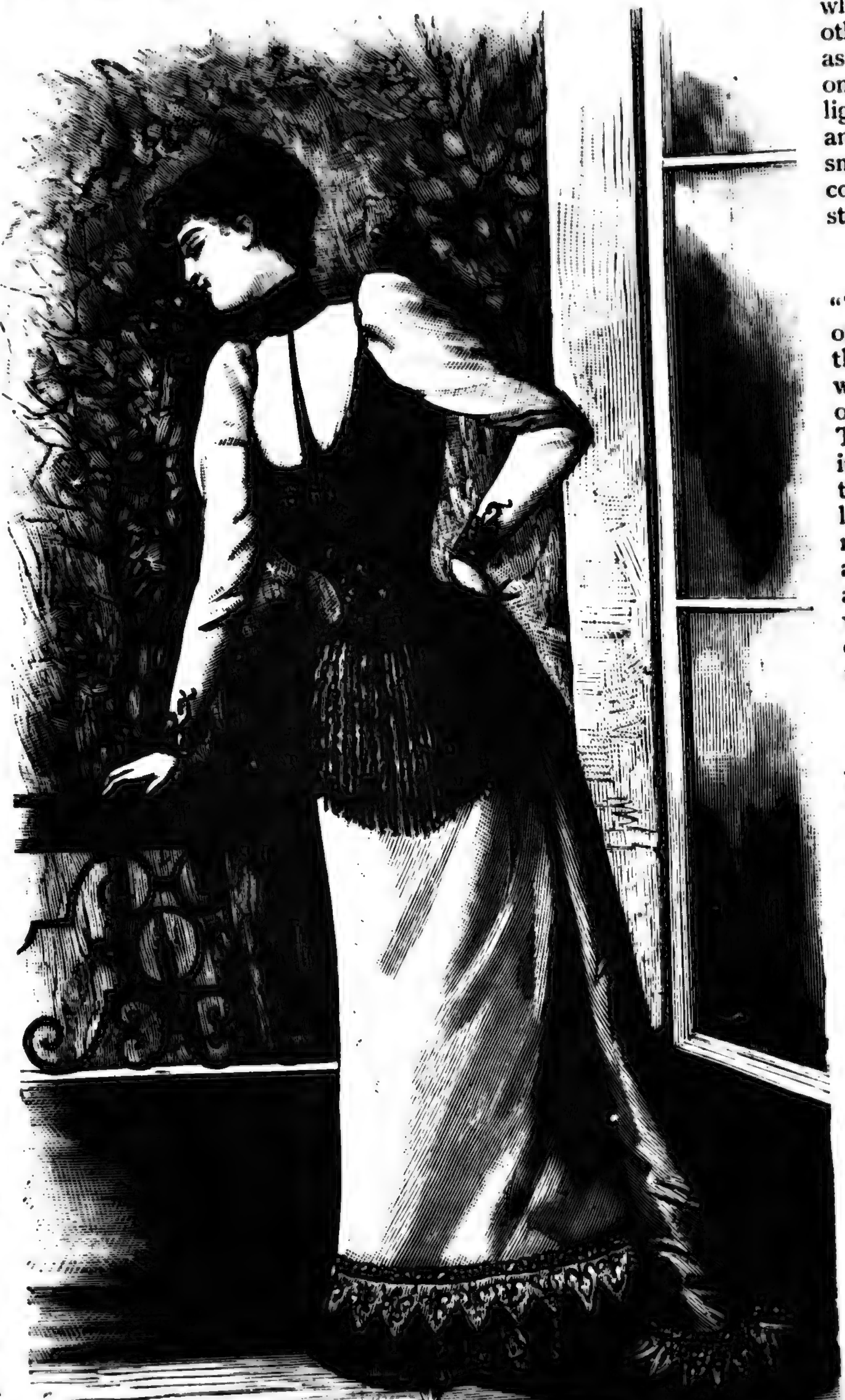


Fig. 6. Diagram of Blouse Bodice.

Notes on News.

A SCHOOL of Fan Painting has been recently opened, under the patronage of the Fan Makers' Company, at 1, Berkeley Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington, the premises occupied by the Artists' Guild. The classes are held under an efficient staff of teachers, the head mistress being Madame Friedrich and the visiting artist Signor Smargiassi, and the course of instruction includes painting on gauze, silk, and satin. The art is also applicable to sachets, table-centres, dress ornaments, and other purposes, and, in order to make the instruction as complete as possible, lessons are also given in the making up of sachets and other fancy articles, in the method of inserting lace in fans, and in other points connected with fan making. The courses of lessons are so arranged that they can be begun at any time, and the terms are moderate. The painting and mounting of fans is a kind of delicate work in which women excel, and when skill and experience have been gained it is a fairly remunerative employment.



THE PERVENCHE TOILETTE.

Dress of pale iris silk, the skirt bordered with a flounce of black lace headed by a band of gold embroidery in points sewn on under a narrow band of black and gold passementerie. Silk under bodice and low draped bodice of black lace. Corselet of black and gold passementerie with basque of fringe and a long point up to the throat in front. Collar of passementerie and cuffs to match. Quantity of material required, silk 14 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

The Gentlewoman's Guild, at 83, Mortimer Street, W., may be congratulated on having made a capital start in their new home. The show room for the sale of work by ladies in reduced circumstances is well stocked with fancy work of the usual description, but what is far more to the purpose, and likely to be more highly appreciated by a practical public, is that the ladies connected with the Guild undertake a great variety of useful work, such as dressmaking at very reasonable prices, smocking, which is admirably done, mending, lace cleaning, millinery, the making of servants' caps, of useful aprons in holland and fancy muslin, of soiled linen bags, and of serviceable large pockets for hanging on the wall of a bedroom to contain odds and ends. All these things are well and prettily made, and decorated in suitable styles. The double bags for soiled linen are very much liked, and find a ready sale, and orders for children's smocked frocks are plentiful. Every kind of needlework for trousseaux and layettes is also undertaken and well executed.

One of the best known naturalists in England is Miss Ormerod, who has just severed her connection with the Royal Agricultural Society, to which she was for many years consulting entomologist, as she feels she can be of greater practical service to the world of agriculture when unhindered by the restraints of public office. Miss Ormerod has conferred great benefits on the farmer by preventing and lessening loss to crops through ravages of injurious insects, and her loss to the society will be severely felt. Our readers will be sorry to hear that her retirement is partly due to ill-health.

The agitation to preserve sea birds and others has already met with marked success, and the ladies who have agreed to wear no feathers (except those of birds obliged to be killed for food) may congratulate themselves on having made a good start. A wild fowler on the East Coast has intimated that he has not shot one sea swallow this year, as the association has stopped the demand. Last year he killed thousands.

A clever little carriage for young children has been brought out by Messrs. Marris and Cook, of Grimsby, under the name of the "Victor." It is a combination of the perambulator and mail cart, and will hold two children comfortably, who can sit either facing each other or one in front of the other, as the back of the front seat is hinged on shafts and is reversible. It runs lightly, and is perfectly safe, strong, and serviceable. Altogether, it is a smart little vehicle, and decidedly comfortable for the happy youngsters who ride in it.

An Irish correspondent writes:—"Those who delight in the equality of the sexes will welcome the news that old women carry about 'sandwich boards' in Dublin almost as often as the so-called superior sex. The superiority of the feminine intellect is certainly exemplified in this instance, as these worthy old ladies seek a snug corner out of the rain and wind, where they sit with a contented air of 'as well be here as anywhere else,' while the men, with a misguided masculine notion of duty, perambulate the streets in melancholy gangs."

A letter from a lady to the *St. James's Gazette* brings once more to notice the vexed question of ladies' carriages on railways. No doubt the plan has many advantages, especially where young girls travel alone, but the simple fact is that ladies will not use them. They even prefer the smoking carriages, supposed to be set apart for the other and tobacco-consuming sex. The reason, as already stated in these pages, is that the ladies' carriage is generally crowded with invalids, elderly ladies, babies, and small children, whose restless ways or objection to fresh air are most annoying to mature passengers.

Many of our readers will be interested to learn that it has been decided to erect a stained-glass window to the memory of the late Mr. Grimwood, whose tragic fate at Manipur is still fresh in their memories. The window and a memorial brass will be placed in the parish church at Enniskillen, which was the birthplace of the ill-fated Resident. Subscriptions will be gladly received at the Ulster Bank, Enniskillen.

A Welsh correspondent writes:—The fact that the celebrated Welsh bard known as "Eifoucilydd" has died of starvation in a hovel tells its own tale, and points a moral. Though at one time he held an honoured and important office at Carnarvon, and was well known in Liverpool as an earnest and eloquent temperance lecturer, a false step once taken and never retraced hurried him to the sad end.

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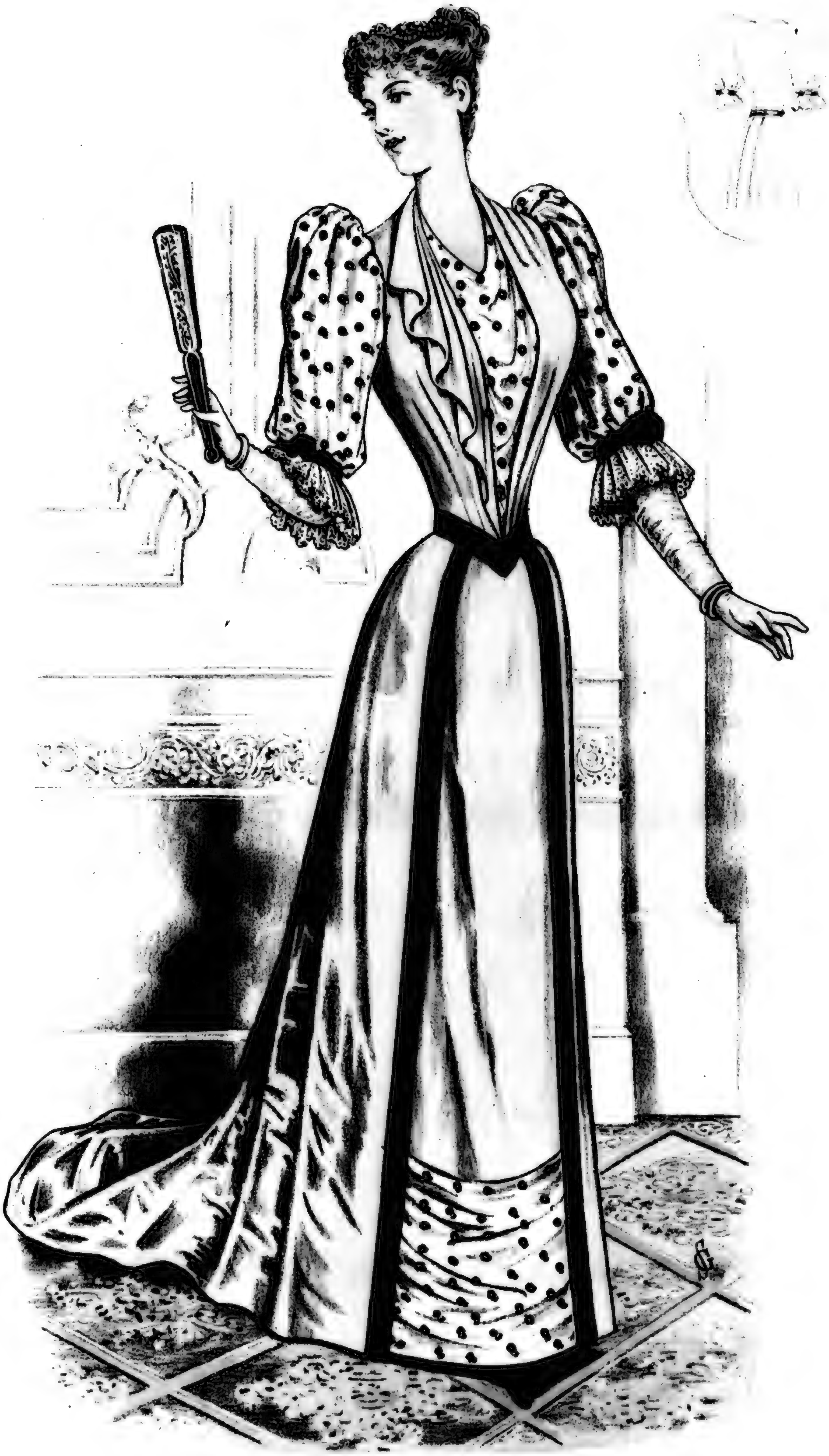

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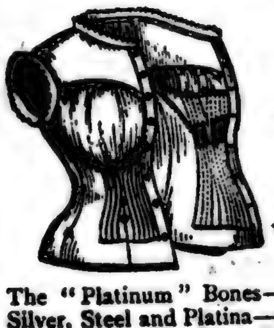

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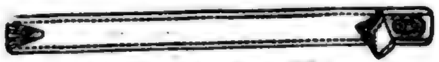

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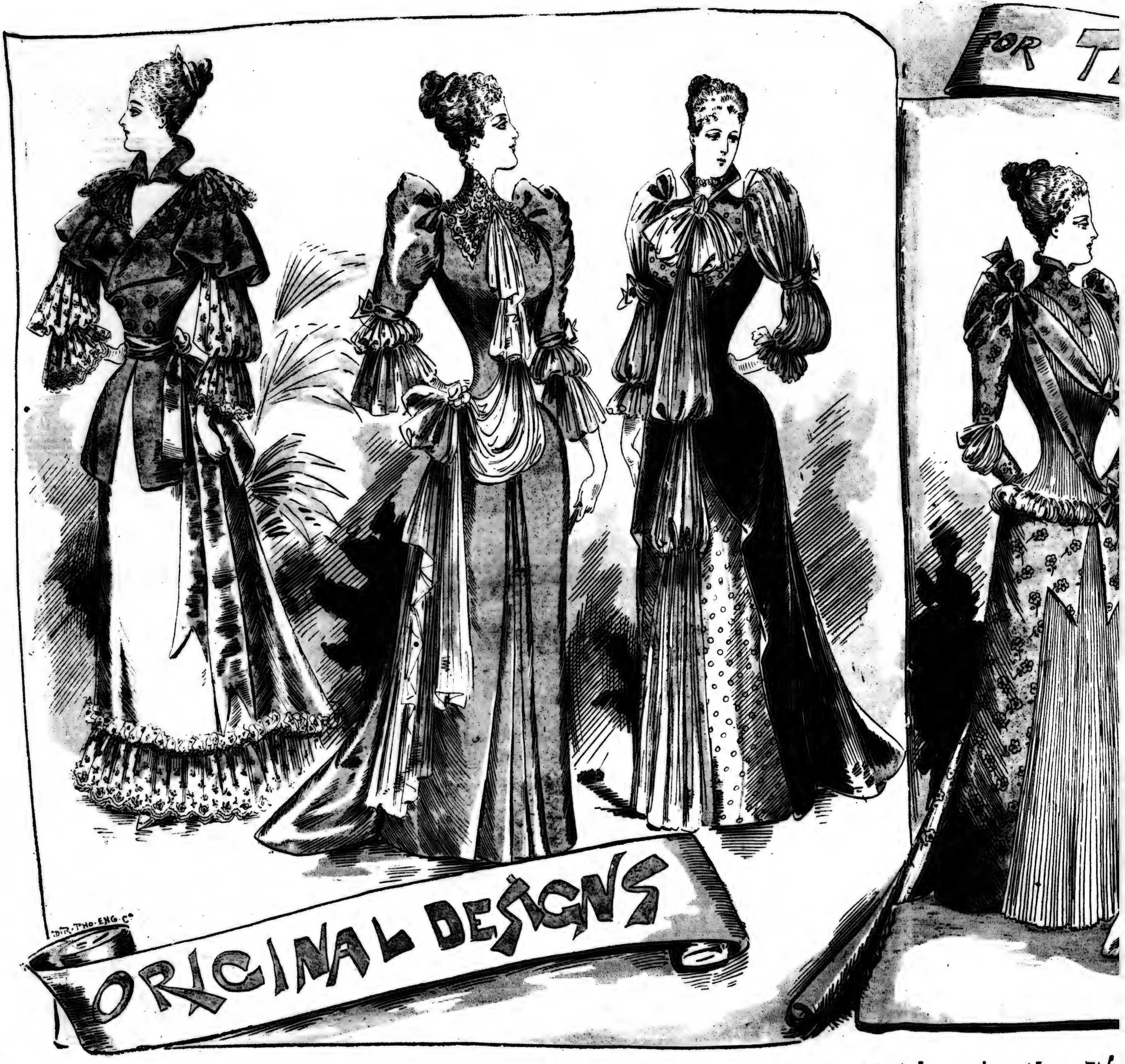
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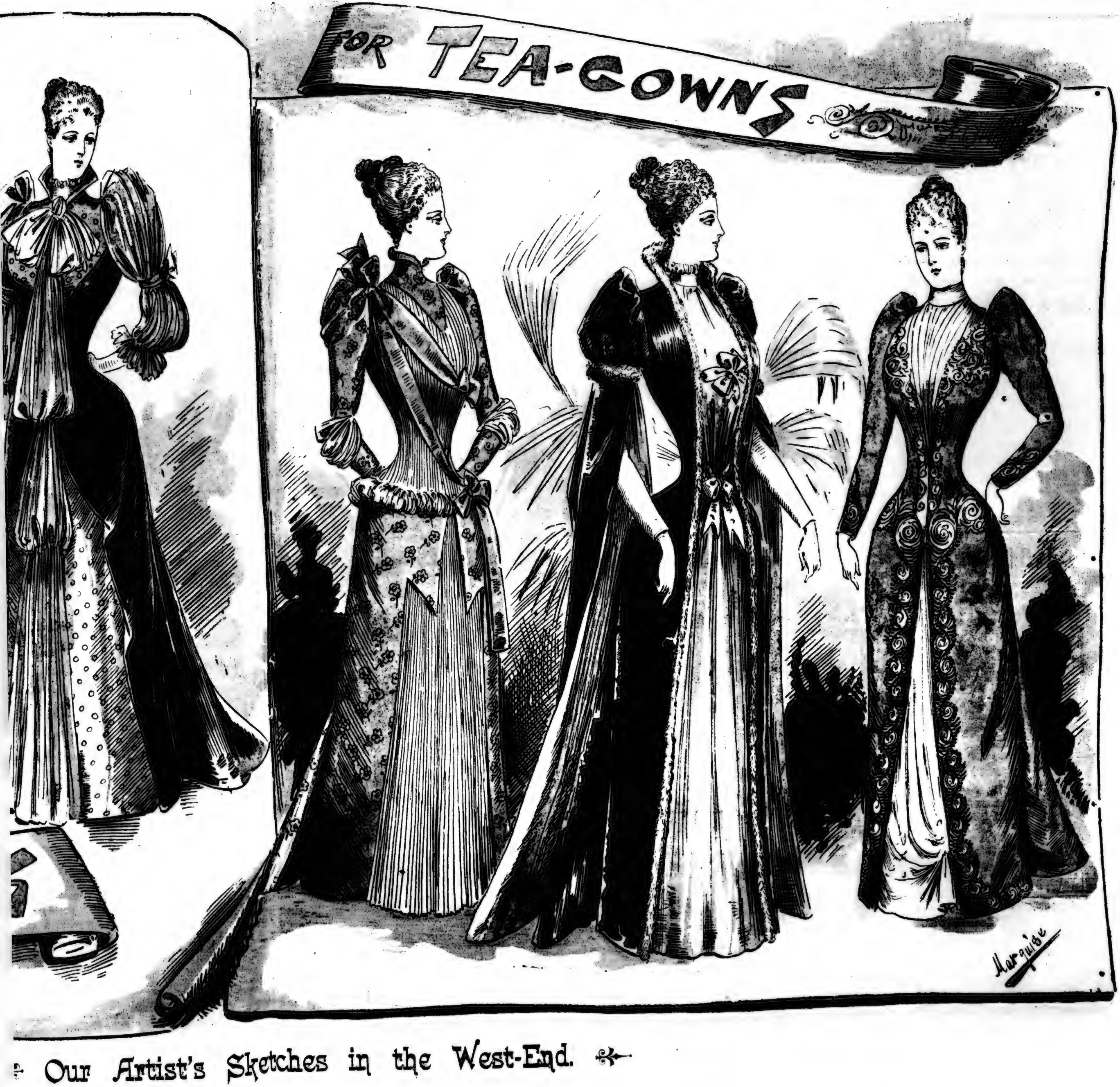
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Most soaps but PEARS' have alkali in them.

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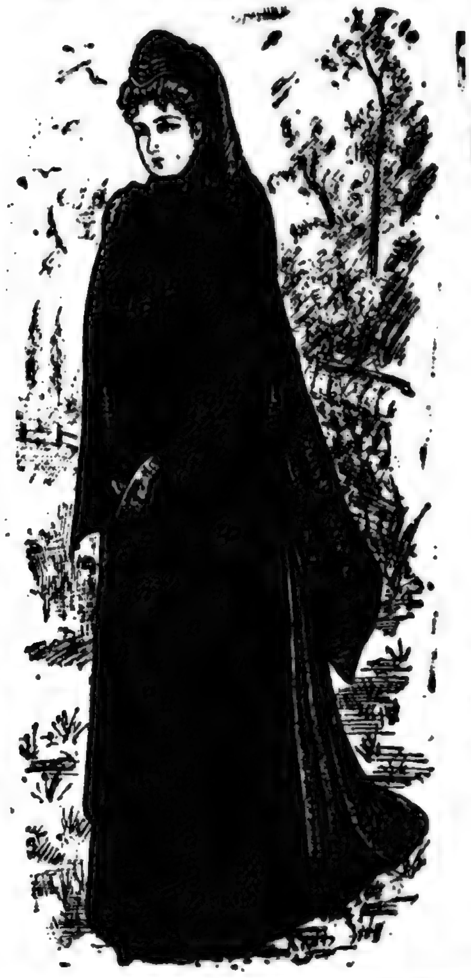

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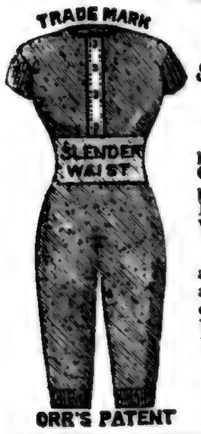

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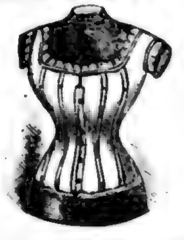

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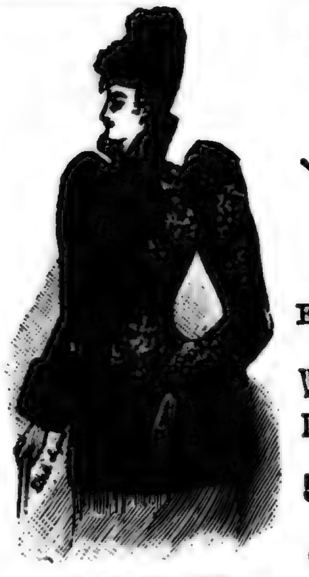

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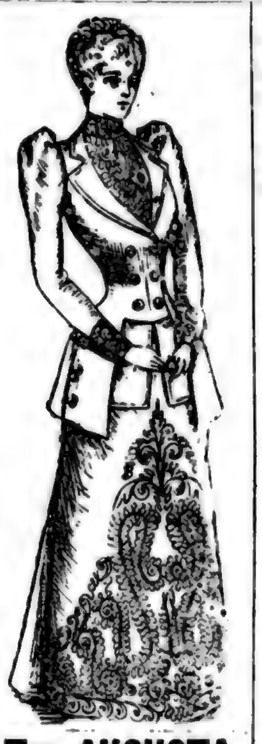

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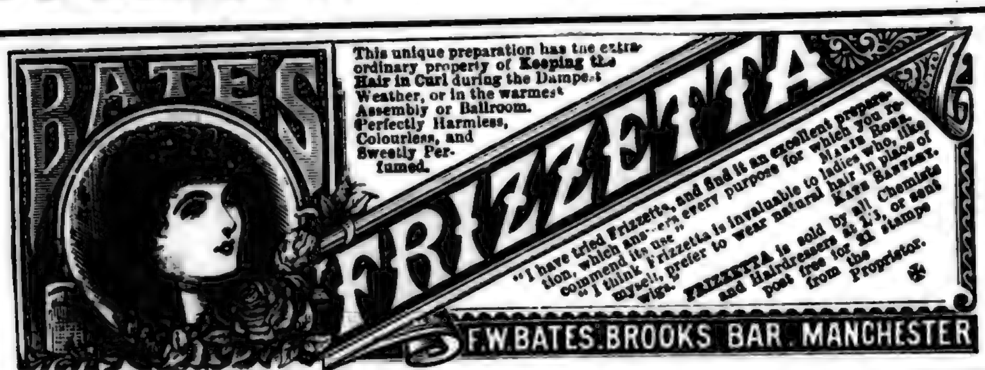

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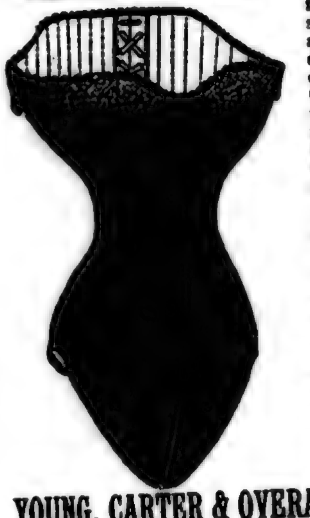

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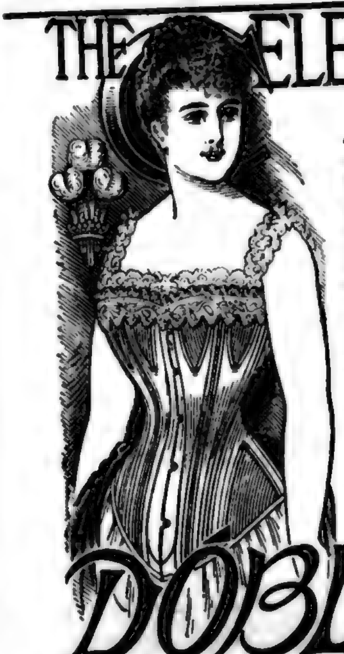

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Price 1s. Larger Size, Price 2s.

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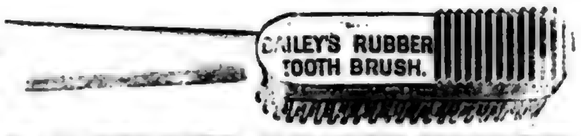
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By using BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

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PRICE 5d.

Is perfectly tasteless, and is so constructed that the flat ended teeth serve to expand the skin of the gums, softening the latter, and thus aiding the coming tooth without irritation. It is made of pure Para Rubber, and entirely supersedes the old-fashioned and injurious articles sold for this purpose, and is highly recommended by leading Physicians and Dentists.

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Children's Bordered, from 1/4½ per dozen.
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Embroidered and Coloured Bordered.

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"Gripe Water."

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T. WORTH, Esq., M.R.C.S.—"I believe it to be a SAFE, SIMPLE, and EFFICACIOUS medicine for the various disorders to which infants and young children are liable."

"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," of Cassell's Magazine—"It is the only medicine of its kind I would feel justified in recommending."

A BELFAST PHYSICIAN (name given privately) says:—"It is a Pharmacological preparation of great value. Knowing its exact composition, I can with confidence recommend it."

SAFE, SIMPLE, PALATABLE, EFFICACIOUS. Price 1s. 1½d.

BRECKNELL'S SKIN SOAP (*Prize Medal.*)

THE ORIGINAL UNSOPHISTICATED SOAP FOR TOILET USE.

A SUPERIOR AND BENEFICIAL SOAP FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN WITHOUT IRRITATING IT.

It is made of the best materials only, and in effect leaves the skin sweet and fresh without the use of perfume.

RECOMMENDATIONS

It improves by keeping, and gains a natural perfume from age alone.
Has been recommended by eminent medical men.
It is not only absolutely pure, but it refreshes and softens the skin as well as effectually cleansing it.
When long kept is a luxury to use, and increases in value.
Is altogether the sweetest and most wholesome unscented soap in existence.
The moderate price at which it is sold brings it within the reach of all classes.

To be obtained of all Chemists and Grocers.

BRECKNELL, TURNER & SONS,
PURVEYORS TO HER MAJESTY, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, &c., &c.,
"THE BEE HIVE," 31 & 32, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.
ESTABLISHED 1762.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

AS Dean Swift half-cynically, half-tenderly, inscribed a lock of hair from the tresses of the tender, devoted Stella. Only a woman's hair, and yet what poems, what romances have been inspired by the loveliness of a woman's hair. It is the crowning glory of her beauty, and yet she rarely displays it to advantage. The caprices and exigencies of fashion are always at work among her tresses, whether piling them up in towers, or rolling them in masses above the brows, or curling them in ringlets, or diffusing them in a frizzy mass over brow and neck, or in a hundred ways differing widely from the simple *chevelure* of Mother Eve. Anyhow, as Milton pictures it:

She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils.

But, whether fair or dark, there is no aid to beauty more potent than an abundant, luxuriant growth of hair, which may be obtained by using **EDWARDS' "HARLENE,"** the only Hair Producer and Restorer, so scientific in its discovery, or so effectual in its operation; and she who possesses long and beautiful tresses can afford to disregard the latest extravagance of fashion.

POSITIVELY the BEST HAIR DRESSING for STRENGTHENING, BEAUTIFYING, and PRESERVING the HAIR.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE"

WORLD-RENOWNED
HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER
Is a Phenomenal Success.

An Excellent Hair Dressing.

"Sir,—Kindly forward another bottle of 'Harlene.' I like it immensely. I think it an excellent dressing for the hair, and prefer it to any other. MRS. ROSE.
"Lower Heywood, Banbury, Oxon."

EDWARDS' HARLENE

Thoroughly Restores Premature Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

Nothing so Effectual as Edwards' "Harlene."

"Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to say that your 'Harlene' is taking effect upon my hair. Have tried several remedies, but none have proved so effectual as Edwards' 'Harlene.' E. RICKET.
"595, High Road, Gunnersbury."

EDWARDS' HARLENE

Quickly Produces a Splendid Growth of Whiskers and Moustachios.

A Wonderful Discovery.

"Dear Sir,—Yours is indeed a wonderful discovery. I have used one bottle, and can detect an improvement in my hair already. Please send another bottle.
"W. A. RUDSTEAD.
"46, Handsworth Street, Glasgow."

EDWARDS' HARLENE

Is Unrivalled for its Strengthening Properties, and Unsurpassed as a Dressing.

WORLD-RENOWNED
HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER
Is a Phenomenal Success.

Acknowledged to be the best.

"Dear Sir,—After trying several hair producers and giving yours a fair trial, I must acknowledge it to be the best.
"S. BENNETT.
"19, Gloucester Place, Liverpool."

EDWARDS' HARLENE

For Curing Baldness.
Acts at Once.

An Anxious Father Satisfied.

"Sir,—I am pleased to testify to the efficacy of your 'Harlene.' My little boy (4½ years old) has had a bald place on the back of his head from his birth. I applied the 'Harlene' to the place daily, and the result has been most satisfactory."

Name and address suppressed by desire. Original may be seen.

EDWARDS' HARLENE

Quickly Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

A Distant Friend.

"Dear Sir,—I received the 'Harlene quite safe, and I am very pleased with the effect upon my hair; kindly forward another large bottle.
"Private ARTHUR HARRIS,
"Kuse-el-nil Barracks, Cairo, Egypt."

EDWARDS' HARLENE

Positively Stops the Hair from falling.

PHYSICIANS AND ANALYSTS PRONOUNCE IT TO BE PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DEVOID OF ANY METALLIC OR OTHER INJURIOUS INGREDIENT.

1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of 1s 4d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 11d. and 6s. Postal Orders Preferred.

Testimonials, also a valuable Treatise on the Cultivation of Hair and some extraordinary facts of the efficaciousness of the "HARLENE," forwarded free on application.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

G. R. EDWARDS & Co.,

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Special Offer to Readers of "MYRA'S JOURNAL."

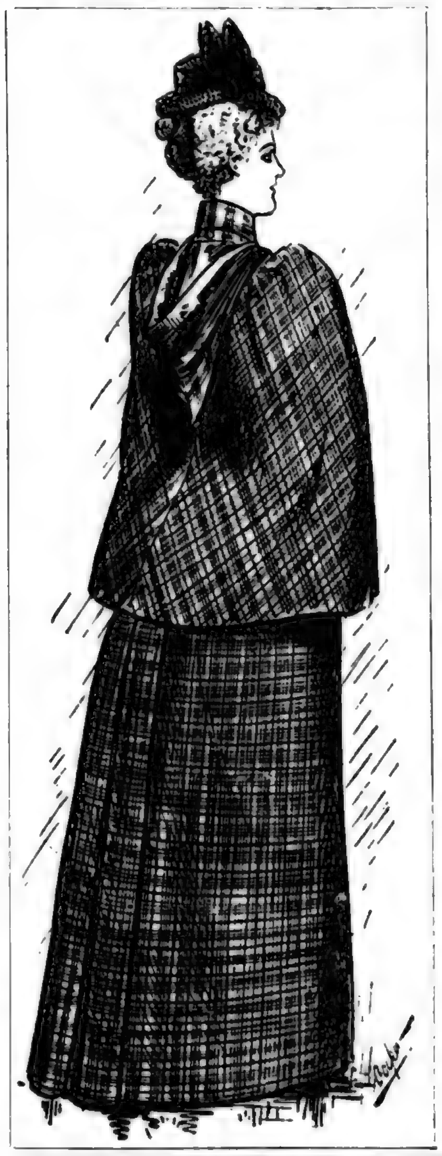
A

5/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3/-

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of "Lady's Magazine" who sends us this Coupon with a Postal Order for **3s.** and **6d.** to cover Postage, package, &c., one regular **5s. 6d.** Bottle of EDWARDS' HARLENE, provided it is ordered within one month from date of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our specialité more widely known without expending enormous sums in advertising, feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation. By this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders with Coupon.—Dated November 1st, 1891.

COUPON.

GARROULD,



EDGWARE ROAD, HYDE PARK, W.

Costumiers and Covert Coat Makers, etc.

(FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED.)

GARROULD'S NEW WATERPROOF

(AS PER SKETCH),

"The Countesthorpe."

Made of all Wool Odourless Rubber Cloth with Silk Hood. Price, Two and a half Guineas. One of the smartest garments of the season.

"THE GENTLEWOMAN" says:

Messrs. Garrould's in the Edgware Road are now showing a New Waterproof called **"The Countesthorpe,"** which is very smart and forms a complete costume. The skirt buttons separately down the front, while the full cape is ventilated on a new and very improved principle. This in Grey Tweed, with a Scarlet or Navy Silk Hood, is a great success. Altogether the pretty possibilities of the waterproof are charmingly realized at Garrould's, and one can quite imagine that the lyrist who wrote

"You and I together, love,
Never mind the weather, love,"

had visions of his sweetheart clad in one of their ingenious novelties.

WATERPROOFS, JACKETS, AND COATS SENT ON APPROVAL.

Patterns of "The Countesthorpe" may also be had post free of

E. & R. GARROULD, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, Edgware Road, Hyde Park, London, W.

Telegraphic Address—"GARROULD, LONDON."

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY.

WHOLESALE GLOVERS.

45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.,

SINGLE PAIRS SOLD.

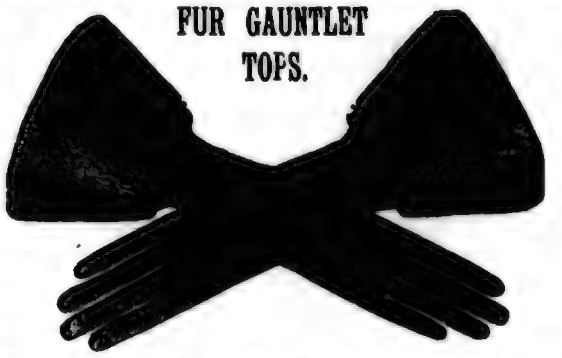
Direct attention to their unrivalled Stock of Lined and Woollen Gloves suitable for Winter wear, also to their Dress Gloves for Evening wear. These goods being manufactured specially for the L. G. Co., will be found superior in quality and fit, and much under the usual retail prices. All Gloves are Post Free.

LADIES' LINED GLOVES.

	Per Pair s.	d.
4-Button Kid, with Fancy Striped Lining..	1	11
In Black and Brown Shades.		
4-Clasp Kid, with Fancy Striped Wool Lining (English Make)	2	10
In Black, Browns, Tan, Slate, Navy, and Dark Green.		
2-Clasp Kid, with Fancy Striped Wool Lining, 2½-inch Fur Top	2	8
In Black and Brown Shades.		
2-Clasp Kid, with Fancy Striped Lining, 3-inch Fur Tops ..	3	3
In Black and Brown Shades.		
1-Clasp Brown Kid, with Fancy Striped Lining, 3-inch "Beaverette" Tops	2	8
2-Clasp Brown Kid, with Fancy Striped Lining, 2½-inch "Beaverette" Tops (English Make)..	3	0
Girls' 2-Clasp Kid, with Fancy Striped Lining, Fur Tops ..	1	11
In Black and Brown Shades.		
Super Knit Woollen Gloves, in a variety of Choice New Patterns .. .. 8d., 10d., 1s., and	1	3
Ladies' Super Home Knit Woollen Gloves, Tilburied with Leather Palms for Driving	2	11
In Heather Mixtures, Black, and Black with White Specks.		

GENTLEMEN'S LINED GLOVES.

	s.	d.
Best Quality Black and Coloured Cape, Striped Wool Lining, 2 Clasp Fasteners	3	0
In Black, Tan, Browns, Slate, and Dark Green.		
Best Quality Cape, Striped Wool Lining, Elastic Wrist ..	3	6
In Black, Tan, and Browns.		
Tan Mock Buckskin, Lined Wash-leather, 2 Buttons.. ..	2	6
Boys' 2 Clasp Cape, Best Quality, Striped Wool Lining. Sizes—0 to 6	2	4
In Browns, Tan, and Black.		



FUR GAUNTLET TOPS.

	s.	d.
Brown Kid, Striped Wool Lining, 4-inch Brown Nutria Fur Gauntlets, Lined Quilted Satin	5	6
Ditto, with 6-inch Gauntlets	6	6
Brown Kid, Striped Wool Lining, 4-inch Grey Nutria Fur Gauntlets, Lined Quilted Satin	5	6
Ditto, with 6-inch Gauntlets	6	6
Brown Kid, Striped Wool Lining, 4-inch Grey Rabbit Fur Gauntlets, Lined Quilted Satin	5	6
Ditto, with 6-inch Gauntlets	6	6
Brown Kid, Striped Wool Lining, 4-inch Snowflake, Fur Gauntlets, Lined Quilted Satin	5	6
Ditto, with 6-inch Gauntlets	6	6
Black Kid, Striped Wool Lining, 4-inch Black Nutria Fur Gauntlets, Lined Quilted Satin	5	6
Ditto, with 6-inch Gauntlets	6	6
Brown Kid, Striped Wool Lining, 4-inch Rich Imitation Sealskin Fur Gauntlets, Lined White Rabbit	8	6
2 Clasp Kid, with White Wool Lining, Opossum Fur Tops ..	4	11
In Black and Brown Shades.		
2 Clasp, Best Quality Kid, with Fancy Striped Wool Lining, Real Otter or Real Beaver Fur Tops	5	11
In Brown Shades only.		

LADIES' DRESS KID GLOVES.

4 Buttons, 1s. 6d.; 6 Buttons, 1s. 10d.; 8 Buttons, 2s. 2d.; 12 Button or Mousquetaire, 2s. 10d.; 16 Buttons or Mousquetaire, 3s. 9d.; 20 Buttons or Mousquetaire, 4s. 9d. per pair.

In White only.

Ladies' Dress Kid Gloves, very superior Quality Brussels Kid, 4 Buttons, 2s. 3d.; 6 Buttons, 2s. 9d.; 8 Buttons, 3s. 3d.; 12 Buttons or Mousquetaire, 4s. 3d. per pair.

In Black, White, and every Colour.

LADIES' SUEDE GLOVES.

"MERVEILLE" QUALITY.	Per Half-doz.		Per Pair.	
12 Button Length Mousquetaire	11	3	1	11
In White, Cream, Straw, Pink, Lavender, and Tan Shades.				
"CINDERELLA" QUALITY.				
6 Buttons	13	0	2	3
8 Button Length Mousquetaire	14	6	2	6
12 ,, ,, ,, ...	16	6	2	10
16 ,, ,, ,, ...	20	6	3	6
20 ,, ,, ,, ...	23	0	3	11
In White, Cream, Pink, Lavender, Biscuit, and Tan Shades.				
4 Buttons, Suède with Fancy Points (Mignon)	10	0	1	0
6 Button ditto	11	0	1	11
In Tan and Beaver Shades.				

LADIES' MILANESE SILK.

(ENGLISH MAKE.)

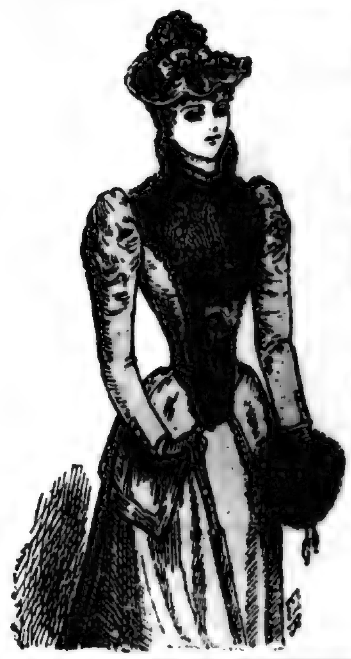
8 Button Length	5	9	1	0
20 ,, ,, ...	10	6	1	10
In Black, White, and all Colours.				

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS GLOVES.

2 Button White or Lavender Neapolitan Kid	7	6	1	4
2 Button White or Lavender ditto, with Self or Black Braid Points	11	0	1	11
2 Button Lavender ditto, with Black Tambour Points..	10	6	1	10

MODE OF PAYMENT.—Postal and Post-Office Orders to be made payable to **S. A. WORSKETT,** at the General Post Office. Where Stamps are remitted One Penny must be added to each amount of **3s.** and under, to cover loss in exchange. A Detailed Price List of all makes, FREE by Post.

Sole Address: THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



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Ladies requiring New Furs or their Old Furs Cleaned, Repaired, or Altered, should write to

U. B. LADLER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Furriers,

110, HIGH STREET, KINGSLAND, LONDON,

FOR THEIR

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST OF NEW FASHIONABLE FURS.

THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, AND CHEAPEST STOCK

IN THE WORLD OF

Sealskin Jackets and Dolmanettes New Fashionable Fur-Lined Dolmans & Cloaks, Newest Fashions in Boas, Collarettes, Capes, Muffs, Rugs, Trimmings, etc., etc.

Sample Cuttings of Skins sent to select from. Goods sent on Approval. Estimates given for Alterations, Repairs, &c.

Any Single Article sent Carriage Paid to any Part of the United Kingdom, and abroad, wherever the Parcel Post is in operation. Order direct from the Manufacturers, and save at least 50 per cent. of the usual Retail Prices.

SOLE AGENTS TO

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN FUR CO.

(Same Address as above over twenty years.)

"WHITENS AND SOFTENS THE SKIN"

ALBION LUXURY
IN THE
MILK BATH
AND
SULPHUR
SOAP
PURE AND PLEASANT
UNEQUALLED FOR THE COMPLEXION
INVALUABLE FOR CHILDREN
NEVER IRRITATES THE SKIN
DELICATELY PERFUMED

Lady Constance Howard

WRITES:

"I like the Soap very much; it is pleasant to use and softens and whitens the skin."

Lady Dorothy Nevill

WRITES:

"I find the Soap very pleasant, and like it very much."

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR

INFANTS

AND

INVALIDS

OLGA LEYBOURNE, Aged 2 Years and 5 Months.

"37, Mayfield Street, Hull,
"February 3, 1891.

"Dear Sir,—I am sending you a photo of my little girl, Olga, taken when two years and five months old. She commenced to take your Food by my doctor's advice at the age of four months, and is still taking it, although now two years and eight months old, in fact, she takes hardly anything but it, and I leave you to judge from the photo as to whether she is a small child or not for her age, and I do not hesitate to say that had it not been for your Food she would not have been alive to-day.

"Yours truly,
"A. E. LEYBOURNE."

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PALATABLE, DIGESTIVE NOURISHING, SUSTAINING.

Price **2s.** and **3s. 6d.** per Tin.

MELLIN'S LACTO-GLYCOSE or MILK FOOD

Dissolved in warm water is ready for immediate use.

Shakespearian Wisdom on the Feeding and Rearing of Infants.

A Pamphlet of quotations from Shakespeare and portraits of beautiful children, together with testimonials which are of the highest interest to all mothers, to be had with samples, free by post, on application to

G. MELLIN, Marlboro' Works, Peckham, S.E.

BROWN'S
SATIN POLISH

BROWN'S SATIN POLISH

FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, TRAVELLING BAGS, ETC.

HIGHEST AWARD WHEREVER EXHIBITED

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BROWN'S SATIN CREAM

For improving all kinds of Patent Leather.

For Brown Leather Boots and Shoes, use

SATIN (BROWN) POLISH

Put on by Sponge attached to wire and cork in each Bottle.

AMERICAN MAGIC BRONZE.

Gives to old Boots and Shoes, Ornaments, etc., the appearance of new.

ARMY & NAVY
LIQUID BLACKING

FOR GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS use

ARMY & NAVY LIQUID BLACKING.

Weldon's Ladies' Journal says: "Lewis's Fast Pile Velveteen is the *finest* imitation of *Real Silk Velvet* ever shown. Ladies are invited to write to **Lewis's**, in Market Street, Manchester, for Patterns) Post Free) of

WONDERFUL VELVETEEN. AT 2/- A YARD.

It is Fast Pile and Fast Dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

Lewis's are the Manufacturers of this Fine First-Class Velveteen, which is now well known all over the world

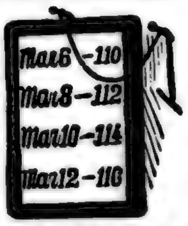
If a Dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS will give a New Dress for NOTHING at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

The price of this beautiful Velveteen, in Black, and all the most beautiful colours is 2s. a yard. This quality is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. LEWIS'S manufacture this Velveteen themselves, and sell it direct to the public, and ***Ladies should see the Patterns*** and judge of the wonderful quality. ALL GENUINE WONDERFUL VELVETEEN BEARS THE TRADE MARK ON EVERY YARD. Carriage paid on all orders.

DRESS MATERIALS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

Ladies should write to LEWIS'S for Patterns of New Dress Materials; they will be astonished at the value offered. *Please mention "Myra's Journal," and address*

LEWIS'S IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.



GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH

Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. THREE TIMES AS EFFICACIOUS AS PLAIN OIL. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 2/6 or 4/6, or mailed on receipt of price by

SCOTT & BOWNE, LIMITED,
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Direct from the Warehouse to the Wearer.

First Fashions.

Every Lady who WISHES to DRESS in the BEST STYLE at the SMALLEST POSSIBLE COST **should see John Noble's**

Patterns of New Fabrics and Serges for the present season; they are **Absolutely Unrivalled** for their **Charming Variety, Beautiful Colourings,** and **Amazing Cheapness.** *JOHN NOBLE* will send **POST FREE** to any address on application a large Box containing over

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OF FANCY DRESS FABRICS & SERGES.

One Million Ladies WANTED TO TEST JOHN NOBLE'S INVINCIBLE TWEED DRESSES in fashionable Grey, Drab, Brown, Bronze, or Navy mixtures. They are the best value ever seen, and absolutely defy competition. Every purchaser delighted. The full dress length sent **carriage paid** for **6/9** Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or cost refunded. Patterns and illustrated catalogue post free from JOHN NOBLE, H. 70 Dept., The Warehouse, MANCHESTER.

When writing for Patterns please mention "Myra's Journal," and address in full—

JOHN NOBLE,
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Write Now for Box of Patterns and New Catalogue, Post Free to any address

True Economy.

Two Profits Saved.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

HAS FOR OVER HALF-A-CENTURY SUSTAINED ITS HIGH REPUTATION AS AN INDISPENSABLE TOILET REQUISITE.
DELIGHTFULLY COOLING TO THE SKIN. INVALUABLE IN CROWDED PLACES.

RIMMEL'S NEW AND FASHIONABLE EXTRACTS.

"THE EXQUISITE." "WHITE LILAC."
THE MOST DELICIOUS AND LASTING PERFUMES EVER PRODUCED.

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RIMMEL'S LIME JUICE and GLYCERINE, the Best Preparation for Hair and Cooling the Head.
RIMMEL'S LAVENDER, and EAU DE COLOGNE of unequalled quality.
POUDRE DE BEAUTE, a Superior and Adherent Toilet Powder.

RIMMEL'S AQUADENTINE and WHITE ROSE TOOTH SOAP for the Teeth.
RIMMEL'S VIOLET SCENTED OATMEAL to Cleanse and Soften the Skin.
QUEEN'S SOAP and WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

LONDON & PARIS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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600 HANDSOMELY FURNISHED BED AND SITTING ROOMS.
BEDROOMS from 4 fr. per day.
RESTAURANT À LA CARTE. TABLE D'HÔTE.
Breakfast, 5 frs., including Wine; Dinner, 6 frs., including Wine.
COMFORTABLE READING ROOMS & DRAWING ROOMS.
Baths on the Premises. Hair-Dressing Saloon, Cafe, Billiard Rooms, Lifts.
CARRIAGES & PRIVATE OMNIBUSES ATTACHED TO BOTH ESTABLISHMENTS.

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HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL DIAPERS
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MOST COMFORTABLE AND HEALTHFUL
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In Packets. ... ... 6d. Half Dozen,
" ... ... 1/-, 1/4, 2/- per Dozen.

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Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfitting Establishments, Drapers, and Chemists.

Sample Packet of one dozen at 1/3, 1/7, 2/3, post free, with descriptive circular containing testimonials from all the principal Hospitals and Leading Members of the Medical Profession.

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Beware of fraudulent injurious imitations. See that you get HARTMANN'S DIAPERS.

HEALTH & PERSONAL ATTENTION

(See MYRA'S ANSWERS in "MYRA'S JOURNAL").

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POSTAL TOILET LIST.

PHILIP H. MASON,

Pharmaceutical Chemist, BANK PLAIN, NORWICH.

The entire list (containing some 100 Preparations) will be sent by return of post, on receipt of stamped address.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All Articles in this List admit of Postal Transit, and will be delivered free per post at the prices marked, secure from observation, and carefully packed on receipt of P.O.

AGENTS.—New Zealand: Messrs. Withers, High St., Christchurch. From these Agents any of the Toilet Preparations may be obtained.

COLD CREAM OF WOOL FAT AND CUCUMBERS (Nuthall's)—Strongly recommended for general use, both on account of its healing qualities and of its freedom from irritating properties. Wool Fat is essentially the natural fat of the Skin, and upon its presence depends the Skin's healthy condition. When absent or deficient, the skin loses its elasticity, becomes dry, and apt to chap and crack. The above Cold Cream will be found to remedy and prevent all these unpleasantnesses, and its continued use will render the skin distinctly softer, more elastic, and of a healthy colour. It is emollient and healing, and will counteract the ill-effects of hard water and of over-exposure to cold, wind, or sun. Its constant use is invaluable for preventing and removing wrinkles and crowsfeet. 3s. 6d.

EXTRACT OF SEA WRACK (Fucus Vesiculosus).—The new remedy for obesity. This preparation has met with a wonderful demand. Its effects in some cases seem magical. It is perfectly safe for the most delicate constitutions. Price 3s. 3d. per case.

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EXTRACT OF SEA WRACK PILLS.—Are prepared for those who prefer it in this form—each pill containing one dose of the extract at the same price. 3s. 3d. per case.

THE GARRISON HAIR DYE.—An absolutely harmless hair dye in one solution. Easy in application, rapid, cleanly, and almost infallibly certain in effect. This is the Hair Dye *par excellence* for those who prefer a dye in one solution. Black or brown, 3s. 6d. per case.

PETROLEUM POMADE.—The power of Petroleum, as a rapid stimulant to the growth of the hair, has been recently discovered by accident, at a British Consulate in Russia. Prepared as a Pomade, it is rendered unobjectionable for use. 1s. 6d., 3s. per jar.

X

[Since the above was first published the most astounding results have followed the use of Mr. Mason's Pomade, and it is now the Hair Restorer *par excellence*.]

CREME FROIDE AUX CONCOMBRES.—Prepared from the pulp of the ripe fruit, 3s. 6d and 10s. 6d. For whitening and preserving the skin, and for the prevention of wrinkles and crowsfeet. Its constant use will counteract the ill-effects of exposure to sun and wind, and will retain the youthfulness of the complexion for many years.

"Crême Froide aux Concombres, as prepared by Mr. Mason, of Norwich, is the best agent for whitening and preserving the skin I know of."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

EMULSINE OF CUCUMBERS.—Dr. Anna Kingsford's formula. Thin, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; Thick, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. These Emulsines resemble the Crême Froide in their general properties, but are prepared for those who prefer an emulsion to a cream. The thick Emulsine is especially intended for the prevention of wrinkles, and is also highly recommended for winter use, while the thin Emulsine is adapted for whitening the complexion, and for summer use.

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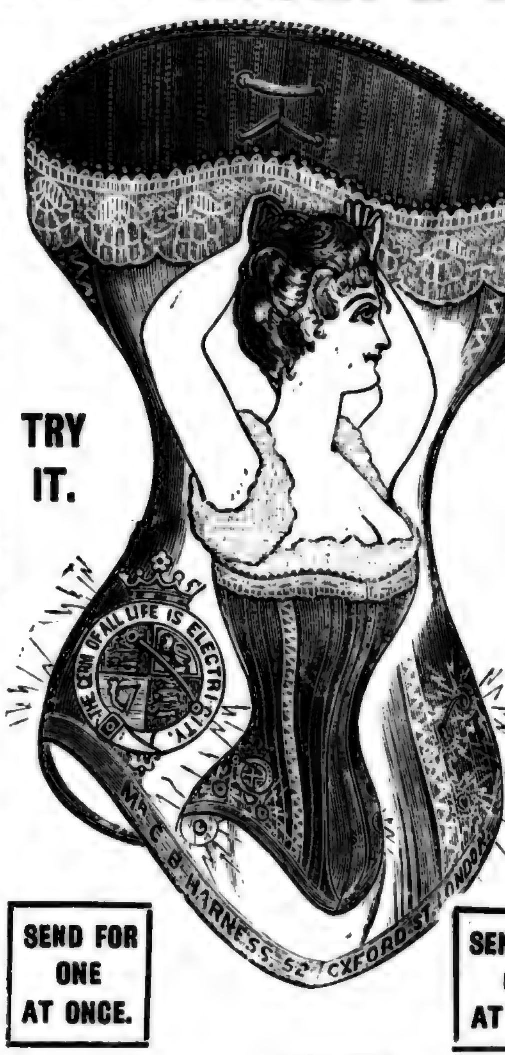
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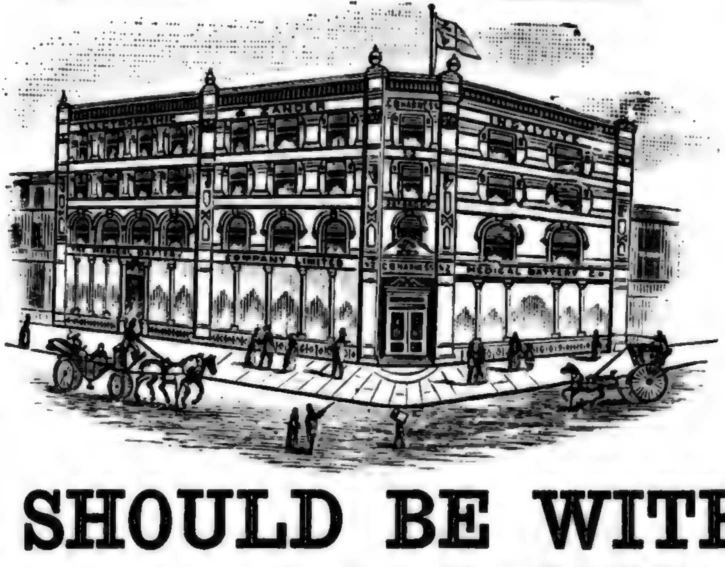

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MYRA'S PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MYRA'S JOURNAL
1888

Facsimile of Solid Silver Medal (Reverse).

TO OUR READERS.

AWARDED TO
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MYRA'S PRIZE COMPETITION

Facsimile of Solid Silver Medal (Obverse).

The success which has attended the inauguration, more than two years ago, of our monthly Prize Competition for the best worked Specimens of Art Needlework has induced us to still further develop the idea, and at the suggestion of some of our readers, we have had a special die cut for a Magnificent Solid Silver Medal—of which facsimile engraving is given herewith—to be given as an optional First Prize. Prize Winners will thus be able to secure, instead of a mere small sum of money, an artistic reward of considerable intrinsic value in itself, and a lasting and honourable record of their success for future years.

Each Medal will be enclosed in a handsome leather case lined with velvet, and we will engrave each month the winner's name and initials. The second prize will be 15s., and the Third Prize a Bronze Medal of the same size and design as above, or a Money Prize of 10s. We trust that this new departure will be fruitful of much satisfaction to our readers, and a still further inducement for all skilled in needlecraft to compete for the new Prizes offered by MYRA.

The following are the details of our November Prize Competition:—

(1.) Three Prizes will be given for the best specimens of the Embroidered Border for Pillow-Slip, the full size design for working which is given at No. 4 of our Needlework Illustrations, page 32. Competitors are at liberty to select any materials and colours they like, and to vary the stitches, but the work must be a faithful copy of the design.

FIRST PRIZE: Silver Medal or Thirty Shillings.
SECOND PRIZE: Fifteen Shillings.
THIRD PRIZE: Bronze Medal or Ten Shillings.

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MYRA'S JOURNAL,
November, 1891.

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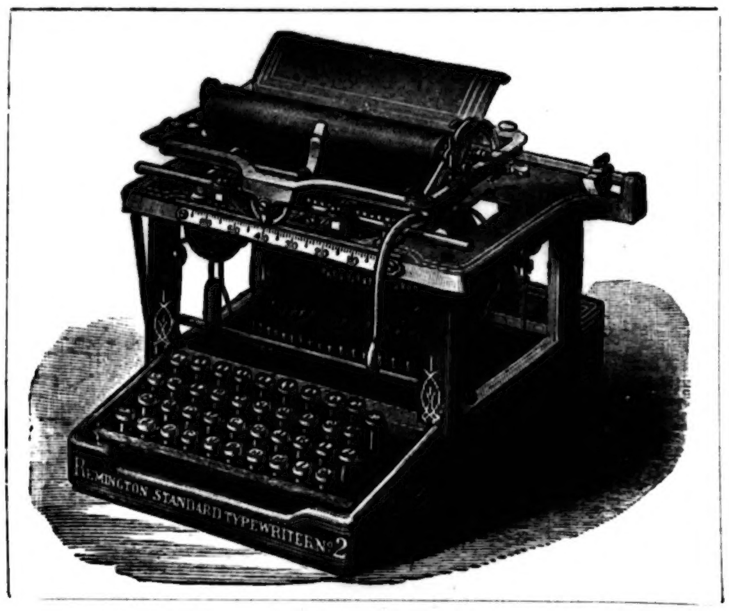

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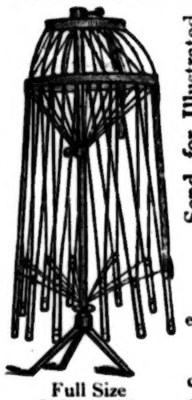

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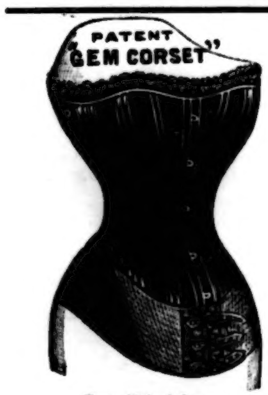

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